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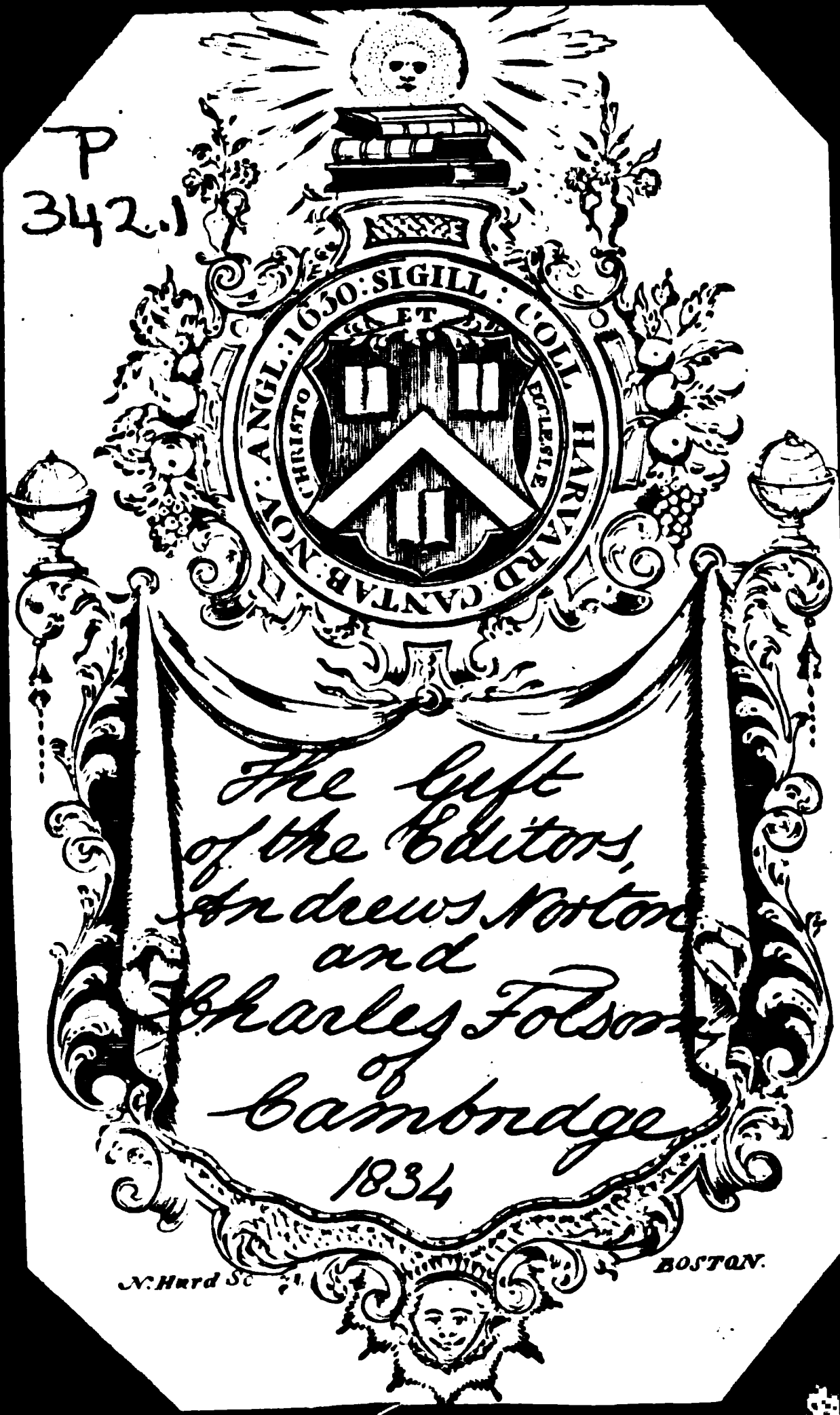
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*The Gift
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SELECT JOURNAL

OF

FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

JANUARY, 1834.

[From "The Edinburgh Review," No. 116.]

[The extracts given in French in the original article are here translated.]

- ART. I. — 1. *Ouvrages de M. Jules Janin.* 16 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1832. [*Works of M. Jules Janin.*]
2. *Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo.* 12 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1832. [*The Complete Works of Victor Hugo.*]

THE literature of France has certainly for the last three years exhibited a very remarkable spectacle. The most startling contradiction seems to exist between the theory and practice of the more distinguished of its literary men ; — between the principles by which they feel and admit that literature must be guided, and the actual results by which they illustrate those principles. Nowhere has the complaint been more loudly and generally urged than in France, that the spirit of selfishness, the want of religious convictions, the discordant and conflicting views of morals, the cynical and licentious tone which pervade its lighter literature, are destructive to every thing profound or permanent. Nowhere is the necessity of infusing into it a better spirit more eloquently inculcated, or the importance of belief as the basis of every thing great, either in thought or action, more forcibly stated. Yet, alas ! romance follows romance, one play presses on the heels of another ; and still the same chaos of opinion is exhibited, — still the ties which form the cement of society are assailed, — still the faith which for eighteen hundred years has survived the influence of time, the change of habits, feelings, and systems, and "the drums and trappings" of "many conquests," is assailed and discountenanced as an obsolete and effete principle, no longer capable of vivifying, directing, or comforting the heart, and which must give way to a newer and more perfect revelation ; and still these comfortless views continue to be embodied in scenes of licentious indulgence, or revolting atrocity, succeeding each other in a giddy

bacchanalian whirl. The very spirit of the “anarch old” seems for some time past to have presided over this branch of the literature of our neighbours; making it one vast contradiction, a bottomless gulf of incongruities, out of which at one time arises “a spirit like an angel with bright hair dabbled in blood;” at another, the grinning aspect of a demon or a satyr; while every tone, from laughter to despair, even to the “sound of hands together smote,” rises in confused and confusing accents from its gloomy margin.

“Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Gemiti di dolore, accenti d’ira,
Voci alte e fioche e suon di man con elle.” *

If we could regard this state as any thing else but one of transition, — as a step towards reconducting the convictions and opinions of men into their ancient and natural channels, the prospect would indeed be sufficiently comfortless. At this moment the literature of France has neither the calm, self-balanced, and tranquil dignity of a literature of belief, nor the resistless and overbearing strength which characterized the destructive literature of the eighteenth century. In truth, that literature might be called in one sense a literature of conviction. The destruction of what was then branded by the name of superstition, the belief in the boundless energies and inherent excellence of human nature, — philosophy, in short, falsely so called, was to that period the substitute for the religious convictions and deference to authority which had formed the constructive, or rather cementing, principles of the ages which had preceded it; the bond which for the time united men in the ranks of one crusade. The evils which were to be the result of this new illumination, the void which would be left in society when that terrible array should have struck its camp, and left desolate the country through which their march had lain, had not then been impressed upon the mind by that most unanswerable of teachers, Experience. No doubts then occurred to damp expectation; all were confident in the regeneration of mankind through this modern Apocalypse; actions and opinions tended to one clear and definite end, — the overthrow and removal of all that was, to make way for that which was to come. So long as the walls of the old edifice were crashing around them, and temple and tower, crucifix and throne, one by one, went to the ground, all was harmony and gayety among the workmen: they saw and

* ————— “Various tongues,
Horrible languages, out-cries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swelled the sounds.”
Cary’s Dante.

were delighted with their visible progress ; the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothed with the hammer him that smote on the anvil, — not now to build up, as of old, but to pull down ; while Europe stood aghast at the tremendous power thus brought into play ; and, as the echo of each successive downfall burst upon its ear, trembled within its courts and palaces, for the stability of its institutions.

But there comes a time when a more sobered and anxious feeling succeeds this first exuberance of confidence. The old edifice is in the dust ; men have settled themselves down, as they best might, in the new mansion which has been run up in its room. But rocked and shaken by every wind, cold and comfortless by its very vastness, it is soon found neither to afford shelter nor security. Men begin to doubt their own wisdom, and to say in their hearts, as they compare what they have done with what they have undone, “The old was better.” Then comes in literature, too, a period of doubt, despondency, and complaint ; contradiction and counteraction take the place of that unanimity which had given so terrible a grandeur to their concentrated efforts. When the crimes of the Revolution had shaken men’s confidence in the native excellence of the human heart, even though controlled by philosophy, and when its misfortunes and sufferings had impressed upon them the necessity of some higher paraclete than the philosophy of the *Encyclopédie*, without at the same time suggesting to them how the void was to be filled ; — when all began secretly to feel that there must be a deeper principle of reverence than mere utility, and yet each was left to follow in darkness such phantom of virtue or religion as his temperament, his fancy, or his interest might enable him to frame ; — it was then that, according to the desponding confession of the most eminent of its ornaments at the present day, French literature, deprived at once of that central point and support which had been afforded it by the enthusiasm of general belief, and of that substitute for genuine faith which had for a time been supplied by the fanaticism of destruction, became at last an intellectual, as it had previously been a moral, nullity ; — that limbo of conflicting tendencies, aimless speculations, and perverted ability, which we witness at this moment.

But, gloomy as the state of matters may at first sight appear, yet considered (and in this light we certainly regard it) as an unavoidable step in the transition to better things, it is, after all, more desirable than the splendor of the imposing but destructive period which it has replaced. When the tide which has set so long towards the abyss of fatalism and materialism first begins to be met by a contrary current, no wonder if for some time men,

who are as the barks upon its surface, are tossed up in convulsive heavings, or whirled round in restless eddies by the collision of the tides ; nor if this state of commotion should appear to themselves more uncomfortable than the smoother current down which they had been hitherto hurried. It may be so for a time, but it is much to think that the tide has turned towards its legitimate channel, and that, as it acquires strength, all this agitation must gradually disappear, and the stream of opinion flow on once more, unbroken and majestic, through healthier channels and towards a happier shore.

We are not disposed, therefore, to look even on this literary anarchy with an unmixed feeling of regret or dislike. It indicates at least a distrust of the wrong path, if not a progress towards the right. Never again, we think, by any convulsion of opinion, could France be brought to exhibit the spectacle of Atheism proclaimed by law, of the God of Nature superseded by the Goddess of Liberty, of a universal faith (the only faith left) in the inborn energies and unaided virtues of man. Those dreams are dissipated, and though in their room many visions, scarcely more substantial, have arisen, it is a singular, and on the whole a consoling feature, that at the bottom of one and all of them lies the admission of the necessity of a faith,—a religion. The St.-Simonian, the Theophilanthropist, the Mystic, the Templar, all concur in the anxious wish to reëstablish on a permanent basis what the one feels to be the prop and security of society, the other to be the animating or consoling principle of the individual. When, out of this heaving mass, any thing really firm and stable may be evolved, it would indeed be difficult to conjecture. Men must be allowed, we fear, to go on a little longer blowing their own philosophical and religious bubbles, and seeing them burst by collision against each other, or by their own brittleness, ere the truth be fully impressed upon their minds, that the Christian religion, old-fashioned as it is, and unsuited as the St.-Simonians would persuade us it is to the new wants and relations of the nineteenth century, contains in itself all those elements which they are vainly seeking to elaborate from the philosophic crucible, and will survive to regulate the destinies and hopes of mankind, ages after their own unsubstantial and hollow idols have been shattered into atoms.

Meantime, it is right to bestow a little attention on the works which this strange fermentation of opinion has produced, distinguished, as many of them are, by a high (though not the highest) degree of ability. It is customary with those who are politically hostile to the present state of things in France, to identify the appearance of the present school of literature (if that can be called

a school where all the scholars are teachers, and each teaches a different doctrine) with the last Revolution. But none who has watched the progress of French literature during the Restoration, can fail to perceive, that, though less openly displayed, the same principles, or, rather, want of principles, and the same tendencies, in regard to morality and taste, prevailed under Charles the Tenth as under his elective successor. The Revolution of July, 1830, merely drew aside the covering, and, as Asmodeus did to Don Cleofas, revealed to the public eye what has long been a-doing and suffering in the inner chambers of the heart.

The Restoration had done much for the public and social, but little for the private and individual, wants of France. The political constitution it had given, interpreted according to its true spirit, was sufficient to provide for the rational liberty of the subject ; the framework and machinery of the social engine seemed unexceptionable ; nay, the necessity of providing for some moving principle of a more spiritual quality than that iron talisman of terror which had been adopted under the Empire, was recognised. But, with a singular inconsistency, while the political institutions of the country had been made to bend and to take a new form from the new wants and intelligence of the time, it seemed as if in all that concerned the inward man, it was the object of government to restore the state of things before the Revolution, — not the same creed merely, but the same abuses, the same theoretical though not practical intolerance, the same deferential submission alike to divine truth and palpable human imposture. The effort was made in sincerity, no doubt, but in the profoundest ignorance of mankind, and of the changes, both for good and evil, which a period of unexampled convulsion, and unrestrained, unrelenting enquiry had wrought in the national character. The Bourbons acted on this point, as if the great volume of the world's history, which had closed in 1789, could be opened again in 1814, without adverting to the blood-stained and ominous pages between, on which was written the sad story of the Revolution. But the sun cannot be made to go backward upon the dial by any human means ; nor on the now hollow and everywhere undermined soil of Catholicism or Jesuitism was it really possible that any thing could be erected, calculated to afford a leaning point or hold amidst the storm, which it required no great acquaintance with the political meteorology to perceive was already blackening in every corner of the sky. A form, indeed, of faith, the outward pomp and garniture of religion, might be fashioned ; the due levy of " friars and eremites, white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery," might be raised ; and here and there even some spirit of life breathed into their *simulacrum* of a faith by the piety and sincerity of individual convictions.

But on the national mind as a whole it took no hold; it was no longer the mainspring of action, but at best a pleasing and poetical embellishment; occupying only the airy distance, while political struggles and material interests crowded the more palpable foreground. It was like the prince in the tale, half man and half marble, preserving only a paralysed and charmed existence, amidst deserted halls which had once been populous with worshippers.

Whether even a more judicious system on the part of government, — a less bigoted adherence to the defects as well as the advantages of the past, and a more careful attention to the promotion of sound, virtuous, religious, and, at the same time, enlightened education among the rising youth of France, — would already have produced a very different result from that which we are witnessing in literature, it may not be easy to determine. That it would at least have palliated the evil, have prevented it from reaching its present height, nay, perhaps, have materially accelerated the turning of the tide, we certainly do believe, and regret extremely that the attempt was not made with earnestness and perseverance. The experiment commenced in the first years of the Restoration, and steadily pursued during the sixteen years of comparative tranquillity which preceded the movements of July, would have been tried with a probability of success, which, we fear, it is not likely to meet with again for a considerable time.

While the character of the national mind, therefore, during the Restoration, and particularly during its closing reign, was at bottom so substantially the same with what it is at this moment, it could not be but that the substantial character of the two literatures should also correspond. The difference, in truth, is but a difference of degree. A vast chasm, for instance, divides the *Paul et Virginie* of St. Pierre, or the *Estelle* of Florian, from the fierce sketches of Vitet, or the gloomy audacity of the dramas of Merimée, — a gulf broad and impassable; as if the drawbridge of the middle ages had fallen behind us, and we had suddenly plunged from the calm and measured beauty of the *Iphigenia* of Euripides, into the mystic glory and religious gloom of Calderon's *Devotion of the Cross*. But an easy slope, on the contrary, connects those chronicles of feudal times, full of unsparing pictures of atrocity and unshrinking exhibitions of feelings and manners, from which we had been accustomed to withdraw in terror, with the nightmare visions, wild ravings, and cynical indecency of the *Ane Mort*, and the *Confession*, *La Salamandre*, and *La Peau de Chagrin*. The *hardiesses* of the Theatre of Clara Gazul graduate by no long or difficult process into the *Orgies* ("we thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word") of Balzac and Sue, or the labored apology for debauch which illustrates the pages of the *Peau de Chagrin*.

We perceive, in fact, in the whole literature of the Restoration, when we look back on it calmly, a literature of contention and indecision, an oscillation between two opinions, or an awkward and unsatisfying compromise between both. The same strife which in politics prevails between the partisans of things as they were, of things as they are, and of things as the sanguine and inexperienced think they should be,—which, in religion, shows itself in the contests between the Jesuits, the moderate religious reformers, and those who, like the St.-Simonians, are determined to have at once a new heaven, as well as a new earth, indicates itself also in literature,—in the combats of Classicism and Romanticism, the Liberalism and Legitimatism of thought, and in the *juste milieu* system which would blend these heterogeneous elements with each other. Now one appears to be in the ascendant, now the other; and as in the case of the rival Popes fulminating bulls against each other from Rome and Avignon, none knows where the successorship of St. Peter is truly vested: the principles of taste, nay, the foundations of morals from which those principles flow, are left to the arbitration of conflicting tribunals, each claiming supreme authority, and reversing without ceremony the decisions of each other. And until the tacit consent of men, founded on calmer views and deeper wisdom, shall have reëstablished in the literary and moral world a Supreme Court of Cassation, by which those distracting judgments shall be overruled and harmonized, no other result will ever be produced, except that which characterized the era of Charles the Tenth, as it now does still more distinctly that of Louis Philippe;—a literature ephemeral in its nature, studiously copying and flattering the passions, tastes, and prejudices of the time, and bearing on its very forehead the visible impress of its speedy mortality; supplied, not from the vital and perennial spring of an inward conviction, but from the polluted source of interest, or at best the mixed and troubled stream of passion and controversy; agitating all topics, questioning all opinions, employing and blending all styles and manners; now stern as Zeno himself, now rivalling all the lubricity of the Porch and the Garden; proclaiming, lamenting over, its own degradation and inefficiency, yet, even in penance, planning sins anew; and, like Scott's dying desperado Cavalier, hoping nothing, believing nothing, and fearing nothing!

So far only, we think, matters were made worse by the Revolution, that it gave a louder voice to the expression of the general moral confusion; and by showing its extent, spread still farther the contagion of its example. It familiarized the mind also with the sudden subversion of much which they had been accustomed

to consider as firm and unquestionable, and led them to argue, not inconsequentially, from the success which had attended the political experiment, and the brilliancy with which it had been invested, to a similar result in regard to the very foundations of civil society itself. New distributions of property, new relations of the sexes, new classifications of men according to certain imaginary standards of mental and manual efficiency, new laws of morality, a new patent religion, accommodating itself to every one's inclinations ;— all the visions, in short, which had floated in cloudy reverie through the imaginations of speculative dreamers during the Restoration, now assumed a shape, and were thrust forth into the light, during that partial calenture of the brain which always accompanies or succeeds a Revolution. Another misfortune, too, inseparable from this state of things, is, that it has increased prodigiously the helots of literature, — the mere day-laborers in the literary vineyard, who, without the merit of being even sincere in their schemes or speculations, are ever ready to take up and drive to extremes the latest fancy which has amused or interested the public. These men are perhaps the only class in France to whom its disorganized condition presents matter of satisfaction rather than regret. Chiefly by this craft, indeed, they have their living ; and with enough of ability to render them dangerous, actuated by no higher principle than that of rendering themselves sufficiently important to be purchased by some of the contending parties that divide the State, they have done much to deepen the general confusion, and to sink still lower, in point of taste and tone, the standard of literature, already too effectually degraded. Only amidst the confusion caused by such a state of things as this, we trust, would an instance be found of one of the most popular writers of the day, Balzac, deliberately composing and publishing, with his name, a work (the *Contes Drôlatiques*) in which the licentiousness of Boccaccio is imitated in the language of Rabelais ;—nay, holding out to the public the agreeable assurance that the first volume, if successful, is to be followed by nine more ! — or of one of the most successful dramatists of the day, Latouche, producing a play (*La Reine d'Espagne*), which, from the revolting indecency of the plot, was actually hissed from the boards of the theatre ! Where else, save in this chaos of opinions, would adultery or incest, actual or intended, be selected as an almost indispensable *nodus* for a narrative or a play ;* — or the first

* We had begun to specify some instances in a note, but found the numbers increase upon us so fast, that we think it better to say at once, that about a third of the modern novels, and nearly a half of the modern plays, as nearly as we can calculate, turn on these delicate distresses.

dramatist of the day select for the latest subject of his muse, the infamous Lucretia Borgia, and divide the interest of the drama between his monstrous heroine and her incestuous offspring by her own brother? What a picture of the disordered condition and feelings of the rising generation of *littérateurs* in France, is exhibited by such a scene as the suicide of Escousse and Le Bras! Escousse was a young man, of about twenty, who had obtained some success (more in fact than he deserved) on the stage, by dramas,* written in the “blood-boltered” taste of the time. But some critics did not handle him so gently as the audience; and vexed at being made the victim of spiteful epigrams, — sick of the world about him, the instant any cloud came between him and its sunshine, — without support from any principle of hope or faith within, — he saw no remedy for his suffering but in suicide. Le Bras, his friend, a young man of about the same age, had been his *collaborateur* in one of his dramas, and sharing, it would appear, his disgust with this world, was equally ready to be his companion to another. These unfortunate young men shut themselves up together in Escousse’s apartment, and suffocated themselves with the vapor of burning coals. Escousse had left on the table this characteristic note: † “Escousse s’est tué parcequ’il ne sentait pas sa place ici, parceque la force lui manquait à chaque pas qu’il faisait en avant ou en arrière, parceque l’amour de la gloire ne dominait pas assez son âme, *si âme il y a* (!) Je désire que l’épigraphe de mon livre soit: —

“Adieu trop inféconde Terre,
Fléaux humains, soleil glacé;
Comme un fantôme solitaire
Inaperçu j’aurai passé:
Adieu les palmes immortelles,
Vrai songe d’une âme de feu;
L’aile manquait, j’ai fermé ailes,
Adieu!”

The literature which has arisen under these disastrous influences, has been partly of an avowedly fantastic quality, partly of a kind

* *Faruk le Maure. Pierre III. Raymond.*

† Escousse has destroyed himself because he felt that there was no place for him here, because his strength failed at every step whether he advanced or retreated, because the love of glory had too little power over his soul, if a soul there be (!) I wish the motto of my book to be: —

Farewell, thou blasted, barren Earth!
Ye, men, its scourge! — thou, icy Sun!
I, like a phantom, unperceived
Shall glide away, — my course is done.
Farewell, ye deathless wreaths of Fame!
Dreams, that once filled this soul of fire!
My weary wings begin to fail;
Farewell! I close them and expire.

which, though professing to deal with actual events, seems to be scarce less fantastic or unreal than the other, and to our minds far more revolting. The tendency towards the fantastic, — towards the creation of an unreal world, emancipated from all the laws and necessities of the actual, or even the conventional rules which regulate the ordinary world of fiction, — of a wild series of visions, changing as rapidly as images in the coals, and with as little meaning or discoverable sequence; now a cloud-castle, now a gloomy cave, now the likeness of an armed head, a dragon, or a spectre, — is no unnatural resource in those evil days of a nation's history, when the present offers little to satisfy, and the future little to encourage. Nothing else, we think, could account for that persevering and any thing but discriminating, imitation of the *Tales of Hoffman*, and the intense admiration with which he appears to be regarded, which was for a year or two past so obvious in the criticism and in the literature of France. Of all men Hoffman is the least suited for imitation, his manner the least likely to succeed in any other hands.* It often fails, it is often intolerable in his own; in those of a professed and literal imitator it is seldom otherwise. Its effect in his own hands, indeed, was owing to an idiosyncrasy, which peculiarly fitted him to excel in this, precisely because it unfitted him for every thing else; to a temperament naturally nervous and irritable to no common degree, rendered more so by disease and dissipation; the consciousness of high and varied abilities, and the conviction that they had in a great measure been unprofitably and irrecoverably wasted. In Hoffman this preternatural sensibility had reached so great a height, that during his whole life he had a tendency to insanity, and frequently bordered upon, if he did not overpass, the thin partition which divides imagination from madness. To such a mind only, — so habitually haunted with presentiments, seeing traces of the Devil's hoof in the commonest affairs of life, and starting and trembling at the demogorgons and chimæras with which his busy fancy involuntarily peopled every solitude, — could the phantoms bred in the brain, and born in a coffee-house, assume even that qualified air of truth and reality which was requisite to render their introduction into a work of fiction at all practicable. Only by such a mind, so accustomed to brood over and dissect in its own case the origin and connexion of such phenomena, and the way in which, in certain states of the mind, they blend themselves with the real influences of the world about us, could the slender vein of connexion between this phantasmagoria and human feelings and motives be detected and laid open, with that certainty and delicacy of anatomy which

* For an account of the life and writings of the German novelist Hoffman, see "*The Foreign Quarterly Review*," Vol. I. p. 74 et seq.

imparts even to the reader some portion of the spell, under which the author himself seems to heave and labor. All this was incommunicable and inimitable, save by some human phénomène as oddly put together, morally and physically, as the Prussian Judge himself; and, accordingly, of the *Contes Fantastiques* of the French, “numbers without number,” and of which we are almost ashamed to say we have read too many, we cannot single out one which seems to us to possess the character of a successful imitation. The authors take care indeed to have their punchbowls surrounded in the most approved style with a plentiful supply of blue flames, through which imps and *homunculi* flutter in profusion, serpents twine along the smoke up to the ceiling, faces grin upon the reader from the knocker of a door, lidless eyes glare upon them from bodiless heads; the hazy, confounding effect, in short, of the *Fantasiestücke* and the *Golden Pot* is imitated with an elaborate *niaiserie*; but, alas! the true elixir which Hoffman possesses, be it from the Devil’s cellar or not, is still to Messieurs Janin, Balzac, Chasles, Rabou, and their brethren, as a vessel sealed with Solomon’s seal.

We have said that the other large portion of French literature, though not actually styled fantastic, is scarcely possessed of mere reality. Our meaning is, that, though it admits no alliance with the invisible world, but, on the contrary, Heaven knows, is material enough; though it professes to paint actions, motives, characters — nay, to illustrate principles of polity, or maxims of morality, for instruction or reproof, — the scene might, for any practical purpose in most cases, be as well placed in the realms of space, and the characters selected from among those pre-adamite generations with which Byron in his *Cain* has peopled them. To the inconsistent and impossible nature of the characters, the inconsequential nature of the incidents corresponds, or rather the one produces the other. In reading the romances of the present day, we are perpetually reminded of our older dramatists, in two of the worst and most defective points of their character, — their atrocities and their incongruities. Here also, as in our own dramatists, a touch of pathos, a stroke of passion, a profound observation or trait of character, no doubt often arrests our attention; but here also, as in them, the writer the next moment startles us with some change of character so unnatural, some incident so gratuitously horrible or unlikely, whether viewed in relation to actual experience, or even to the conventional probability and consistency which his plan seems to presuppose, that it awakens at first our special wonder; and at last, when we have become familiar with the trick, for such it is, a feeling only of irritation and weariness of the flesh. Nothing, in fact, becomes so monotonous as the repe-

tion of the wonderful. Harlequin's first leap through a mail-coach or a post-office window, "may shake the pit, and make the boxes stare;" but long before the close of the pantomime, he may reverse all the laws of nature without moving a muscle of our countenances.

In truth, no one in general has recourse to the wonderful and startling, either in character or incident, but from the consciousness of his own poverty in that invention, or just observation of nature, which would enable him to work out his effect with ordinary elements. To conceive a character, to construct a chain of incidents, which shall interest the imagination, without doing violence to the reason, is a task of time and deliberation, as well as genius; to attract attention by scenes of licentiousness or drunken revelry, incest, adultery, or murder, — by ransacking the disgusting mysteries of the *Morgue*, the *Salpêtrière* and the *Place de Grève*, — is a task which a wild fancy and a reckless hand may accomplish in a week. In nothing is this poverty of resources in the modern novels more obvious than in those romances of a semi-philosophical cast, in which some maxim or rule of life is sought to be established. Place any of them beside a romance of Voltaire's, — *Candide*, for instance, or *Zadig*, — see with what care every incident has been weighed and selected in the latter, to conduce towards the developement of the idea which was the object of the book; how every chapter is, as it were, a step in the demonstration, every episode a collateral proof. Then turn to any of the philosophical romances of the present day, and after discovering, if possible, the author's drift, see how imperfectly, and with what strange circumvolutions and backslidings, the idea is evolved; how often abandoned entirely, for the sake of introducing some extrinsic, and often utterly contradictory picture, or train of reasoning; — what a crazy, disjointed, illogical piece of joining the work forms upon the whole! "It has been my wish," says Janin, speaking of his own design in the Preface to the *Confession*, "to exhibit in some degree the moral torture of a man, who feels the want of a faith, and who cannot find this faith in the church, because it can no longer be found anywhere." He wished, in short, to present a picture of what constitutes perhaps the most salient feature of the day. He had but to look around him, and the history of every family, every individual, faithfully portrayed, would have afforded an illustration of the principle. But how has he illustrated it, after all? By a story as fantastic as any thing in Hoffman, so far as regards French feelings or French manners, and which is not calculated to prove any position under the sun. Anatole, the hero, begins by murdering with his own hands his bride on her wedding night, for two of the most notable reasons conceivable; the one, that he

rather disapproved of her dancing that evening, and was struck with the reflection that in time she must grow as old and hideous as a wrinkled old dame who was standing near him; the other, that when they retired for the night, he found, to his confusion, that he had forgot her Christian name, and that he thought she showed an undue alacrity in falling asleep. He relieves himself from his embarrassment, accordingly, by strangling her on the spot. This ebullition of insanity is succeeded by remorse. He runs the gauntlet of a number of priests, seeking from each absolution, consolation. One is too indifferent, — another, from a feeling of humility, does not feel himself warranted to confess or absolve him, — a third is a wretched fanatic, — a fourth is ready to give him absolution, without the trouble of confessing at all, — a fifth, in whom he had begun to think he had found his man, he afterwards finds in suspicious conference with a beautiful Spaniard. The right man, however, does appear at last, awes him into submission, extorts from his quivering lips the confession which now, in terror, he would have withheld. Anatole then goes mad for six months, recovers his health and peace of mind, turns priest, and we take leave of him at last, with the assurance that he had got so fat, his friends would hardly have known him.

Such is M. Janin's peculiar way of illustrating the moral sufferings of a man in want of a belief, and not able to find one. A train of events so ingenious, so logically arranged for bringing out what we presume to be his conclusion, — that in religion, as it now exists in France, no such principle of belief is to be found, — we believe it would be difficult to parallel. Who does not perceive the propriety of choosing an incident so probable, so characteristic of the state of modern society, as that of murdering one's wife on her wedding night, in order to bring out the idea of the want of religious faith experienced at the present moment? Who does not feel that the author has successfully demonstrated the impossibility of any effectual religious consolation, by showing that the hero *does* meet with a sincere believer, and *does* derive from him the comfort of which he was in search? Truly might the author observe in his preface, that he had written "*sans plan et au hasard*"; but most untruly, indeed, does he compare this chimera of his with Crebillon's pictures of his own age, which, though written certainly with great indifference to plot, have all the merit which a faithful resemblance of a most disagreeable original can possess.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the total incapacity of bringing out effectually the philosophical idea which forms the ground-work of the book, from the *Peau de Chagrin*, and other *Romans Philosophiques* of Balzac; but the truth is so generally

felt and admitted among the French writers themselves, that we think it unnecessary to say more upon the subject.

If the above book of Janin's be a fair illustration of the illogical and preposterous nature of these so-called philosophical romances, it is also a fair representation of some of those merits by which they are distinguished, — great brilliancy and beauty of style in occasional passages, — episodes which are frequently described with much pathos and skill, and which generally form much the most interesting portion of the book, — a humor which assists the pathos, — penetrating, though not comprehensive glances, into the structure of society, somewhat like those singularly acute perceptions which at times astonish us amidst the hazy visions of intoxication. True, neither the style nor the substance long preserves this chastised and simple character. In Janin's works, in particular, there is a spirit of affectation, *intus et in cute*, which is fatal to any prolonged effort of this nature, yet here and there occurs a chapter of great beauty and simplicity. Such is the passage when Anatole, the hero, pursuing his restless pilgrimage in search of a confessor, finds himself on the banks of a river, and learns from the poor boat-woman who ferries him across, the history of the sacrifices she had made to educate for the church a son, who, in an unguarded moment, had since forfeited his clerical office and character.

“Who has not seen a village ferry-boat? That large flat-bottomed boat just on a level with the surface of the water, kept in its course by a rope stretched across the stream; that moving bridge, laden with men, cattle, ploughs, and children at play, the whole fortune of a village. It is a place of rest during the day. At the first cock-crowing the floating bridge is on its way; it returns in the evening, by the light of the stars; the boat-man fastens it to the shore, and all is done. Here is one little spot isolated, till the morrow, from the rest of the world; the portcullis is let down, the draw-bridge raised; harmless defence of this rustic castle, of which a herdsman is lord.

“At this time the vessel was at anchor; the rudder swung to and fro; the boat-woman was sitting at the stern, watching the current as it flowed by; she was tall and robust; with large arms, made more brawny by exposure to the weather, hard hands, a dark countenance, and white teeth; having on an old straw hat, a red handkerchief, and with that delightful smell of tar, preferable, a thousand times to all the perfumes with which our Parisian fops are scented.

“‘Good God, Sir,’ said the boat-woman, ‘I can hardly carry you across, now; the *Ave Maria* will ring in a quarter of an hour; my little John, who rows for his father, has gone for my dinner; I am alone, and wait till noon be past.’

“‘Well, my good woman,’ said Anatole, ‘I will wait for the *Ave Maria* and your little John. So you love your little John very much?’

“ ‘ Ah ! Sir, my little John is a man to me. He is not ten years old, and he already takes his father’s place ; now works, and now sings, so pleasantly ; he is the first to wake in the morning, and is the last to go to rest, after singing all day. But for our John, my husband and I must have died this winter, of hunger, and of grief caused by the other child.’ ”

“ ‘ You have another child, good woman ? ’ rejoined Anatole ; ‘ and pray what has he done, to cause you so much sorrow ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Alas ! ’ replied the boat-woman, ‘ ’t is a long story. My elder son was a priest, Sir ; he is one no longer, and now we know not what to do with him.’ ”

“ ‘ And how did this happen ; ’ said the young man, ‘ pray tell me, for I am deeply interested about it.’ ”

“ ‘ Pride has been our ruin, Sir. You may see, from this spot, that small white house, near the willow-plantation. We inherited that house, and five acres of good land ; we might have been rich with these ; but I had a notion of making my Ambrose a parish priest ; I wished that men should bow to my son, that he should dine occasionally at the castle, that he should say mass. We sold this pretty house, and these five acres of land, that our child might study ; he read all the books, he was already shorn, he was on the point of being made a parish priest somewhere, when a great misfortune happened to him, poor child ! For, mind, Sir, I cannot believe he was guilty ; he was a young man, but brave and honest ; he had never treated his father disrespectfully, and he always dined with me in the holydays. Oh accursed black dress, how much evil have you brought upon us ! ’ ”

“ Here the poor woman burst into tears ; then continued her story, finding that Anatole was still listening to her. ”

“ ‘ Last Autumn, there was a plentiful fishing-season ; the fair brought our ferry-boat so much custom, that we had laid up, my husband, little John, and I, twelve good crowns. “ Wife,” said my poor husband, one evening ; an evening when the wind blew hard, the river roared, and the yellow leaves beat against our windows ; “ wife,” said he, “ here are twelve good crowns to help us through the winter, what shall we do with these twelve crowns ? ” ’ ”

“ ‘ John made no answer, neither did I ; my son and I had already disposed of this money, in our own minds. ”

“ ‘ “ Perhaps,” resumed my good man, finding that we made no answer, “ perhaps we should do well to buy a pig, of neighbour John Pied ; the young pig would be just the thing for us ; it is large, and fat, and just fit to be killed ; we will salt it, we will smoke it, and this winter, at least, we will enjoy our meals, and not be reduced to the miserable fare of the last. I speak not on my own account, wife, but for you, and our little John, who is growing, and ought to eat a little meat every day.” ’ ”

“ ‘ This last argument made me feel badly ; my youngest child had suffered so much, that I could not say a word in reply ; but John quickly said ; ”

“ “ “ Father, don't buy John Pied's pig ; I live very well without eating meat ; every body says I am as large as you ! I can tell you, if you will let me, what you should do with the twelve crowns.”

“ “ “ What ? ” said my poor man, “ what ? if not to make ourselves a little more comfortable ; to buy you a new jacket, my half-naked boy, and your mother a pair of shoes, and myself a little brandy, to warm me when I am fishing, up to my knees in water ? ”

“ “ I dared not reply to the reasoning of my poor husband, but John came to my aid.

“ “ “ Father,” said he, rising, “ my elder brother is a priest, but he has not a black dress, he has not a three-cornered hat. We must buy him a three-cornered hat and a black dress. We will live on bread this one winter more, and my mother will mend my jacket.”

“ “ Oh God ! how beautiful John looked, as he said this ! It makes me weep, even now, Sir.

“ “ “ Son,” said his father, “ I will refuse you nothing but this black dress. These twelve crowns shall be for you, for your mother and me ; for your mother and you, my child, and for your father. Your brother is well-fed, warmly clad ; he has a bed and sheets and as many blankets as he needs. We lie on straw, with only our summer clothes to cover us. He fasts during forty days only ; we fast all the year round ; and should be glad to dine on Sunday, as he does on his fast-days. Do not speak to me of this dress and hat ; do not speak of them ! wife, I will not hear of them.”

“ “ “ Alas ! ” said I to my good man, “ he wants only this dress and hat to make him a priest. Only this one sacrifice, my husband, only one winter more. Would you rather see a bit of bacon over your chimney, than to see your son seated above the choir in the church and pronouncing his benediction on you ? ”

“ “ “ Yes, father,” resumed John, “ my brother is despised. They ask him, where his dress is. He must have a dress ; father, give him the twelve crowns.

“ “ His father continued ; “ If I give him the twelve crowns, we must die. Take these twelve crowns, John, take them, I give them to you, and not to your brother ; your brother has ruined us ; for him, we have sold your uncle Robin's vineyard, and my brother Richard's house and vineyard. Our whole fortune has gone to the Seminary. You will see me, my son, forced to sell my nets and my ferry-boat ! ” Then turning to me, he said, “ Wife, wife, we shall have a priest at our death bed, perhaps.” He then drew the twelve crowns from under his straw bed, and counted them, one by one, sighing as he counted eleven.

“ “ He paused at the twelfth crown-piece.

“ “ “ John,” said he, “ this crown shall be yours ; I will spend it for you, John ; you shall buy yourself some cake, some sugar-plums, some Tours prunes, some barley-candy, a knife with a cork-screw, and all sorts of nice things. Your brother's baubles cost more, my son. Here, take this crown ; let it not be said that you alone waste none of our money ; spend something, John, that your brother

may not blush too deeply. Here, my son, go to the *fête*, you shall dance, and give two pence for a country-dance." And my poor husband took his son in his arms, kissed him, weeping and still holding his last crown-piece.

"“Oh ! Sir, it costs very dear to be a priest ! They say to parents, *It will cost you nothing*, yet something is to be paid, continually ; we must give our poor money to a man in black, who does not even thank us, and live on bread, and let our boat go leaky.’

“At the same time, the poor woman laid down one of her oars, that she might bail out the water which had found its way through the seams of the boat.”

Having said thus much on the subject of Janin, we shall despatch, in a very few words, what we have to mention of his other works. All of them indicate a fervid and passionate imagination, a most defective judgment and taste, and an inability, as it seems to us, of constructing or maturing any great plan ; and that fatal defect, against which none declaims more loudly than himself, — a want of any settled principle, be it in religion, politics, or morals. No one can look at his works without perceiving the high probability of what we believe to be the fact, that Janin has written, or is prepared to write, in any journal, on any side of any question, not so much from interested motives, as because no one side seems to him to have any very decided preference over the other. His earliest work, *L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée* was one of those hideous imbroglions of blood, disease, and voluptuousness, which might be supposed to have occurred to the imagination of a mad butcher in Bedlam. The *Confession*, to which we have already alluded, was followed by *Barnave*, a very unfinished and defective, yet bold and striking sketch from the French Revolution, taken at that moment, as he himself expresses it, “when the ancient monarchy and the ancient people parted, never again to meet and recognise each other, so greatly would emigration change the former, and conquest the latter.” Of the *Contes Fantastiques* and the *Contes Nouveaux*, his two last productions, we regret we can say nothing favorable. Even considered as tales or sketches, and without reference to their pretensions to any peculiar character, they by no means rise above the usual rate of contributions to the *Annals* ; nor, with the exception of the tale entitled *Rosette*, in the *Contes Fantastiques*, and the *Essay on Crebillon the Younger*, in the *Contes Nouveaux*, is there any of them which appears worthy of Janin's reputation.

If we had been attempting an arrangement of these French novelists according to their merits, assuredly Janin would not have occupied the first place in the list. That must have been, without hesitation, awarded to Victor Hugo, who, though still young, has

already distinguished himself in almost every walk of imaginative literature ;—disputing the prize of lyric poetry with Lamartine, in his *Odes*, his *Orientales*, and *Feuilles d'Automne* ; occupying one of the most eminent positions on the stage, by his *Cromwell*, *Hernani*, *Marion de l'Orme*, *Le Roi s'amuse*, and *Lucrèce Borgia* ; and indisputably at the head of romance, since the publication of his *Notre Dame de Paris*. Superior to his contemporaries in creative imagination,—being in fact the only one of them who seems to see his way with some clearness, or to possess the power of inventing, brooding over, and working out with patience one leading view,—superior to them even in that particular in which their strength lies, mere *power* of painting and description ; he is yet more visibly elevated above their sphere of inspiration by the purer spirit with which his works, as a whole, have been animated, the generous sympathy for goodness and devotion of every kind which he evinces, and the absence of those querulous doubts, those contradictory and self-neutralizing views by which in their works the reader is harassed. In many respects, indeed, he might be referred to as being “among them, but not of them,”—an exception from, rather than an illustration of, the spirit of his time. Still, unfortunately, he remains connected with it by sufficient ties to identify him as one of those who have written during a century of confusion ; nay, whose own example, however unconsciously, may have tended to increase the perplexity. And comparing his earlier tales,—*Hans d'Islande*, and *Bug Jargal*, in which, amidst all the horrors in which they deal, a spirit of humanity, a fine sensibility to virtue and nobleness, always left the mind something to repose upon with satisfaction,—with his later works,—particularly his Dramas of *Le Roi s'amuse*, and *Lucrèce Borgia*, in which scarcely any humane or generous emotion leavens the mass of licentiousness, incest, and murder, in which they deal,—we regret to think, that, instead of disengaging himself more and more from the evil influences of his day, they seem rather to be acquiring a firmer hold over his mind ;—as if the moral barometer had begun to sink at last under the pressure of the loaded atmosphere which surrounded it, and the index which once pointed to calm and sunshine, were now likely to waver for a time between deluge and storm.

We trust, however, this anticipation may not be realized. It is not for a man of Hugo's great and varied talent, to copy the mock misanthropy, and distrust of goodness, which we regret to see so generally affected by *La Jeune France*. It is never a pleasing sight to see misanthropy, the painful privilege of age, invading the province of youth ;—to see the heart wrinkled before the brow. But it is doubly disagreeable, when we have reason to

suspect that the author is not a whit more sincere in his misanthropy than in any thing else; and that this mask, like any other, is merely put on for the sake of effect. Nature herself forbade to Victor Hugo the gloomy walk of indifference, callousness, or cynicism, and pointed out to him the sunny path of enthusiasm, hope, and sympathy, as that alone where he ought to wander.

Hugo's works have been so long before the public, and are already so far known in England, that any detailed accounts of them would now be out of place. The first, *Hans of Iceland*, is a northern romance, in which the youthful novelist has turned to great account the savage wilds, gloomy lakes, stormy seas, pathless caves, and ruined fortresses of Scandinavia. A being savage as the scenery around him,—human in his birth, but more akin to the brute in his nature; diminutive, but with a giant's strength; whose pastime is assassination, who lives literally as well as metamorphically on blood,—is the hero; and round this monster are grouped some of the strangest, ghastliest, and yet not wholly unnatural beings which it is possible for the imagination to conceive,—Spiagudry, the keeper of the dead-house or *Morgue* of Drontheim, and Orugex, the state executioner;—while gentler forms, the noble and persecuted Schumacher, and the devoted and innocent Ethel, relieve the monotony of crime and horror. Hugo's second romance, *Bug Jargal*, a tale of the insurrection in St. Domingo, was never much to our taste. The essential improbability of such a character as Bug Jargal, a negro of the noblest moral and intellectual character,—passionately in love with a white woman, yet tempering the wildest passion with the deepest respect, and sacrificing even life at last in her behalf and that of her husband, is too violent a call upon the imagination; but laying aside the defects of the plot, considered as a whole, we fancy there is no reader of the tale, who can forget the entrancing interest of the scenes in the camp of the insurgent chief Biassou, or the death-struggle between Habibrah and D'Auverney, upon the brink of the cataract. The latter, in particular, is drawn with such intense force, that the reader seems almost to be a witness of the changing fortunes of the fight, and can hardly breathe freely till he comes to the close.

● *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, has no pretensions to the character of a regular tale, yet, in its way, it is perhaps the most perfect thing which Hugo has yet produced. Like the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, it is merely the picture of a peculiar state of mind; the exciting cause in the one case being opium,—in the other, the certainty of an approaching death by the guillotine. Hugo, like Sterne, has taken a single captive, shut him up in his dungeon, and “then looked through the twilight of the grated

door, to take his picture." We acquit him of the absurdity which some of his friends have imputed to him, that of seriously intending this sketch as a pleading against the punishment of death; had such been his intention, his conclusions would follow from his premises about as logically as those of Janin. But Hugo plainly wrote with no such esoteric purpose; he wished to show how profound an interest might be given to a mere chronicle of thoughts, a register of sensations; what variety, and even dramatic movement, might be imparted to a monologue in which the scene shifts only from the *Bicêtre* to the *Conciergerie*, the *Hotel de Ville*, and the *Place de Grève*. And such is the power of genius, that he has completely succeeded in enchainning the interest of the reader throughout, without at the same time pushing the subject beyond the verge of physical pain. There is, in truth, less that revolts or harasses the mind in this dungeon-drama, where, perhaps, we should have most expected it, than in any other of his compositions; and as the work is less known here than its companions, we shall take the liberty of extracting from it two passages, each exquisite in its way,—the one, when the criminal enters the court, to receive his sentence, on a lovely morning in August; the other, when a dream of his youth revisits him on the day before his execution.

"A current of warm air, filled with a buzzing sound, fanned my face. It was the breath of the crowd in the hall of the Assizes. I entered.

"A clash of arms and voices was heard on my appearance. There was a noisy moving of benches; the partitions cracked; and, as I passed up the long hall, between two dense masses of people, walled in by soldiers, I felt myself the centre to which were attached the wires which moved all these gaping and eager faces.

"At this moment, I perceived that I was without irons, but I cannot recollect when or where they were taken off.

"A profound silence followed. I had reached my place. The tumult of my thoughts subsided, with that of the crowd. The fact which I had hitherto but dimly apprehended, now flashed distinctly and suddenly on my mind, that the decisive moment had come, and that I was there to receive my sentence.

"Explain it who can, this idea came to me under such circumstances, that it caused me no terror. The windows were open, the air and the sounds of the city had free entrance; the hall was light as for a wedding; the bright rays of the sun traced, here and there, the luminous figure of the latticed windows, now lengthened out on the floor, now displayed on the tables, now broken by an angle of the wall; and the rays from each glittering pane of these windows, formed in the air a large column of gold-dust.

"The judges, at the extremity of the hall, wore an air of satisfaction, pleased, probably, to have finished their business so soon. There was something calm and kind in the countenance of the president of the court, on which a soft light was thrown from a window; and a youthful judge, playing with his bands, was talking almost gayly, to a pretty woman in a pink hat, who had been indulged with a seat behind him.

"The jury alone looked pale and exhausted, but this seemed to be from the fatigue of watching all night. Some of them yawned; nothing in their faces told of men who had just passed sentence of death; and all I could read in the looks of these good citizens was a strong inclination to go to sleep.

"A window, in front of me, was wide open. I heard the flower-girls laughing on the quay; and, near the window, a pretty little yellow flower, on which a sun-beam fell, was sporting with the wind, in a cleft of the wall.

"How could dismal forebodings assail me amid so many agreeable sensations? With air and sun-shine all around me, I could think of nothing but liberty. Hope began to shine within me, as the day around me; and I fearlessly awaited my sentence, as one awaits deliverance and life.

"Meanwhile my counsel arrived. The court were waiting for him to appear. He had just eaten a generous breakfast, with good relish. Having taken his place, he leaned towards me, with a smile. 'I hope,' said he. 'Why not?' replied I, carelessly, and smiling in return. 'Yes,' answered he; 'I have not yet learned their verdict, but the charge of premeditation must, without doubt, be given up; and then the sentence will be only hard labor for life.' 'What do you say, Sir?' replied I, indignantly; 'I would rather a hundred times suffer death!'

"Yes, death! Besides, said a voice within me, what do I risk in saying this? Was sentence of death ever passed but at midnight, by the glare of torches, in a dark and gloomy hall, and on a cold, rainy, winter's night? But, in the month of August, at eight o'clock in the morning, such a bright day, these good jurors; it is impossible! and my eyes wandered back to the yellow-flower in the sunshine.

"Suddenly the president of the court, who had been waiting only for my counsel, commanded me to rise. The soldiers were under arms. As by an electric movement, the whole assembly rose at the same moment. An insignificant little figure, seated at a table below the tribunal, the clerk, I suppose, spoke and read the verdict which the jury had pronounced in my absence. A cold sweat came over my whole frame. I leaned against the wall to save myself from falling.

"'Counsel, have you any thing to say why sentence should not be passed?' asked the judge.

"I should have had much to say, but nothing could I utter. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth.

“ My counsel rose.

“ I perceived he was going to soften down the verdict of the Jury, and for the punishment which that demanded, to propose the substitution of the other, his hope of which had given me such pain.

“ My indignation must have been strong to force its way through the thousand emotions which distracted my mind. I wished to repeat aloud, what I had said to him; ‘ *I would rather a hundred times suffer death!* ’ but voice failed me, and I could only seize him abruptly by the arm, crying with convulsive strength: ‘ No!’

“ The attorney-general opposed my counsel, and I listened to him in stupefied satisfaction. Then the judges withdrew; they returned, and the president read my sentence.

“ ‘ Condemned to death!’ exclaimed the crowd; and as I was led away, they followed on my steps, with the noise of a falling edifice. I walked, bewildered and stupefied! A revolution had taken place within me. Until the sentence of death was passed, I seemed to breathe, move, live in the same sphere with other men; now, I beheld as it were a barrier between the world and me. Nothing wore the same aspect as before. Those large, luminous windows, the beautiful sun, the serene sky, that pretty flower, all these were wan and pale, of the hue of a winding-sheet. These men, women, and children, who were crowding on my steps, looked to me like phantoms.”

There are incidents even in the life of the prison. The departure of the *forçats*, — the arrival of the prison ordinary, — the adventure with the *gendarme*, who speculates in the lottery, and begs the prisoner to revisit the world again after his execution, in order to communicate to him some lucky numbers, — the visit of his child, — the ride in the car to the *Conciergerie*, between the clergyman and the *gendarmes*, — these simple incidents, handled with consummate skill and beauty, as well as truth of detail, have all the importance of the most stirring and eventful incidents in an ordinary romance. How beautifully, amidst the gloomy despairing reflections of the prisoner, breaks in the following vision of youth and innocence!

“ I shut my eyes, and covered them with my hands, and tried to forget the present in the past. As I was musing, remembrances of my childhood and youth returned, one by one, to my mind, sweet, tranquil, smiling, like islands of flowers in the whirlpool of dark and confused thoughts that was boiling in my brain.

“ I see myself again a child, a laughing, blooming, school-boy, sporting, running, shouting with my brothers, in the broad, green alley of that neglected garden, where my early years were passed, the old garden of a monastery, over which the sombre dome of Val-de-Grace, lifts its leaden head.

“ Behold me again; four years later, still a child, but already

thoughtful and impassioned. There is a young girl in the solitary garden.

"The little Spanish maiden, with her large eyes and long tresses, her bright olive complexion, her ruby lips and rosy cheeks, the Andalusian of fourteen, Pepa.

"Our mothers had told us to run about together : we are walking.

"They had told us to play, and we are talking together ; children of the same age, but not of the same sex.

"Not a year before, however, we had run about together, we had quarrelled with each other. I disputed with Pepita for the best apple in the orchard ; I struck her for a bird's nest. She cried ; I said, ' Well done ! ' and we went together to complain of each other to our mothers, who blamed us aloud, and justified each of us in a low voice.

"Now, she leans on my arm, and I feel pride and tenderness. We walk slowly, we speak low. She drops her handkerchief : I pick it up for her. Our hands tremble as they touch. She speaks to me of the little birds, of the distant star, of the crimson sunset through the trees, or of her boarding-school friends, of her frock, of her ribbons. We talk of the simplest things, yet we both blush. The little girl has become a young lady.

"This evening, it was a summer evening, we were under the chestnut-trees, at the bottom of the garden. After a long silence, such as often occurred in our walks, she suddenly let go my arm, and said, ' Let us run ! '

"I see her still ; she was dressed in black, in mourning for her grand-mother. A childish thought came into her head, Pepa was again Pepita, she said to me : ' Let us run ! '

"She began to run before me, with her figure slender as the waist of a bee, and her little feet and ancles, displayed by her flying dress. I pursued her, she fled : the air, as she ran, raised, at times, her black mantle, and discovered to my view her smooth olive neck.

"I was transported. I came up with her near the old ruined well ; I caught her round the waist by right of conquest, and made her sit down on a bank of turf ; she made no resistance. She was out of breath and was laughing. I was serious, and gazed on her dark eyes through their dark lashes.

" ' Sit down there,' said she to me. ' It is still broad day-light ; let us read something. Have you a book ? '

"I had about me the second volume of Spallanzani's *Voyages*. I opened it at random, I drew near her, her shoulder rested on mine, and we each began to read to ourselves the same page. Before turning over the leaf, she was always obliged to wait for me. My mind was less rapid than hers. ' Have you finished,' said she, when I had hardly begun.

"Meanwhile, our heads touched each other, her hair was blended with mine, our breaths mingled, and suddenly our lips met.

"When we thought of continuing our reading, the sky was spangled with stars.

“ ‘Oh, mamma, mamma,’ said she, on entering the house, ‘if you knew how we have been running!’ ”

“As for me, I was silent. ‘You say nothing,’ said my mother to me, ‘you look sad.’ I had paradise in my heart.

“It is an evening which I shall remember all my life.”

Toute ma vie ! A life of twenty-four hours !

Notre Dame de Paris, the last and best known of Victor Hugo's productions, is in a strain of a higher mood than any he had previously attempted. The idea, we have seen it mentioned, is taken from the *Gitanilla* of Cervantes. The resemblance, however, is something like that between the rivers in Macedon and Monmouth ; there are gipsies in both, — nothing more. Here the author has brought his antiquarian learning to bear with effect, not, like another well-known French novelist, (*Le Bibliophile Jacob*, — the fictitious name of Paul Lacroix,) overlaying his story with erudition, but vivifying the dry bones of history by the warmth and brilliancy of his fancy ; while an extraordinary effect of unity is given to the whole, by making the whole movement of the tale emanate from and revolve round the gipsy heroine Esmiralda, and concentrate itself about the venerable terrors of *Notre Dame*. There is a play of Calderon's which bears the title *El Mayor Encanto Amore*, — Love is the greatest of Enchantments. This sentence seems to us to embody the leading idea of the work. Love makes the learned archdeacon forget his studies, his clerical character, his reputation for sanctity, to court the favor of a volatile Bohemian. Love for this same Parisian Fenella softens the human savage Quasimodo, — the dumb, one-eyed bell-ringer of *Notre Dame*, — and transforms him into a “delicate monster,” — a devoted humble worshipper of the Bohemian ; — while she, who is the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, the object of adoration to these singular lovers, is herself hopelessly attached in turn to a giddy-pated captain of the guard, who can afford to love no one but himself. The charm of the romance unquestionably lies in the conception of the character of Quasimodo, and in the singular art by which this monster, who first awakens our terror or disgust, comes at last, when his mind, like Cymon's, begins to expand and refine under the passion of love, to be an object of our pity and admiration. Frollo the archdeacon, on whose character the author seems to have bestowed much pains, is, on the contrary, a complete failure. Esmiralda herself, a sort of Marion L'Escaut in character, is a very beautiful creation. There is exquisite pathos in that scene where she is brought in to exhibit in presence of him to whom her heart has attached itself, and of his intended bride ; and in that where she again catches his eye on the balcony as she passes to execution, as well as in the heart-rending scene where

the Penitent, who had betrayed her into the hands of justice, discovers her to be his own daughter. In power Hugo is never deficient; but certainly nothing in any of his former works is to be compared to his description of *Notre Dame*, and the mysterious adaptation, and preëstablished harmony, as it were, which seemed to exist between it and its monstrous child Quasimodo;—of the attack of the Truands (the Alsatians of Paris) upon the cathedral, and their repulse by the superhuman exertions of the bell-ringer;—and finally, of that awful scene where the archdeacon, gazing down from the tower of *Notre Dame* upon the execution of his victim in the square beneath, is seized by Quasimodo,—who has now relapsed into the savage, since the destruction of the only being to whom his heart had opened,—and hurled from a height of two hundred feet “plumb down” upon the pavement below. This description is terrible beyond conception. Every motion, every struggle of the wretched priest, every clutch of his nails, every heave of the breast, as he clings to the projecting spout which has arrested his fall; then the gradual bending of the spout itself beneath his weight; the crowd shouting beneath, the monster above him—weeping;—(for he had loved the priest, and only the fury of disappointed attachment had urged him to this crime;)—the victim balancing himself over the gulf, his last convulsive effort ere he resigns his hold, even the revolutions of his body as he descends, his striking on the roof, from which he glides off like a tile detached by the wind, and then the final crash and rebound upon the pavement,—all are portrayed with the most horrible minuteness and reality. Two other works are already announced by this indefatigable artist, *Le Fils de la Bossue*, and *La Quinquengrogne*,—in the latter of which, it is said, he proposes to do for the military architecture and manners of the middle ages, what he has so admirably performed, in *Notre Dame*, for the cathedral and sacerdotal.

Eugène Sue is, or would wish to be, the Cooper of France,—the founder of a maritime school of romance; and he had the advantage, at least, of a field perfectly unoccupied. Even in our own country, prior to the appearance of Cooper’s romances, how little had been done for the poetry of the sea! Trunnions and Hatchways, indeed, we had in abundance,—the comic side of a naval life had been displayed with ample detail; but for its loftier and more tragic aspect,—its alternations of tempest and calm, of labor and listless idleness, of battle and giddy revelry, of bright moonlights and weary days, when mists obscure the sun,—what had been attempted? Almost nothing, save the *Corsair* of Byron. If in our own country, where so much naval enthusiasm prevailed, so little had been effected in this way, it may easily be imagined

the French were still more defective in any literature of the kind ; but it would seem as if the defect was now likely to be supplied by an over-production. The success of Cooper's romances (who, by the way, is regarded as a much greater personage on the continent than with us) has provoked a host of imitators, — Sue, Corbières, Jal, and others, who will, in all probability, soon overwork the vein which has thus been opened. Of these, the only one of distinguished talent is the first, though it is of a kind for which we must confess our dislike, — the talent of crowding horrors upon each other with such vehemence and rapidity, and of deepening these by intervening scenes of debauch, or ferocious gayety, in such a manner, that the reader, at once stimulated by curiosity, and repelled by disgust, lays down the book a dozen times in the course of its perusal, and yet feels himself again attracted to it as by a spell. If M. Sue's picture of the French marine be correct, one would think every ship was a floating Pandemonium, commanded and manned by the devil himself and his angels. On shipboard, massacres and piracies, robberies and rapes, brutal orgies and Thracian quarrels, imprecations and blasphemies, an atmosphere of sulphur, smoke, and wine vapors, decks strewn with carcasses and fragments of flesh ; on shore, tornadoes, insurrections, assassinations, treasons, conflagrations, monstrous serpents introduced into a nuptial-chamber to strangle the bride upon her wedding-night, — such are the indispensable accompaniments of M. Sue's *Tales of the Sea* ! One would think his idea of the naval life had been taken from the actual atrocities which took place among the despairing, famishing, blaspheming crew of the *Medusa*, drifting on their raft in the midst of a tempestuous ocean. It would be unfair to deny to the author, at the same time, a large portion of comic talent, and some command of the pathetic, when he chooses to exercise it ; which is an event of very unfrequent occurrence. Of his works, *Plik et Plok*, *Atargull*, *La Salamandre*, *La Coucaratcha*, (there may be others of a later date, for the author writes and prints with a rapidity most formidable to reviewers,) all resemble each other very closely in their general character. We think *Atargull*, the best, and *La Salamandre* the worst. *Atargull* is a West-Indian Zanga, and the outline of the tale (divested of the introductory histories of the slave-merchant Bénédict, and the pirate Brulart, which, clever as they are, particularly the former, have no more to do with the story of *Atargull* than with that of Job) is simply this : — *Atargull* is the favored slave of the amiable West-India planter Well, sharing, with a pet spaniel and a daughter, the affections of his master. He repays his attachment with a devotion which is unbounded. A hideous series of calamities, however, suddenly plunges the

planter into ruin. His daughter, the beloved of his heart, is bit to death by a serpent in her bed-room on her wedding-night: her death is followed by that of her intended husband and her mother; the crops of the planter are destroyed, the negroes and cattle carried off by disease, his habitation burned; and he himself, bankrupt in fortune, broken in heart, attended only by his faithful slave Atargull, whom no misfortune can separate from his beloved master, embarks for France. The slave toils for him, supports him by his labors, watches over the dying man, all whose faculties are fast failing him, with the apparent devotion of a son. Then, when at last stretched upon his death-bed, in his miserable apartment, on the fifth floor in the *Rue Tirechape*, and clasping the hand of Atargull in his own, the wretched planter just retains enough of sense to feel the pang which is about to be inflicted upon him, the slave bending over him, as Zanga does over the prostrate Alonzo, thunders in his ear, — “ ’T was I that introduced the serpent into the apartment of your daughter; ’t was I that caused the deaths of your wife and son-in-law; ’t was I that poisoned your negroes and cattle, wasted your crops, burned your habitation! You caused my father to be executed for a crime of which he was guiltless, and thus I repay the obligation!

“ I hated, I despised, and I destroy ! ”

We can devote but a few lines to some other names, deserving, however, of a more detailed and satisfactory notice. M. Paul Lacroix, better known under his assumed name of the *Bibliophile Jacob*, was probably the first who, by his *Soirées de Walter Scott*, introduced the imitation of the historical romance in France; and he has since followed up his first production by *Les Deux Fores*, *Le Roi des Ribauds*, and *La Danse Macabre*, in the same style; — the latter one of the most nightmare compositions of plague, sorcery, blood, and voluptuousness, that we have ever read. His great erudition, and minute acquaintance with the literature, manners, and customs of the middle ages, joined to some power of conception and dramatic expression, always give to his romances a certain degree of interest; but still the want of any vigorous or original conception, will never allow him to occupy an exalted rank in the world of fiction. Latterly, however, he has shown by his *Divorce*, and his *Vertu et Tempérament*, — novels of the present day, — that his field of observation has by no means been confined to former centuries, but that he has been an accurate and discriminating student of the opinions and moral evils of the perplexed and perplexing society by which he is surrounded. Michel Raymond (also, we believe, a *nom de guerre*) has presented us with three most powerful pictures of Parisian life in *Les Maçons*,

Les Intimes, and the *Contes de l'Atelier*. It would be well for himself and his readers if his sensibilities were as just as they appear to be keen ; — his sympathy with virtue as obvious as the sarcastic and gloomy strength with which he can portray the deformities of vice. Balzac, the author of the *Peau de Chagrin*, *Romans Philosophiques*, and some thousand contributions to reviews and literary journals, is a writer whose cast of mind a good deal resembles that of Janin, with rather more of a masculine character. Could he be persuaded to concentrate his talents on one work, instead of wasting them on a crowd of trifling tales, he seems to us to possess most of the materials of an effective writer ; with one sad want only, — the want of any regard to decency in his delineations, a cynicism, which the example of others about him may render less remarkable, but which nothing, in a man of genius, can excuse. Of Paul de Koch, who now reigns in the stead of Pigault le Brun, the novelist of the *Grisettes* and *Badauds* of Paris, our readers have already heard enough : of M. Rey-Dusseuil, with his endless host of romances, which are in truth political pamphlets in disguise, we hardly suppose they are desirous to hear any thing. We would willingly, however, have introduced to their notice some of the tales of Madame Girardin,* and those of M. Sand,† which are written in a calmer, truer, and better spirit than those with which we have been occupied. But we fear we have already lingered too long over a subject which may hardly appear deserving of being treated so gravely, or at such length ; and therefore, being somewhat in the situation of old Ariosto, —

“ Poichè da tutti lati è pieno il foglio,” —

we must postpone the consideration of these, and some others, to a more convenient season.

* *Le Lorgnon*. *Un Mariage sous l'Empire*, published under the name of Delphine Gay.

† *Indiana*. *Melchior*. *Valentin*.

[From "The Westminster Review, No. 37."]

[The following article is not the review of any work, but simply a Life of Pym. The titles prefixed to it *pro forma*, as it originally stands, are "1. *The Journals of the House of Commons*. 2. *Pym's Speeches*. Mus. Brit." It is a better connected account of his life than we have elsewhere seen; and contains some eloquent passages from his Speeches in Parliament which were new to us. — EDD.]

ART. II.

NOTWITHSTANDING the auspicious and important part acted by Pym in a drama which must be intensely interesting to all generations of mankind, few particulars respecting his private life have come down to us. These however, such as they are, it behoves the biographer to collect with care, and record with fidelity, as the memorials of a man whose services in the great cause of the emancipation and enlightenment of his species ought to be held in everlasting remembrance, and whose character belongs not to his country alone, but to every country, — to all climes, and all ages.

John Pym was descended from a good family in Somersetshire, where he was born in the year 1584. In the beginning of the year 1599, the fifteenth year of his age, he became a gentleman-commoner of Broadgates Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. But he left the University without taking a degree, and went, as Wood* supposes, to one of the Inns of Court. It would not appear that his leaving Oxford without a degree was produced by any cause discreditable to him, — by irregularity of conduct, or by want of capacity or inclination for learning.†

It seems indeed, at that period to have been a usual practice to leave the university without taking a degree. Hampden and Vane, as well as Pym, appear to have done so. Nor is this to be wondered at; for if those universities are at present little fitted to give men the education necessary to prepare them to become legislators and statesmen, they were at that time much less so. Even Milton, of his university at once "the glory and the shame," though he resided there till he took both his degrees (B. A. and M. A.), invariably expressed his dissatisfaction with the system pursued. The fact is, those universities, though extremely well adapted for the purpose which was the exclusive object of their original institution, the education namely of a Catholic priesthood, have never completely undergone the reformation, or change, if the word is

* Ath. Ox. Vol. II. art. *Pym*.

† "He was admired," says Anthony à Wood in his quaint manner, "for his pregnant parts," by Charles Fitz-Geffery the poet, who styled the said Pym in 1601, *Phæbi deliciae*, *Lepos puelli*, &c. Ath. Ox. II.

preferred, which the change of circumstances required. Many other men besides priests are now educated there; and priests, if they wish to be in any degree useful, must receive a very different education from that bestowed upon the Catholic priesthood of the dark ages.

At an early age Pym appears to have been placed in the office of the Exchequer;* and the knowledge of business which he there acquired was no doubt of great use both to himself and others in the course of his parliamentary career.

Pym was early distinguished for his eloquence and knowledge of the common law; and it may be allowed to suppose that those useful acquirements had some influence in his introduction into parliament. He served in several parliaments towards the end of the reign of James I., and in all those held in the reign of Charles I., as member for Tavistock in Devonshire. He soon distinguished himself in the House by his abilities and zeal in opposing the measures of the Court; which latter circumstance procured him the honor of being esteemed by James I. "a man of an ill-tempered spirit."

In 1626, he was one of the managers of the articles of impeachment against the Duke of Buckingham. To this business he applied with unwearied zeal, and brought to bear upon it all the energies of his active and sagacious mind. The bold, eloquent, and uncompromising conductor of impeachments against such powerful and dangerous men as Buckingham and Strafford, Pym will ever stand preëminent among those who have asserted the inalienable rights of mankind against the tools and the minions of kings.

In 1628 he brought in the House of Commons a charge against Dr. Roger Mainwaring, "that he by his doctrines endeavoured to subvert the King and Kingdom." He protested likewise against the increase of Arminians and Papists, being himself attached to Calvinistic principles; and several times made a motion in the House "that all persons take a covenant to maintain their religion and rights," &c. At length, observes Wood, "to mollify and sweeten the nature of this forward person, he was made Lieutenant of the Ordnance, which is an office of good trust and gain." It ought however to be observed that Anthony à Wood labors under a slight mistake respecting the period when Pym was made Lieutenant of the Ordnance, as well as respecting the parties by whom that appointment was conferred upon him. Pym was appointed Lieutenant of the Ordnance in 1643, and he received that appointment not from the court, but the parliament.—*Whitelock's Memorials*, p. 77.

* Birch's Lives. — Clarendon.

He is found in 1639, together with several other Commoners and some Lords, John Hampden, William Lord Say, Robert Earl of Essex, and others, holding a close correspondence with the Covenanters in Scotland, and with their commissioners in London. He then rode about the country to promote elections of the puritanical party to serve in parliament; and in the short parliament which met on the 13th of April, 1640, was one of the most active and leading members. — *Wood. Birch's Lives. Clarendon.*

Pym appears, like Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, and others, at one time to have despaired of his country. He was one of those that had embarked for America, in the ships which when ready to sail were detained by order of council.

As the day appointed for the assembling of Parliament drew on, many things seemed to portend the near approach of some mighty crisis. Among other portents, may be mentioned a letter sent to Laud, apprizing him that the Parliament of 20 Henry VIII., — which began in the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, continued in the diminution of the power and privileges of the clergy, and ended in the dissolution of the abbeys and religious houses, — *began on the 3rd of November*; and therefore, “for good luck’s sake” entreating him to move the King “to respite” the first sitting a day or two.” *

Lord Clarendon relates that “there was observed a marvellous elated countenance in most of the members of Parliament before they met together in the House.” He likewise informs us that he (thén Mr. Hyde) having been returned for a borough in Cornwall, met Mr. Pym in Westminster-hall some days before the meeting of Parliament, and that, entering into conversation upon the state of affairs, Pym told him, “that they must now be of another temper than they were the last Parliament; that they must not only sweep the house clean below, but must pull down all the cobwebs which hung in the top and corners, that they might not breed dust, and so make a foul house hereafter; that they had now an opportunity to make their country happy, by removing all grievances, and pulling up the causes of them by the roots, if all men would do their duties;” and used, adds Clarendon, “much other sharp discourse to the same purpose.” †

The 3rd of November arrived, and the parliament met. The value of Pym’s knowledge and experience, as well as of his talents and courage, was now fully felt. He was one of the few veteran members of parliament who survived; “the long intermission of parliament,” says Clarendon, “having worn out most

* Heylyn’s Life of Laud, p. 458. fol.

† Clarendon, Vol. I. pp. 298–9. Oxford, 1826.

of those who had been acquainted with the rules and orders observed in those conventions." * And what a gap in the lines of his early friends Pym must have perceived when he looked around him. The venerable Coke, by whose side he sat when he first entered that house, was no more. Two others of his early friends, who had stood most intrepidly by his side in defence of the liberties of their country, had also fallen; but how different their fall! Sir John Elliott had died in a prison, a martyr to the cause he had so eloquently advocated. Sir Thomas Wentworth had become an apostate, and was to be looked upon in the light of a fallen spirit, and as the deadliest and most powerful enemy of those who had been the friends of his youth.

On the 7th, the first day on which the House entered upon business, Pym made a long and elaborate speech concerning the grievances under which the nation suffered. He classed the grievances under three Heads, which were,

I. Privilege of Parliament.

II. Religion.

III. Liberty of the subject.

Each of these Heads was, according to the custom of that time both in regard to speeches and sermons, again separated into a great number of subdivisions. †

There is a passage in the exordium of this speech which possesses the gracefulness and far more than the modesty of Cicero. He said, "the things which he was to propound, were of a various nature, many of them such as required a very tender and exquisite consideration; in handling of which, as he would be bold to use the liberty of the place and relation wherein he stood, so he would be careful to express that modesty and humility, which might be expected by those, of whose actions he was to speak. And if his judgment or his tongue should slip into any particular mistake, he would not think it so great a shame to fail by his own weakness, as he should esteem it an honor and advantage to be corrected by the wisdom of that House, to which he submitted himself with this protestation, that he desired *no reformation so much as to reform himself.*" ‡

The following passage in it respecting the privileges of parliament may be recommended with advantage at the present day. "The privileges of parliament were not given for the ornament or advantage of those, who are the members of parliament; they have a real use and efficacy, towards that which is the end of parliaments. We are free from suits, that we may the more

* Clarendon, Vol. IV. p. 437. Oxford, 1826.

† Whitelock's Memorials. p. 38. Rushworth. Pt. III. Vol. I.

‡ A Speech delivered in Parliament by J. Pym, Esq. London. 4to. 1641.

entirely addict ourselves to the public services ; we have therefore liberty of speech, that our counsels may not be corrupted with fear, or our judgments prevented with false respects. Those three great faculties and functions of parliament, the legislative, judiciary, and conciliary powers, cannot be well exercised without such privileges as these. The wisdom of our laws, the faithfulness of our councils, the righteousness of our judgments can hardly be kept pure and untainted, if they proceed from distracted and restrained minds."

Upon the 11th of November, a motion was suddenly made by Mr. Pym, who declared that he had something of importance to make known to the House, and desired that the outward room should be cleared of strangers, and the outer doors upon the stairs locked. This being done, Pym began. He alluded by way of exordium to the grievances under which the nation labored, and which had formed the subject of discussion on a former occasion. He inferred from them, that a deliberate plan had been formed of entirely changing the frame of government, and subverting the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom. Then entering into some commendation of the nature and goodness of the King, he thus continued :

" We must inquire, from what fountain these waters of bitterness flow, what persons they are who have so far insinuated themselves into his royal affections, as to be able to pervert his excellent judgment, to abuse his name, and wickedly apply his authority to countenance and support their own corrupt designs. Though he doubted not there would be many found of their class, who had contributed their joint endeavours to bring this misery upon the nation ; yet there was one, who both by his capacity and inclination to do evil, enjoyed an infamous preëminence ; a man, who in the memory of many present, had sat in that House an earnest vindicator of the laws, and a most zealous assertor and champion of the liberties of the people ; but he had long since turned apostate from those good affections, and, according to the custom and nature of apostates, was become the greatest enemy to the liberties of his country ; the greatest promoter of tyranny that any age had produced."

He then named

" the Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord President of the Council of York ; who, he said, had in both places, and in all other provinces wherein his services had been used by the King, raised ample monuments of his tyrannical nature ; and that he believed, if they took a short survey of his actions and behaviour, they would find him the principal author and promoter of all those counsels which had exposed the kingdom to so much ruin."—*Clarendon*, Vol. I. pp. 300, 301. 8vo Edit. Oxford, 1826.

He then instanced some high and imperious actions done by him in England and Ireland, some proud and over-confident expressions in discourse, and certain passionate advices he had given in the most secret councils of State; adding, says Clarendon, "some lighter passages of his vanity and amours, that they whose patriotism did not arouse in them alarm and indignation at the actions of the violent and despotic minister, might at least be moved to aversion and contempt towards the bold and unprincipled libertine;" thus, by the skilful exertion of all the orator's mighty art, enlisting on his side at once the interest and the passions of his audience. And so concluded, "that they would well consider how to provide a remedy proportionable to the disease, and to prevent the farther mischief they were to expect from the continuance of this great man's power and credit with the King, and his influence upon his counsels."*

While the Debate still continued respecting the Earl of Strafford, a message came from the Lords concerning a Treaty with the Scots, and desiring a meeting by a committee of both Houses that afternoon. Pym and some other members, suspecting that the Lords, surprised and perhaps alarmed at hearing of the extraordinary precautions just taken to exclude strangers, had sent these messengers with an object very different from their professed one, quickly despatched them with the following answer, — "That the House hath taken into consideration the message from the Lords, but that at this time the House is in agitation of very weighty and important business, and therefore they doubt they shall not be ready to give them a meeting this afternoon as they desire; but as soon as they can, they will send an answer by messengers of their own." They then resumed the consideration of the "weighty and important business" to which they had alluded.†

In conclusion, it was moved and carried with the consent of the whole House, that the Earl of Strafford might be forthwith impeached of high treason. Lord Falkland alone modestly desiring the House to consider, "whether it would not suit better with the gravity of their proceedings, first to digest many of those particulars which had been mentioned by a committee, before they sent up to accuse him; declaring himself to be abundantly satisfied that there was enough to charge him." Which, says Clarendon, was very ingenuously and frankly answered by Mr. Pym,

"That such a delay might probably blast all their hopes, and put it out of their power to proceed farther than they had done already; that the Earl's power and credit with the King, and with all those

* Clarendon, Vol. I. pp. 300, 301. 8vo Edit. Oxford, 1826.

† Rushworth, Part III, Vol. I. p. 43. fol. 1721.

who had most credit with King or Queen, was so great, that, when he should come to know that so much of his wickedness was discovered, his own conscience would tell him what he was to expect; and therefore he would undoubtedly procure the parliament to be dissolved, rather than undergo the justice of it, or take some other desperate course to preserve himself, though with the hazard of the kingdom's ruin; whereas, if they presently sent up to impeach him of high treason before the House of Peers, in the name and on the behalf of all the Commons of England, who were represented by them, the Lords would be obliged in justice to commit him into safe custody, and so sequester him from resorting to Council, or having access to his Majesty: and then they should proceed against him in the usual form with all necessary expedition."

These reasons for haste being by all considered satisfactory, it was voted unanimously, "that they should forthwith send up to the Lords, and accuse the Earl of Strafford of high treason, and several other crimes and misdemeanors, and desire that he might be presently sequestered from the Council, and committed to safe custody." Mr. Pym was chosen the messenger to perform that office, and, the doors being opened, most of the House accompanied him on the errand.*

Accordingly, at the bar of the House of Lords, and in the name of all the Commons of England, he impeached Thomas Earl of Strafford (with the addition of all his other titles) of high treason, and other heinous crimes and misdemeanors, of which he said the Commons would in due time make proof in form; and in the mean time he desired in their name, that he might be sequestered from all Council, and be put into safe custody. Whereupon the Earl was, with more clamor, to use the words of Clarendon, than was suitable to the gravity of that superior court, called upon to withdraw, hardly obtaining leave to be first heard in his place, which could not be denied him.†

Lord Clarendon (and after him Hume) has represented Pym's indignant attack upon Strafford, as if it had arisen out of the debate upon grievances, and been made the same day. Whereas it is expressly stated by Rushworth, that the debate on grievances took place on the 7th, and the impeachment of Strafford on the 11th of November. Clarendon must have given his story, either from a very imperfect conception of the duty of a trustworthy historian, or for the purpose of dramatic effect. And if the latter was his object, his conception of the best mode of producing that effect appears to have been erroneous. The scene as it really occurred, is much more dramatic than it has become under the operation of

* Clarendon, Vol. I. pp. 303–305. 8vo Edit. Oxford, 1826.

† Clarendon, Ibid.

his inventive mind and plastic hand. When there is a discrepancy in the accounts, it appears always safer to adopt that of Rushworth, who took large notes, and had no ambition or object, save to relate things as they happened. At the same time, although it certainly appears too great a liberty in a historian to throw the transactions of two distinct days into one, there appears no reason to doubt the accuracy of Clarendon's general report of the proceedings relating to Strafford's impeachment.

When Wentworth had determined to accept the advances made to him by the court and desert his party, he had requested a private interview with Pym. Pym went to the place of meeting according to the desire of his friend. Wentworth attempted to sound him as to the present state of affairs, and even went so far as to hint at the advantage of listening to the court. But the inflexible patriot interrupted him with these words; "You need not use all this art to tell me, that you are going to be undone: but remember, that though you leave us now, I will never leave you while your head is upon your shoulders."* So saying, Pym bade adieu to the man

—— "whom mutual league,
United thoughts and councils, equal hope,
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with him once," —

but whom he was to behold no more, till he should confront him as his public accuser, in the name of their common country and at the bar of its highest tribunal.

On the 25th a conference took place between the two Houses, at which Mr. Pym spoke in support of the articles of the charge.

On the 31st of December, Mr. Pym again addressed the Lords on the occasion of the articles of the charge against Sir George Ratcliffe, the confederate of Strafford in Ireland. He called upon their Lordships to observe what a near conjunction there was between this case and that of the Earl of Strafford; the materials being the same in both, only the offences of the Earl being more comprehensive. The Earl, he said, "is charged as an author, Sir George Ratcliffe as an instrumental and subordinate actor. In the crimes committed by the Earl, there appears more haughtiness and fierceness, being acted by his own principles. In those of Sir George Ratcliffe there seems to be more baseness and servility, having resigned and subjected himself to be acted on by the corrupt will of another. The Earl of Strafford hath not been bred in the study and practice of the law, and having stronger lusts and

* Echard's History of England. B. I. Ch. 2. p. 62. folio, 1718. Welwood's Memoirs, pp. 52, 53. London. 8vo. 1700.

passions to incite, and less knowledge to restrain him, might more easily be transported from the rule. Sir George Ratcliffe, in his natural temper and disposition more moderate, and by his education and profession better acquainted with the grounds and directions of the law, was carried into his offences by a more immediate concurrence of will, and a more corrupt suppression of his own reason and judgment.” *

The House of Commons, having engaged to present to the Lords particular articles of their charge of high treason against the Earl of Strafford, appointed a select committee to prepare and draw up those articles, and to manage the evidence against the Earl at his trial. Of this committee Pym was named one, and Whitelock, who has written an account of these transactions, was chosen chairman of it. On the 30th of January, Mr. Pym presented to the Lords the particular articles of the charge against the Earl of Strafford, being twenty-eight in number.

About this time there was a plan in agitation to promote the restoration of the Earl of Strafford to his former favor and honor, by conferring the principal offices of state upon the leaders of the popular party. According to this scheme, Pym was to have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was not, however, carried into effect; and the great man, says Whitelock,† baffled thereby, became the more incensed and violent against the Earl, joining with the Scots Commissioners, who were implacable against him.

The history of Strafford's Trial does not properly fall within the scope of the present article, belonging more strictly to the life of Strafford, although it may seem to demand some notice from the very conspicuous part which Pym took in it, — a part nearly similar to that which Burke afterwards took in the trial of Warren Hastings. And it is worthy of remark, that these two trials are the most important, as well as the most imposing from the dignity of the place, the judges, and the spectators, that have ever come before a court of judicature in England.

It is probable, from the vehemence in which Pym indulged towards the close of his harangue, that something of personal rancor may have mingled in and stimulated the torrent of his indignant eloquence. “The forfeitures inflicted for treason,” he said, “by our law, are of life, honor, and estate, even all that can be forfeited; and this prisoner, having committed so many treasons, although he should pay all these forfeitures, will be still a debtor to the commonwealth: nothing can be more equal, than that he should perish by the justice of that law, which he would have

* Mr. Pym's Speech, made the 31st of December, 1640. — London, 1641.

† Memorials of English affairs, p. 41. Folio Edit. 1732.

subverted ; neither will this be a new way of blood. There are marks enough to trace this law to the very original of this kingdom : and if it hath not been put in execution, as he alledgeth, these 240 years, it was not for want of law, but that all that time hath not been bred a man, bold enough to commit such crimes as these ; which is a circumstance much aggravating his offence, and making him no whit less liable to punishment, because he is the only man that in so long a time hath ventured upon such a treason as this." It is given on the evidence of several witnesses, that somewhere in this part of his speech, Pym lost his recollection and self-command. Baillie, after saying that Pym, "to the confusion of all, in half an hour, made one of the most eloquent, wise, fine speeches, that ever we heard, or I think shall ever hear," adds, "to humble the man, God let his memory fail him a little before the end." A circumstance so extraordinary as that of a speaker so practised as Pym losing his memory and self-command, may seem to demand some explanation. It is not improbable, (and the supposition has been supported by more than one writer on the subject *), that, while it was the recollection of his friend's apostacy that added vehemence to Pym's stern invective, it was likewise the memory of his early and warm though insulted friendship, called up by the sight of the fallen but still haughty Earl regarding him fixedly with his cold, proud look, that suddenly, for a moment, overcame the fortitude, even of the inflexible patriot. "His papers he looked on ; but they could not help him to a point or two, so he behoved to pass them." †

One thing more connected with this trial, is at the present hour particularly deserving of remark. Strafford, although his crime did not strictly fall within the statute, suffered the punishment of death. His judges and his accusers, though of their day by far the foremost men of all this world, had not elevated their minds to the height that should enable them so to temper their vengeance with mercy, perhaps it should be said justice, as to allow the apostate statesman to remain upon earth, a living monument of evil but baffled ambition. Polignac and his accomplices are, in the strictest sense, guilty of treason against their country, of the blood of their fellow-citizens. The enlightened justice of the age in which they live, disdains to take from them their forfeit lives.

On the 26th of February, when the articles against Laud had been read, Pym made a powerful speech against him, containing some passages of great eloquence. It is a curious and somewhat

* Baillie's Journals and Letters, p. 291. Edinburgh. 8vo. 1785. Nalson's Collection of State Affairs, Vol. II. p. 145. fol. London 1683.

† Baillie, *ibid.*

quaint ingenuity by which he applies to Laud the expression "spiritual wickednesses in high places." "My Lords, there is an expression in the Scripture, which I will not presume either to understand or to interpret; yet to a vulgar eye, it seems to have an aspect something suitable to the person and cause before you. It is a description of the evil spirits, wherein they are said to be 'Spiritual Wickednesses in high places.' Crimes acted by the spiritual faculties of the soul, the will, and understanding, exercised about spiritual matters, concerning God's worship and the salvation of man, seconded with power, authority, learning, and many other advantages, do make the party who commits them very suitable to that description, 'spiritual wickednesses in high places.' " *

Soon after this, Charles, as is well known, ordered articles of high treason and other misdemeanors to be drawn up against Pym and four other members of the House of Commons, and came in person to seize them there. The king however was unsuccessful in his attempt; and Mr. Pym continued firm to the interests of the Parliament.

At the conference held between the two Houses on the 25th of January, 1641, on presenting to the Lords certain petitions which the Commons had received from various parts of the kingdom, London, Essex, &c., Mr. Pym made the celebrated speech concluding with the following remarkable peroration.

"I am now come to a conclusion, and I have nothing to propound to your Lordships by way of request or desire from the House of Commons. I doubt not but your judgments will tell you what is to be done; your consciences, your honors, your interests will call upon you for the doing of it; the Commons will be glad to have your help and concurrence in saving of the Kingdom, but if they should fail of it, it should not discourage them in doing their duty. And whether the Kingdom be lost or saved (as through God's blessing I hope it will be), they shall be sorry that the story of this present parliament should tell posterity, that in so great a danger and extremity, the House of Commons should have been forced to save the Kingdom alone, and that the House of Peers should have no part in the honor of the preservation of it, you having so great an interest in the good success of those endeavours in respect of your great estates and high degrees of nobility.

"My Lords, consider what the present necessities and dangers of the Commonwealth require, what the Commons have reason to expect, to what endeavours and counsels the concurrent desires of all the people do invite you; so that applying yourselves to the preservation of King and Kingdom, I may be bold to assure you in the

* Rushworth, Part III. Vol. I. p. 199. fol. 1721. Speech, &c. of John Pym, Esquire, 1641.

name of all the Commons of England, that you shall be bravely seconded." — *Rushworth*, Part II. Vol. i. p. 511. Fol. 1721. *A Speech delivered at a Conference with the Lords, January 25th, 1641.* 4to. 1641.

"Die martis, 25th January, 1641.

"It is this day ordered by the Commons House of Parliament, that Mr. Speaker, in the name of the House, shall give thanks unto Mr. Pym for his so well performing the service he was employed in by the Commons of this House, at this Conference. And it is further ordered, that Mr. Pym be desired to put the Speech he made at this Conference into writing, and to deliver it into the House, to the end it may be printed." — *H. Eleynge, Cler. Parl. D. Com.*

In the above-mentioned speech at the conference with the Lords, Pym had said, "That since the stop put upon the ports against all Irish Papists, many of the chief commanders now at the head of the rebels had been suffered to pass by his Majesty's immediate warrant." When the King saw this passage in the speech printed by the orders of the Commons, in a letter to the Speaker he desired reparation for what he called this unjust assertion. The Commons declared in their reply, that "it contained nothing but what was agreeable to the sense of the House." * It will convey some idea of the effect of Pym's eloquence, to state, that when he made his celebrated speech at Guildhall, the acclamations were so loud at the end of every period, that he was frequently compelled to remain silent for some minutes. In conclusion, addressing the multitude he said, "Worthy citizens, you see what the Parliament will do for your Lord Mayor and you." Upon which they exclaimed, "We will live and die with them! we will live and die with them!" †

When the Commons adopted the bold measure of impeaching the Queen of high treason, Pym was the person appointed to carry up the impeachment to the bar of the House of Lords. ‡ When the female tumult arose, and a crowd of about 5,000 women, with some men in women's clothes among them, surrounded the House of Commons and laid siege to the door; their cry was, "Give us these traitors that are against peace, that we may tear them in pieces; give us that dog Pym!" § But this was only a momentary ebullition of popular emotion; and so great were Pym's power and popularity, — greater probably than those of any subject, unassisted by either title or wealth, or the terror of military force,

* Echard's History of England, B. C. Ch. 2. p. 293. fol. 1718. *Rushworth*, Part III. vol. i. p. 512.

† Echard, B. II. Ch. 3. p. 381.

‡ Ibid. B. II. Ch. 3, p. 408.

§ Ibid. p. 429.

or the glare of military renown, have ever been in England, — that he received the appellation of “King Pym.”* And though the name may have been conferred in mockery, there is no doubt but it was accompanied by as much of the real substance of power as a wise, virtuous, and truly great man would ever desire to possess upon earth. The power of Pym was that of understanding over understanding; the natural and legitimate power which the vigorous, independent, and laborious character exercises over the feeble, indolent, and luxurious.

The authority and influence of Pym in determining the counsels of the Parliament having exposed him to the chief odium of the opposite party, he, some time before his death, in 1643, published a vindication of his conduct, in answer to the reproaches of having been the promoter and patronizer of all the innovations which had been obtruded upon the government of the Church of England, and the person who had produced and fostered all the lamentable distractions which then tore to pieces the kingdom. In this paper he declared, that he was, and ever had been, and would die a faithful son of the Protestant religion, without having the least tincture of Anabaptism, Brownism, and the like errors; and justified his consenting to the abolishment of episcopacy. But the greatest concern which he expressed, was with regard to the reports of his being the author of the differences then subsisting between the King and his Parliament. With regard to them, he affirmed, that he never had a single thought tending to the least disobedience or disloyalty to his Majesty, whom he acknowledged for his lawful sovereign, and would spend his blood as soon in his service, as any other subject in the kingdom. That it was true, when he perceived his life aimed at, and heard himself proscribed as a traitor, he had fled for protection to the Parliament, who justly acquitted him, and the other gentlemen accused with him, of the guilt of high treason. If this, therefore, had been the occasion of his Majesty’s withdrawing from the Parliament, the fault could not in any measure be imputed to him, or to any proceeding of his, which had never gone farther, either since his Majesty’s departure or before, than was warranted by the known laws of the kingdom and the indisputable powers of the Parliament.†

In November 1643, Pym was appointed Lieutenant of the Ordnance. He died at Derby House, on the 8th of December of the same year;‡ and on the 13th of that month he was buried with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, his body being carried

* Echard’s History of England, B. II. Ch. 3, p. 463.

† Rushworth’s Collections, Part III. Vol. II. p. 376.

‡ Rushworth, Ibid. Clarendon. Wood.

to the grave by six members of the House of Commons. He left several children by his wife, a woman of singular accomplishments, who died about the year 1620.

"As his life, such was his death," says one who stood by him when he lay on his death-bed.* "He enjoyed all the time of his illness the same evenness of spirit, which he possessed in health, with an addition of a more clear evidence of God's love in Jesus Christ, and a most ready subjection to God's will; declaring to Marshall, that "it was to him a most indifferent thing to live or die; if he lived, he would do what service he could; if he died, he should go to that God whom he had served, and who would carry on his work by some others." A little before his end, having recovered out of a swoon, and seeing his friends weeping around him, he cheerfully told them, "he had looked death in the face, and knew, and therefore feared not, the worst it could do; assuring them, his heart was filled with more comfort and joy, which he found and felt from God, than his tongue was able to utter." †

The honors with which Pym was attended to his grave did not find favor in the sight of Anthony à Wood. "All impartial men have held," he says, "(let those of Pym's persuasion say what they please) that he the said Pym was the author of much bloodshed, and those many calamities under which the kingdom several years after groaned; and therefore he deserved not only to have his death with the transgressors and wicked, but to be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of the city." ‡

It is affirmed by Lord Clarendon and others, and repeated by the sapient Wood, that Pym died in great torment of the loathsome disease called *morbus pediculosus*. The mentioning such a report as disparaging to an individual, is a signal proof of the superstition of that age; since, as the continuation of the Athenæ Oxonienses justly remarks, even had it been the case, it would have inflicted no stigma on his memory, seeing it was a visitation to which, under Providence, the best as well as the vilest of mankind are subject. There exists however very conclusive evidence on this point in a document attested by seven physicians, two surgeons, and an apothecary; which sets forth that the disease of which he died, was an imposthume in the bowels. Ludlow also relates in his Memoirs that Pym's "body was for several days exposed to public view in Derby House before it was interred, in confutation of those who reported it to be eaten with lice." § Such

* Stephen Marshall's Sermon at Pym's Funeral, p. 29.

† Ibid. p. 30.

‡ Ath. Ox. Art. *Pym*.

§ Ludlow, p. 31. Folio edit. London, 1751.

prejudices were however not confined to Anthony à Wood and his party. Mrs. Hutchinson mentions several circumstances in her interesting Memoirs, which prove that even she, noble-minded and enlightened as she was for her age, was not altogether superior to them.

It may be said of Pym, as Elijah Fenton has said of Milton, that, though the spoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conscience nor his honor could stoop to gather them. So incessant and disinterested had been his labours for the welfare of his country, and such was the honorable poverty in which he died, that the Parliament considered themselves bound in justice as well as gratitude, to pay the debts which he had contracted.

Pym did not escape the fate of most men who have been politically famous; he died as much hated by one party as respected by the other. By the latter he was considered the victim to national liberty, as having abridged his life by his vast and incessant labors. By the former he was believed to have sunk under a loathsome disease, a mark of divine vengeance for his manifold treasons and crimes.

To avoid the charge of partiality, his character will here be given as delineated by the opposite party. Lord Clarendon declares,

“That his parts were rather acquired by industry, than supplied by nature, or adorned by art; but that, besides his exact knowledge of the forms and orders of the House of Commons, he had a very comely and grave way of puffing himself, with great volubility of words, natural and proper. He understood likewise the temper and affections of the Kingdom as well as any man, and had observed the errors and mistakes in Government, and knew well how to make them appear greater than they were. At the first opening of the Long Parliament, though he was much governed in private designing by Mr. Hampden and Mr. St. John, yet he seemed of all men to have the greatest influence upon the House of Commons, and was at that time, and for some months after, the most popular man and the most able to do hurt, that hath lived in any time. Upon the first design of softening and obliging the most powerful persons in both Houses, when he received the King's promise for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he made in return a suitable profession of his service to his Majesty; and therefore, the other being no secret, declined from that sharpness in the House, which was more popular than any man's, and made some overtures to provide for the glory and splendor of the Crown; in which he had so ill success, that his interest and reputation there visibly abated, and he found, that he was much more able to do hurt than good, which wrought very much upon him to melancholy and complaint of the violence and discomposure of the people's affections and

inclinations. In the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford his carriage and language were such, as expressed much personal animosity; and he was accused of having practised some acts in it unworthy of a good man; which, if true, must make many other things, that were confidently reported afterwards of him, to be believed." — Ed. Ox. 1826. Vol. iv. p. 437.

"From the time of his being accused of high treason by the King, he opposed all overtures of peace and accommodation; and when the Earl of Essex was disposed, in the summer of the year 1643, to a treaty, his power and dexterity wholly changed the Earl's inclination in that point. He was also wonderfully solicitous for the Scots coming in to the assistance of the Parliament. In short, his power of doing shrewd turns was extraordinary, and no less in doing good offices for particular persons, whom he preserved from censure, when they were under the severe displeasure of the Houses of Parliament, and looked upon as eminent delinquents." — *Ibid.*

Some of Anthony à Wood's remarks on Pym may afford amusement to the admirers of that species of panegyric. "His usual orations," says Wood, "were so invective, that he did not only poison the greater part of the House, but also the seditious vulgar with an ill conceit against the good King, and all those that he loved and favored, particularly Strafford." Again, "He became an indefatigable enemy against the most eminent and noble Thomas, Earl of Strafford; was the man that carried from the House of Commons to the Lords the impeachment of the said Earl of high treason, was so bitter and invective in his malice towards him, that knowing how much he was beloved of the King, he did purposely therefore rake up all he could conceive against him; and, in expressing his conceptions, he would reflect on his sacred Majesty. I shall here desire the reader to take notice, that though in the trial of the said Strafford, he the said Strafford behaved himself exceedingly graceful, and that his speech was esteemed full of weight, reason, and pleasingness, and so affectionate it was, that it obtained pity and remorse in the generality (nay, tears from some) then present, yet in this and in another violent biter of him called Joh. Glynn, there was nothing of remorse at all, but they went doughtily on till they had brought that immortal person to the block."

When Pym and his fellows, the rest of that noble band of patriot-statesmen, arose, any thing like the freedom of eloquence (which, as hath been well observed, can only exist in *libera civitate*,) had not been known in the world for near two thousand years. But the genius of the eloquence of Greece and Rome, awoke once more with a vigor proportioned to the length of the period during which it had slept. The nerve and fire and conden-

sation of the Greek, joined to the Roman's honest and enlightened views and to the courage and inflexible firmness of purpose which unhappily for the world both the Greek and Roman wanted, appeared upon earth to disenthral and revive and humanize the oppressed and brutalized tribes of men. If there was one thing more than another remarkable about the eloquence of Pym, it was its boldness. He was of all others the man to impeach a great public delinquent. On many occasions it became his part to do so, and well and nobly did he perform that part.

But if, in the many and rare qualities required in an orator, the title of the English Worthies to rank with the great men of antiquity may be questioned; in some of those which are demanded in a statesman, they will yield to none. So far was Pym above that meanness of narrow minds which sacrifices their country's good to the interests of relatives or personal friends, that, to use the language of his contemporaries,* "he knew neither brother, kinsman, nor friend, superior nor inferior, when they stood in the way to hinder his pursuit of the public good." It was a saying of his, "Such-a-one is my entire friend, to whom I am much obliged, but I must not pay my private debts out of the public stock."† To such a degree, and with such sincerity did he act upon this principle, that when his friends frequently put him in mind of his children, and pressed upon his consideration, that although he regarded not himself, yet he ought to provide that it might be well with them; his usual answer was, "If it were well with the public, his family was well enough."‡

Perhaps it is by comparing Pym with the men of our own day that we shall be enabled best to appreciate the variety and rarity of the many great and useful qualities he possessed. Take a view of the present Members of that House of which Pym was so bright an ornament. In none will be found that union of qualities which appeared in him. In one, perhaps, may be discovered his eloquence, — in another his indefatigable industry, joined to his knowledge of and aptitude for business, — in a third his undaunted courage, — in a fourth his inflexible integrity. But where in the same individual shall you find all these united?

* Stephen Marshall. Sermon preached before the Parliament at the Funeral of Mr. Pym, 4to, 1644. p. 28.

† Ibid.

‡ "All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine." — *Burke. Speech on Conciliation with America.*

[From the " Journal des Savants, Mai, 1833."]

[We have seen no more striking account of any of the discoveries made at Pompeii, than what is contained in the following article. The author is an eminent French archæologist, Raoul-Rochette. It is professedly upon a very remarkable mosaic lately discovered. But the description of the tasteful and luxurious dwelling of which it was an ornament, of the beauty of its halls and gardens, and of the sudden desolation which fell upon its inhabitants, suggests to the mind thoughts and images more vivid and touching than the beautiful work of art of which we have here an account. — EDD.]

ART. III. — 1. *Quadro in Musaico scoperto in Pompei, etc., descritto dal Cav. ANT. NICCOLINI, Direttore del R. Instit. delle Belle Arti.* Napoli, 1832, in-4to, dalla Stamperia reale, con x tavole in rame.

[*Description of the Picture in Mosaic, discovered at Pompeii, &c., by the Chev. ANT. NICCOLINI, Director of the Royal Institute of the Fine Arts.* Naples, 1832, 4to, from the Royal Press, with 10 copper-plate engravings.]

2. *Gran Musaico di Pompei, descritto da C. Bonucci, Architetto dei Reali Scavi di Pompei, etc.* Napoli, 1832, in-fol., con figura litografica colorita.

[*Description of the large Mosaic, found at Pompeii, by C. BONUCCI, Architect attached to the Royal Excavations at Pompeii, &c.* Naples, 1832, folio, with a colored lithographic design.]

THE large mosaic, found in one of the houses in Pompeii, a little more than a year since, has excited such lively interest among the learned of Europe, that we consider it a duty to our readers, to make them acquainted, as early as possible, with this precious monument of art, as described in the only two publications upon the subject, which have yet appeared at Naples, and which are just beginning to be known beyond the Alps. The first of these two Memoirs, that of the Chevalier Niccolini, beside a minute description of the mosaic, considered principally in reference to its composition and merits as a picture, contains an article by M. Avellino, which appeared first in a Neapolitan Journal, and a somewhat longer notice by M. Quaranta, also published separately, and reprinted with some additions. To this Memoir of M. Niccolini, thus enriched by the labors of two learned Neapolitan antiquaries, are added ten copper-plate engravings, representing the entire mosaic, from a drawing, necessarily very much reduced, and giving merely an outline of the picture; some of the principal *figures* or *heads*, from drawings of larger proportions, and more finished execution, with details of costume, which may serve to determine the subject of the composition; and, lastly, a head copied exactly from the original, and carefully colored, so as

to show the exact proportion of the figures of the piece, the style of its execution, and even the structure of the mosaic. The second Memoir, by C. Bonucci, is valuable on account of some new views on the subject, and is accompanied by a large, colored, lithographic print, on the accuracy of which we have reason to depend, as its author, being the architect employed in the researches made at Pompeii and Herculaneum, had at his command every facility for copying the original with the utmost care and fidelity, and must have felt a strong interest in making known to the public this relic of antiquity, for the discovery of which we are partly indebted to him. We therefore believe ourselves furnished with all the materials necessary for appreciating the nature and value of the work; and, although it is impossible, without having seen the original, to pronounce a decisive judgment on the questions of art and taste connected with it, yet we flatter ourselves we may discover and ascertain the true subject of the composition. It is to this point, that our investigation will be chiefly confined.

Before giving an account of this composition and of the mosaic in which it is figured, it may not be useless to say a few words of the ancient building, in the centre of which this piece was found, and of which it constituted the principal ornament. The house in question was situated in the great street, called the Street of Mercury; which extends, almost in a strait line, from the *Temple of Fortune*, and the *Triumphal Arch of Tiberius* to the gate, called the *Gate of Isis*, and which crossed the ancient Pompeii, through nearly its whole width. Those, who have any acquaintance with the present localities of Pompeii, know that this must have been one of the finest streets in the ancient city, since it leads directly to the *Forum*; and here, indeed, within the last few years, have been discovered many of the most considerable houses, those decorated with most taste and expense, as that of the *Quæstor*, of *Meleager*,* and of the *Dioscuri*. It is well known also, that the researches at Pompeii proceed very slowly, so as hardly to admit the disinterment of more than a single house a year, even when these houses are small, or but little ornamented. But whatever idea one may have of the manner in which this work is carried on, and whatever he may think of the influences which operate upon it, or the labor applied to it, it will, perhaps, hardly be believed, that though the excavation had, in 1829, reached the threshold of a house, which, at the very entrance, promised to be one of the most spacious and beautiful of the ancient city, yet it was not till

* A particular description of this house (the most richly finished and one of the most extensive that have hitherto been brought to light at Pompeii) may be found in the *Museo Borbonico*, Vol. VII, with an Explanation by G. Bechi, and Observations by M. Avellino, pp. 1-10.

October, 1831, that a superb mosaic pavement, which adorned one of the halls of this house, was discovered. It will not lessen the surprise, if I add, that even after this discovery, which was immediately so much talked of at Naples, and the report of which spread throughout Europe, another year passed before the house was entirely uncovered. Thus this operation, confined to a single building at Pompeii, must have occupied at least three years; and an estimate may be formed from this single example, how many more years, years which seem to us as ages, will be required to raise the veil, however slight and easy to remove, which conceals from our sight a whole ancient city, embalmed in its tomb.*

As this house now appears, it is entered through a vestibule, adorned with two beautiful miniature shrines (*ædiculæ*), which conduct to a large *atrium*, open at the top, with a mosaic pavement, formed of small cubes of the most valuable marbles and the most brilliant substances of the East, such, for example, as red jasper, veined alabaster, crystals white or colored, set in a cement of indestructible hardness, and exquisitely polished, the effect of which must have been magical, and may again become so. On either side of this *atrium*, are small apartments, intended for the reception of guests, or the friends of the family; and, in the centre, in the place usually occupied by the *impluvium*, is a marble basin, or *labrum*, in which was found the bronze statue of the god Pan, whence this house has had the name of the *house of Pan*, given it in the present nomenclature of the houses of Pompeii. The *atrium* leads to a square enclosure, which was planted with trees, and called the *viridarium*. In the centre of this rose a fountain, of which nothing remains but the marble basin, that received the gushing waters. Around this garden, twenty-four Ionic columns formed porticos, also paved with mosaic, and adorned in the intercolumniations with statues, of which only a few fragments have been found. Beyond the garden, thus surrounded by porticos, appears another square enclosure, still larger, which must also have been planted with trees, and which was surrounded by porticos, supported by forty-two columns of the Doric order. In this arrangement, more happily and strikingly displayed here, than in any other house in Pompeii, we recognise that love of the ancients for the country, which made them attempt, in their private dwellings, a representation of rural life, on a reduced

* One may form some idea of the manner in which the excavations at Pompeii are usually conducted, from the Journal of that under consideration, for the year 1831, kept by the architect, C. Bonucci, and published in the *Bulletin de l'Institut de Corresp. Archéol.*, for January, 1832, pp. 7 - 12.

scale; and which rendered so delightful and so necessary to them those domestic forests (as we may term them), those groves of plane-trees, laurels, and myrtles, where they came to rest from the labors of the Forum, under shades for ever green; and, in the bosom of nature, refresh their languid frames, exhausted by the excitements of public life. The sight of this house at Pompeii, explains to us, better than all the commentaries of the learned, that precept of Vitruvius, which directs to plant forests between two porticos, and to lay out paths for walking among the trees.* Thus too, we may explain the interest felt by Cicero in the embellishments, superintended by him, at the house of his brother Quintus, at Arpinum, and the charm he found, in that *walk among the columns*; in that *verdant forest, peopled with birds*; in those *porticos, paved in mosaic and covered with myrtle and ivy*; in all that luxury of art, lavished to serve as a frame to this beautiful natural picture; a charm, which in the eyes of a man like Cicero, made his brother's house, thus adorned, the true abode of delight.† All was to be found equally in this house at Pompeii, not very distant from Cicero's own house in that city, his *Pompeianum*, which, among the *fourteen villas* ‡ of the great Roman orator, was the one he loved best, and to which, in preference to all the rest, he invited his friend Atticus. §

I ought to ask pardon of my readers, for details which might seem foreign to the principal subject of our investigation, were there not instruction to be gathered from these very details, by a comparison of localities with passages in ancient authors, from which both are mutually illustrated. This twofold interest, indeed, attaches itself to every thing amid the ruins of Pompeii, and renders more attractive the ever-varying stores of knowledge they lay open to us. Beneath the shade of porticos, still partially standing in the *House of Pan*, and of groves, which imagination easily replaces there, are seen two small domestic temples, or

* Vitruv. v, 11: "Sint inter duas porticus sylvæ, et in his perficiantur inter arbores deambulationes."

† Cicero. *Epistol. ad Quint.* III, 1: "Intercolumnia deambulationis sylva viridicata, aviarius pavimentata porticus, ita omnia convestit hedera mirificâ suavitate te villam habiturum"

‡ For the number and situation of Cicero's villas, and the present state of the ruins of them which have been discovered, see the interesting article devoted to this subject in the *Almanach aus Rom*, von F. Sickler und C. Reinhart, 1810, S. 34-51.

§ Cicer. *ad Attic.* II, 3: "Tusculanum et Pompeianum valdè me delectant. *Ad eumd.* II, 4: Nos circiter Kal. aut in Formiano erimus, aut in Pompeiano. Tu, si in Formiano non erimus, si nos amas, in Pompeianum venito; id et nobis erit perjucundum, et tibi non sanè devium."

shrines of the Lares, before which were placed two tripods of the most elegant workmanship, on which perfumes were constantly burning in honor of the gods ; while, scattered around, unfortunately in fragments, were found the statues of *Apollo*, of *Concord*, of *Hope*, and of the *Graces*. These, doubtless, received here, from the ancient proprietor of the mansion, an especial worship, and seem, in their turn, after so many ages, to pay homage to his memory by the honor they reflect on his character. All the household furniture, too, was found in its ancient place, even to the most delicate and precious articles. There were discovered in different parts arranged in the most perfect order, on elegant marble tables, numerous utensils of exquisite beauty, candelabra, small bronze statues, an entire table service, consisting of bronze and glass vases, and silver cups, pateræ, and dishes, in which the value of the workmanship surpassed that of the material, and which make even the antiquary, accustomed as he may be to similar discoveries, wonder to find such perfection of art in simple household utensils. But, on the other hand, it is not surprising that this house should have been found with all its ancient furniture and wealth, when we know that its inhabitants themselves, overtaken by the awful catastrophe, remained buried beneath the ruins of their habitation. Several skeletons, drawn from the midst of the rubbish, prove but too clearly how sudden and unlooked for a death reached those hapless beings in the bosom of this charming abode. There can be no doubt that destruction came upon the whole family at once, and in all directions. Among these sad remains, were found those of a young girl, who had attempted to escape, carrying off her most precious jewels ; but she could not pass the threshold of one of the halls in the apartments of the women, or *gynæceum*, which, separated from the rest of the habitation, extended along the atrium and garden ; and a few steps further, in a neighbouring room, was found her little treasure, consisting of a pair of bracelets, each weighing a pound ; a pair of ear-rings, a necklace, and seven rings, mounted with beautiful cut gems, all of gold, with a quantity of gold, silver, and brass money.

Independently of so many rare and curious objects contributed to science by the house we are considering, this building, viewed as a whole, offers one remarkable peculiarity in the general plan of its decoration. It contains none of those pictures with figures, every variety of which is found in almost every house in Pompeii. But, instead of this decoration, common at Pompeii, the taste and wealth of the proprietor were displayed in mosaic pavements, of a style and execution superior to any before discovered, at Pompeii, or elsewhere. I have already spoken of the mosaic of the court, the composition of which must have produced a truly magical effect ; and the pavements throughout the rest of the

habitation correspond to this. Everywhere are seen garlands of *fruit* and *flowers*, *scenic masks*, which surround now a *shore*, ornamented with *fishes* and *shells*, now a flock of *birds* and *domestic fowls*; further on, is a front view of a *lion*, of the natural size, rushing on his prey, and admirably executed. In another place there is a *Bacchus*, sitting on a *panther*, his head crowned with ivy, holding in one hand, a *glass cup filled with wine*,* and, in the other, a garland of vine-leaves and flowers, thrown round the neck of the animal sacred to him; a picture of charming conception, and exquisite workmanship.†

But especially the large mosaic, of which it still remains to speak, awakens the liveliest interest in the lovers of antiquity, by opening a new page in the history of ancient art. In the centre of the dwelling and in a delightful situation, was a spacious hall, or *triclinium*, devoted doubtless to those gay banquets, those conversations, enlivened by the song and the dance, which constituted the principal amusement, I might almost say the grand occupation, of the voluptuous inhabitants of Campania. This hall, of a quadrangular form, was enclosed by walls on the shorter sides only. One of the longer, the entrance fronting toward the court, was adorned with two Corinthian columns, painted with cinnabar; the other, the side that looked towards the proper garden, was separated from it only by a wall breast-high, which cut off the communication, without shutting out the view of trees and flowers. It would be difficult to give in words, an idea of the extreme beauty of this disposition, between these two large squares, ornamented with porticos, one formed of twenty-four Ionic, the other of forty-two Doric columns; with this double perspective of a garden on either side, and of the court, or *atrium* and its appurtenances, extending even to the vestibule; embellished by two clear fountains, and by all the accidents of light which must have been produced under these painted porticos, through these festoons of *antefixes*,‡ also painted, that adorned all the roofs; and crowned in the distance by the summit of Vesuvius, then still covered with luxuriant vegetation. §

* The design of this figure may have been borrowed from the celebrated picture of Pausias, representing a personification of Drunkenness. *Μίση, ἐξ ὀφθαλμοῦ φιάλης πίνουσα*, (*Drunkenness drinking from a glass cup*,) Pausan. II. 27, 3; with the peculiarity so curious in the history of art, and carefully noticed by the writer: *ἴδεις δὲ καὶ ἐν τῇ γραφῇ φιάλην τε ὀφθαλμοῦ καὶ δι' αὐτῆς γυναικὸς πρόσωπον*; (*You may see in the picture a cup of glass, and through it the face of a woman*.)

† A representation of this beautiful mosaic has been published in the *Mus. Bourbon.* Vol. VII, plate 62, with an Explanation by M. Quaranta.

[‡ Ornaments depending from the cornice.]

[§ In this paragraph, there is in the original a slight confusion of language, which is here removed by some trifling alterations.]

Most of these ornaments, already much injured by the earthquake which preceded the eruption of Vesuvius by some years, disappeared, it is true, in consequence of the awful catastrophe which entirely buried Pompeii. Nothing now remains of them but the general disposition, and most of the architectural details, which enable us to estimate by comparison, and restore in imagination, what the volcano has ravaged and time destroyed. But the most precious relic of this decoration, so sadly spoiled, and that which may best console us for its loss, is the superb picture in mosaic, spread out like a large and brilliant carpet, on the floor of the hall in question, covering its entire pavement. Even the threshold of this hall is adorned, throughout its whole length, by another mosaic, representing the various productions of the land of Egypt, her sacred animals, her symbolical plants, the serpent Agathodæmon, the crocodile, the hippopotamus, the ibis, the lotus, and the palm-tree, with the plants and fishes of the Nile. In a word, the Nile itself flows, so to speak, over the threshold of this hall, and through the intercolumniations which decorate its entrance, and thus transports the imagination to those distant and mysterious regions of the East, the theatre of the action represented in the large mosaic.

This action is a combat between two nations, which, at the first glance, are recognised as Greeks and Persians, by the difference in their countenances, armour, and costume. At first sight also, and before the eye can embrace the whole of this vast piece, one of those unlooked for disclosures is made, which the bosom of antiquity reveals at distant intervals. A battle scene, conceived like this, with all the animosity of the conflicting parties, the actual encounter of two hostile armies, with their chiefs in sight of each other, their heroes triumphant, their wounded giving way, was a composition before wanting to our knowledge of ancient art. We knew well, from the testimony of history, that there existed in Greece many such pictures of battles, the work of eminent masters; such, for example, as those of the battles of Marathon and Mantinea, from the pencils of Micon and Euphranor, which adorned two of the principal porticos at Athens, the Pœcile and the Ceramicus.* The wars of the kings of Macedon and Pergamus against the Gauls also furnished subjects for many bas-reliefs, in the execution of which several celebrated artists distinguished themselves, and of which I believe I have discovered traces on a superb sarcophagus recently found in one of the tombs at Rome.†

* Pausanias, 1, 15, 4, and 1, 3, 3.

† The beautiful sarcophagus of the Amendola vineyard, an account of which is published in the *Annals of the Archeol. Instit.*, plate 30, Vol. III, p. 287 et seq. On the subject of this monument, see my *New Observations on the Statue of the Dying Gladiator of the Capitol*, p. 6–9.

There can be no doubt that the victories of Alexander exercised, with equal success, the talents of the statuaries and painters of that age, so fertile in heroes, and so rich in great artists; and Pliny, who mentions a picture by Philoxenus of Eretria, representing one of the battles of Alexander with Darius, as one of the finest paintings of antiquity, * authorizes us to believe that this artist found many imitators in celebrating the triumphs of an unrivalled warrior. But all these great monuments of art among the Greeks, are lost, utterly lost to us; and it is this that gives such value to the mosaic of Pompeii, which doubtless represents a department of Grecian painting of which time has spared no example.

It is natural to suppose that this picture in mosaic, so remarkable in its composition, of such delicate workmanship and large dimensions, was copied from some celebrated painting, and executed previously to that decline of the art so noticeable in the specimens of a later period at Pompeii. This opinion is confirmed by actual observation. The mosaic picture is a little more than *nineteen palms*, or about *sixteen feet* in length, by less than half that height; it contains *twenty-six figures of men*, and *fifteen* entire or partial figures of *horses*, to say nothing of a *chariot* and several accessory objects, *shields*, *helmets*, *javelins*, *arms* of all kinds with which the ground is strewn. The figures are of nearly three-fourths the natural size; so that one may assert, without danger of mistake or exaggeration, that no composition hitherto known, can be compared with this, as respects its large size, the importance and novelty of the subject, the grandeur of the personages, and the happy distribution of all the objects. To all these excellences is added that of its execution. Nothing can be more precious than the materials, nor more perfect than the skill displayed in the work. The mosaic is made, not of a composition of glass, but of rare marbles, cut into very small cubes, and put together with infinite skill; and we may judge how far the mosaic in question possesses this twofold merit, when we consider that the celebrated mosaic of the *Doves of the Capitol*, the finest yet known, contains *a hundred and sixty pieces* of marble to every inch of the Roman palm, and that the Pompeian mosaic, so large compared with that, contains *a hundred and twenty-five* in the same space. About a quarter of this mosaic is wanting, there being a considerable blank in an important part of the piece, and restorations by an unskilful hand in others. The earthquake which preceded the destruction of Pompeii, had seriously injured this beautiful monument, particularly in the group which should accompany the Grecian hero, of which part hardly a trace re-

* Pliny, xxxv. 10, 36. Vide Sillig, *Catalog. Vet. Artif.* v. Philoxenus.

mains; and in the times succeeding this first disaster, from want either of resources or talents, this lamentable void could be filled only by a plain stucco ground. The partial restorations, observed in other places where less havoc had been made, were executed in a coarser mosaic, such as the decline of the art or the moderate fortune of the proprietor allowed. It is then manifest, that this vast picture in mosaic, produced in happier times and by the hand of more skilful artists, must, in its first state and original form, have represented a grand and beautiful class of Grecian paintings, of which it still gives us a last precious reflection.

This is not the place to dwell on the details of this composition, which would afford matter for so many observations. The artist has chosen the moment in which the two generals of the hostile armies, in sight of each other, are on the point of deciding this great contest by a last effort. The Grecian hero, mounted on a fiery steed, overthrowing all before him, has just pierced through and through, with his enormous lance, the Macedonian *sarissa*, a barbarian warrior, whose horse, also wounded in the side, has fallen under him. Near, is recognised, by his lofty stature and his superb chariot drawn by four high-spirited coursers, from which he rules the whole field of battle, the foreign monarch, overwhelmed by the blow he has received in the person of one of his most valiant defenders, his face turned, with an expression of grief and terror, towards this scene of carnage, extending his right hand, by an involuntary motion, towards this faithful warrior as he is falling, and still holding in the other his bow, rather as a symbol of his royal power, than as the henceforth powerless instrument of vengeance. Already, indeed, the prudent charioteer, who remains at his master's side, thinking his cause desperate and the battle nearly lost, has given an impulse to the horses in a contrary direction in order to withdraw the monarch from the danger that threatens him. He is drawn away, as it were, in spite of himself; and the chariot has already taken the new direction, which the remains of the barbarian army are about to follow. Nothing can be better conceived, more admirable both for design and execution, than this group, which concentrates, so to speak, on these three persons, the whole interest of the subject, and the entire image of the combat; and in the spaces between the figures of this group, two warriors overthrown on the ground, and a third standing before the chariot and endeavouring to regain the command of his terrified steed, are so many episodes, enhancing the interest and truth of the representation, at the same time that by new details, and by skilful foreshortening, they give us an exalted idea of the excellence of the original composition, and the talent of the artist.

Were I to proceed to the examination of the other figures, and all the considerations they present, I should overstep the limits within which I ought to confine myself. But there is a question of more consequence than any question of detail, which still remains unsettled among many contradictory opinions; namely, what is the subject of the piece, and who are the principal personages. The first glance at the composition, places it beyond a doubt that the battle is between the Greeks and Persians; details of costume, very exact and extremely rich, indicate the presence of both nations, by signs so marked and so conformable to all the testimony of history,* that it is impossible to mistake them. But, this first point admitted, a wide field of conjecture remains open, in that long and terrible struggle, in the course of which the national hatred between them displayed itself on so many fields of battle; and artists and antiquaries have exercised their imagination on this subject with almost equal activity. The authors of the only four pieces, which have yet appeared on the mosaic in question, have each discovered in it a different subject: one, the *battle of Plataea*, and, consequently, *Pausanias* commanding the Grecian army, on the one side, and, on the other, *Mardonius* and *Artabasus*: † — a second, the battle fought, at the *passage of the*

* From the most remote antiquity, the Greeks exercised themselves in representing on their monuments of every description, and even on the embroidered stuffs, of which they made so much use, all the details of costume peculiar to the various Asiatic nations. On subjects of the times of mythology, connected with the wars of the Greeks against the Phrygians and Amazons, there are so many evidences of this, in the class of painted vases alone, that it would be useless to mention others; and, for the historical ages, it is sufficient to cite the curious instance of the Sybarite Alcisthenes, who in the Panegyris of Juno Lacinia, at Crotona, displayed a broad purple mantle, embroidered with *figures*, ζῳδίου ἐνυφανμένους, among which were seen, on one side, the inhabitants of Susa, on the other, those of Persia, ἄνθρωποι μὲν Σουσίους, κάρτεες δὲ Πέρσης, Aristot. *de Mirabil.* c. xcix, p. 201, ed. Beckman.

† This opinion, the latest given on the subject, is expressed by M. Bonucci; but I must say that it rests on no certain data. The token by which this antiquary recognises Aristides in the warrior placed behind Pausanias, viz. the helmet wreathed with laurel, is not a peculiarity sufficiently marked to characterize, under any circumstances, any Grecian hero whatever; it is a part of the costume common to all. There is, further, in the Memoir of M. Bonucci, an error of sufficient moment to be noticed here: it is the idea that, among the paintings that adorned the temple of Minerva, built in commemoration of the victory of Plataea, was a picture of this very battle, of which this mosaic must be a copy. Now, M. Bonucci either did not observe, or has forgotten, that of these paintings, seen by Plutarch, (*Aristid.* § xx, Vol. II, p. 527, ed. Reiske,) and described by Pausanias, (IX, 4, 1,) one represented the *Victory of Ulysses over the Suitors*; the other, the *first Theban war*; consequently two passages of heroic history; an opinion long since admitted in the history of art among the ancients. See Winckelmann's *Werke*, I, 507; H. Meyer, *Geschichte der Bild. Künste*, II, 147, 148.

Granicus, between *Alexander* and *Mithridates*, son-in-law of Darius; * — the third, the *battle of Issus*, in which Darius came in sight of the Macedonian hero; † — and the last, an episode in the *battle of Arbela*. ‡ Among explanations so different, we may well wonder at the insufficiency and vanity of learning, which leaves us in such doubt, while beholding so rare a monument of art. Common sense, however, and that sort of instinct, which is often of more value than criticism, and frequently supplies the want of it, lead us to reject the first of these explanations, for which no sound argument can be offered. The battle of Plataea thus excluded from the field of discussion, it only remains to choose between the three battles of Alexander; and it is a source of confidence and satisfaction, on any hypothesis, to have identified the great Macedonian conqueror with the hero of our picture. This is neither the place nor the time, to discuss the various arguments drawn from history, or from the monument itself, which may have been brought forward in support of the three different opinions; and I do not know how far it would be prudent for one who has not actually seen the original monument, to involve himself in this contest, and side with either of the three champions. There is, however, a testimony in favor of the battle of Arbela, not adduced by any of the four antagonists; independently of the importance of this victory, which ended that struggle of two centuries' duration, between the two nations, closing that great drama, and which must, consequently, more than any other feat of arms, have dazzled the imagination of the Greeks, and exercised the talents of their artists. It is the testimony of a votive bas-relief, carved in antique yellow marble, and representing, in a succession of figures both grouped and single, disposed on the circular border of a shield, the *battle of Arbela*, and, in the centre of this shield, Alexander on horseback, as he appears in this mosaic, and in the small equestrian statue of bronze, found at Her-

* Opinion of M. Avellino, p. 51–54, founded almost entirely on the circumstance of Alexander's *helmet* having fallen to the ground, and on the action of the Greek hero, piercing with his long *sarissa*, the breast of a barbarian warrior. But this latter circumstance cannot be exclusively referred to the battle of the Granicus; and the former is not sufficient to determine the subject of a piece.

† Opinion of M. Quaranta, which this learned man has defended so well, in an ingenious dissertation, as to make it appear very plausible, p. 55–68. His mode of explaining the group of the Persian warrior, keeping his horse in reserve as a means of saving the vanquished monarch, is a thought as just as it is ingenious, and is founded on the history of Quintus Curtius himself, III, ii, 11; and most of the circumstances of this history are actually discovered in the mosaic of which we speak.

‡ Opinion of M. Niccolini, which I cannot admit without many limitations.

culaneum.* The bas-relief I have just mentioned, may be seen at Rome, in the collection of Prince Chigi, and has been made known to the public by Visconti.† The antiquaries of Italy, then, have possessed every facility for acquainting themselves with this monument; and we cannot but feel astonished that no one of them has mentioned it in a controversy, in which this representation of the *battle of Arbela* (conceived indeed on quite a different plan, from the very nature of the work,) might present a weighty argument, by showing, that, in the latest epoch of ancient art, the chosen subject of imitation was this *last victory of Alexander*.‡

But while antiquaries are settling the question at issue between them, all must be agreed on one point, the extreme importance and great excellence of this mosaic regarded as a work of art. Most of the ancient monuments daily brought to light restore to us one production only of art, — reveal to us a single passage of the history, mythology, or religion of the ancients; here, in one monument alone, we find a representation of almost an entire branch of ancient art, which has perished beyond recovery. It is, indeed, but an imperfect image, a faint reflection. A mosaic, however skilfully executed, and in a period and place less remote from those in which Grecian art was most flourishing, than Pompeii in her last days; a mosaic, like the one under consideration, must, of necessity, represent the master-pieces of Grecian painting, by feeble touches, and in faint colors. The scientific and chaste design, the delicacy and depth of expression, the magic of the coloring, the effect of the perspective, must lose much in being transferred to marble, even by a practised hand. And if we may believe that this Pompeian mosaic was a copy of the celebrated picture of Philoxenus, we can merely have the pleasure of supposing that we possess a shadow of that picture. Yet even this shadow acquires inestimable value in our eyes, when we think of that total wreck of antiquity, in which Grecian painting utterly perished; and we bow in homage before this unique and precious relic of ancient art, as our descendants may one day venerate the mosaics of the Vatican, should these become the only remains of the master-pieces of modern painting.

RAOUL-ROCHETTE.

* *Bronzi d' Ercolano*, (Bronzes of Herculaneum,) book II, p. 51. 52.

† At the end of the *Critical Examination of the Historians of Alexander*, by Sainte-Croix, p. 777 – 788. - This little work of Visconti has lately been republished, from a copy with marginal corrections by the hand of the author, in the edition of the *Miscellaneous Works of Visconti*, Vol. III, p. 63 – 83. Milan, 1830.

‡ An expression found on the very marble mentioned in the preceding note, ἡ ἔτι πᾶσι μάχη.

ART. IV.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF MANNERS IN ENGLAND.

Two elaborate articles have lately appeared in "The Quarterly Review," one on the great hunting establishments of the English nobility and gentry at Melton Mowbray and in its neighbourhood, and the other on the system of horse-racing as it now exists in England. Both contain many details wholly devoid of interest out of the country in which they were written. But the articles are on kindred topics; and contain some striking passages illustrative of the state of manners in a certain class in England. These we have selected and shall quote without comment. We begin with the article concerning Melton Mowbray.

"Melton Mowbray generally contains from two to three hundred hunters, in the hands of the most experienced grooms England can produce,—the average number being ten to each sportsman residing there, although some of those who ride heavy and rejoice in long purses, have from fourteen to twenty for their own use. The stud of the Earl of Plymouth has, for many years, exceeded the last mentioned number. It may seem strange, that one man should, under any circumstances, need so large a number of horses solely for his personal use in the field; and it must be admitted that few countries do require it. In Leicestershire, however, the universal practice is for each sportsman to have at least two hunters in the field on the same day,—a practice found to be economical, as it is from exhaustion, the effect of long-continued severe work, that the health of horses is most injured. And when it is also borne in mind, that hounds are to be reached from Melton, Leicester, &c., every day in the week,—that one horse out of six, in every man's stud, is, upon an average, lame, or otherwise unfit for work,—and that a horse should always have five days' rest after a moderate, and at least seven or eight after a severe run with hounds,—it will seem not surprising that ten or twelve hunters should be deemed an indispensable stud for a regular Leicestershire sportsman."

"At no distant date, — within almost twenty-five years, — Melton Mowbray was an insignificant-looking little town. It is prettily situated in a rich vale, through which the river Stoure passes; but had nothing an artist would have called a *feature* about it, except its beautiful church. But of late it has put on a very different appearance, owing to the numbers of comfortable houses which have been erected for the accommodation of its sporting visitors, who now spend not less on an average, than 50,000*l* per

annum on the spot. It stands on one of the great north roads, eighteen miles from Nottingham, and fifteen from Leicester, — which latter place has also become a favorite resort of sportsmen, as it is well situated for the best part of the Quorn, and Lord Lonsdale's countries, and many of the favorite covers of the Atherstone (lately better known as Lord Anson's) country can be reached from it."

"The uninitiated reader would be surprised by an enumeration of the persons of rank, wealth, and fashion, who, during months of every year, resign the comforts and elegances of their family mansions for a small house in some town or village of Leicestershire, — to the eye of any one but a sportsman, nearly the ugliest county in England;* nor can any foreigner visiting this country, and a sportsman in his own, fail to be greatly surprised at the magnificence of our hunting establishments, whose sole object is the fox. The kennels and stables at Quordon Hall, celebrated as the residence of 'the great Mr. Meynell,' and subsequently, until within the two last years, of every proprietor of the Quordon or Quorn hounds, are specially worthy his attention. The former are perhaps the most extensive at the present day in England; among the latter is one holding twenty-eight horses, so arranged, that, when a spectator stands in the centre of it, his eye commands each individual animal; — which, being furnished with seats, and lighted by powerful lamps, formed a high treat to the eye of a sportsman on a winter's evening; in addition to this, there are several loose boxes and an exercise ride, as it is called, under cover for bad weather. The usual amount of the Quorn establishment has been forty efficient hunters; and from sixty to one hundred couples of hounds. Mr. Osbaldeston, however, during his occupation of the country, had a still larger kennel, — and no wonder, for it was his custom to turn out every day in the week, weather permitting; and, after Christmas, as the

* * The Earl of Wilton has lately built an excellent house in the *capital* itself, for the accommodation of himself and his Countess, — an event hailed with pleasure by the Meltonians, as their permanent residence there will probably induce many other married amateurs to visit the place, and, thereby refine its society. At Melton Lodge, within a mile of the town, the Earl and Countess of Plymouth have been domiciled for several years past. The Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Edward Thynne, and the Marquis of Worcester, are occasional residents in the town. Lords Alvanley and Rokeby keep house there together; as do Sir Harry Goodricke, Mr. Little Gilmour, and Lord Gardner; Lord Robert Grosvenor, Lord Kinnaid, Mr. White, of Parkhall, Derbyshire, with many others, too numerous to mention, are among the *habitues* of Melton; and, at Leicester, are to be found Lord and Lady Sarah Ingestrie, Lord and Lady Stormount, Colonel Drummond, &c. &c."

days increased in length, he had often two packs out on the same day, — a circumstance before unheard of. This gentleman, however, is insatiable in his passion for the chase; and when we think what fatigue he must have been inured to whilst hunting his own hounds six days a week, in such a county as Leicestershire, for a succession of seasons, we read with less surprise his late Herculean feat of riding fifty four-mile-heats over Newmarket heath, in the short space of eight hours, and in the face of most tempestuous weather!”

“One of the most striking features in the aspect of the chosen regions of English fox-hunting is the formidable *ox-fence*, — rendered necessary by the difficulty of keeping fatting cattle within their pastures, during the season of the *œstrus* or gad-fly. It consists of, — first, a wide ditch, then a sturdy black-thorn hedge, and at least two yards beyond that a strong rail, about four feet high: to clear all these obstacles, from whichever side they may be approached, is evidently a great exertion for a horse. What is termed the bull-finch fence, (still more common in these districts,) is a quickset hedge of perhaps fifty years’ growth, with a ditch on one side or the other, and so high and strong that horses cannot clear it. The sportsman, however, charging this at nearly full speed, succeeds in getting to the other side, when the bushes close after him and his horse, and there is no more appearance of their transit than if a bird had hopped through. Horses, unaccustomed to these fences, seldom face them well at first; perhaps nothing short of the emulation which animates their riders, and the courage created in the noble animals themselves by the presence of hounds, would induce them to face such things at all. Timber fences, such as rails, stiles, and gates, but particularly rails, are oftener leaped in Leicestershire than in any other country, by reason of the great height which the quickset fences attain, — a height which, in some places, nothing but a bird can surmount; brooks also abound, amongst the widest of which are the Whis-sendine, — the Smite or Belvoir, — one under Stanten Wood, — another under Norton by Galby, — and a fifth near Woodwell Head.”

“The town of Melton furnishes an interesting scene on each hunting morning. At rather an early hour are to be seen groups of hunters, the finest in the world, setting out in different directions to meet different packs of hounds. Each sportsman sends forward two. On one is mounted a very light but extremely well-dressed lad, who returns home on his master’s cover-hack, or in the dickey of his carriage, if he has happened to be carried to cover in the more luxurious fashion. On the other hunter is a personage of a very different description. This is what is called

the 'second horseman,' — he rides the second horse, which is to carry his master with the hounds, after his having had one, or part of one, chase on the first. This description of servant is by no means easy to procure; and he generally exhibits in his countenance and demeanor something like a modest assurance that he possesses qualities of importance. In short, he must have some brains in his head; be a good horseman with a light hand; be able to ride very well to hounds; and, above all, he must have a good eye to, and a thorough knowledge of, a country, to enable him to give his master a chance of changing his horse in a run, and not merely when it is over. Lord Sefton brought this second-horse system into fashion at the time he hunted Leicestershire, when Jack Raven, a light-weight, and son of his huntsman, used to ride one of his thousand-guinea hunters in his wake, — if we may so express ourselves, — in the field, to which he changed his seat at the first convenient opportunity. The system, however, has been improved upon since then. The second-horseman now rides to points instead of following the hounds, and thus often meets his master at a most favorable moment, when his good steed is sinking, with one that has not been out of a trot. There is much humanity as well as comfort in this arrangement; for at the pace hounds now go over grass countries, horses become distressed under heavy weights in a short time after the chase begins, when the scent lies well, and they are manfully ridden up to the pack."

"The *style* of your Meltonian fox-hunter has long distinguished him above his brethren of what he calls the *provincial* chase. When turned out of the hands of his valet, he presents the very *beau-idéal* of his *caste*. The exact Stultze-like fit of his coat, — his superlatively well-cleaned leather breeches and boots, — and the generally apparent high breeding of the man, can seldom be matched elsewhere; and the most cautious skeptic on such points would satisfy himself of this fact at one single inspection."

"Persons, who are not sportsmen, may be at a loss to estimate (the annual expenses of a pack of fox-hounds,) hunting our first-rate countries; and, perhaps, equally so to account for such large sums being expended in such pursuits. Hay and oats, and consequently, oatmeal, being very much cheaper now than they were during the war, prices, of course these expenses are diminished; but even at present, we understand that in the best establishments, very little is left (out of four thousand pounds at the end of the year, when all contingent charges are liquidated;) and we have reason to know that several greatly outstrip even this sum, perhaps to the extent of one-half in addition. Sir Harry Goodricke has, at this time, eighty couples of hounds in his kennel, and

forty-four hunters in his stables; and we believe that his predecessors, Lord Southampton, Mr. Osbaldeston, and Sir Bellingham Graham, even exceeded this measure of establishment.

“The price of hounds is, perhaps, not generally known. Thirty years ago, Sir Richard Puleston sold his to the Duke of Bedford for seven hundred, and fifteen years since, Mr. Corbet’s were sold to Lord Middleton for twelve hundred guineas. A well known good pack will, in these times, — bad as they are, — command a thousand guineas; those of Mr. Warde, Lord Tavistock (the Oakley), Mr. Nicolls, and Sir Richard Sutton’s have been sold for that sum within the last few years. But a very short time since, indeed, Mr. Osbaldeston sold *ten couples* of hounds for the same sum to Lord Middleton; and we have reason to believe he has hounds in his kennel for which he would not take two hundred guineas a-piece. Knowing all this, one can make every allowance for the angry feeling and fears of their owners when they see the chance of their being ridden over and destroyed in chase. Good hounds are not easily replaced; and it is on this account, that in the hard-riding countries, and where the covers are small, seldom more than sixteen or seventeen couples form a pack. In short, the fewer the better.”

The Review concludes with a very animated account of a fox-chase, much too long, however, for insertion in our work. We quote only a few *instructive* passages.

“The pencil of the painter is now wanting; and, unless the painter should be a sportsman, even his pencil would be worth little. What a country is before him! — what a panorama does it represent! — Not a field of less than forty, — some a hundred acres, — and no more signs of the plough than in the wilds of Siberia. See the hounds in a body that might be covered by a damask table-cloth, — every stern down, and every head up, for there is no need of stopping, the scent lying breast-high. But the crash! — the music! — how to describe these? Reader, there is no crash now, and not much music. It is the tinker that makes great noise over a little work, but at the pace these hounds are going there is no time for babbling. Perchance one hound in ten may throw his tongue as he goes to inform his comrades, as it were, that the villain is on before them, and most musically do the light notes of Vocal and far-famed Venus fall on the ear of those who may be within reach to catch them. But who is so

fortunate in this second burst, nearly as terrible as the first? Our fancy supplies us again, and we think we could name them all. If we look to the left, nearly abreast of the pack, we see six men going gallantly, and quite as straight as the hounds themselves are going; and on the right are four more, riding equally well, though the former have rather the best of it, owing to having had the inside of the hounds at the last two turns, which must be placed to the chapter of accidents. A short way in the rear, by no means too much so to enjoy this brilliant run, are the rest of the *élite* of the field, who had come up at the first check; and a few who, thanks to the goodness of their steeds, and their determination to be with the hounds, appear as if dropped from the clouds. Some, however, begin to show symptoms of distress. Two horses are seen loose in the distance, — a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar-bone being broken, others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. 'Who is he?' says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. 'Can't tell, my Lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him.' It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help."

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"Having skirted Ranksborough gorse, the villain has nowhere to stop short of Woolwell-head cover, which he is pointing for; and in ten minutes, or less, the brook appears in view. It is even with its banks, and

'Smooth glides the water where the brook is deep.'

'Yooi, over he goes!' holloas the Squire, as he perceives Joker and Jewell plunging into the stream, and Red-rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men, out of thirteen, take it in their stride; three stopt short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well over the second; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant 'Frank Forester' is among the latter; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat, to take off the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplishes the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days' flood.* 'Who is that under his horse in the brook?' inquires that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr. Green, of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a

summer's evening. 'Only Dick Christian,' * answers Lord For-
 ester, 'and it is nothing new to him.' 'But he'll be drowned,'
 exclaims Lord Kinnaird. 'I shouldn't wonder,' observes Mr.
 William Coke. But the pace is *too good* to inquire."

* * * * *

" 'Not hurt, I hope,' exclaims Mr. Maxse, to *somebody* whom
 he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset
 hedge which is between them, coming neck and croup into the
 adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile.
 His eye might have been spared the unpleasing sight, had not
 his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit-humi-bos* sound of a
 horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip
 indenting the green-sward within two inches of his rider's thigh.
 It is young Peyton, † who, having missed his second horse at the
 check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from
 nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very pe-
 culiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant
 run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff
 timber-fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's
 wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to
 refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so."

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"At this moment a bridle-gate opens into the lane, and a gen-
 tleman in scarlet appears, with his countenance pale and wan, and
 expressive of severe pain. It is he who had been dug out of the
 ditch in which Jack Stevens had left him, his horse having fallen
 upon him, after being suspended on the rail, and broken three of
 his ribs." ‡

"* A celebrated rough-rider at Melton Mowbray, who greatly distin-
 guished himself in the late grand steeple chase from Rolleston. He is
 paid 15s per day for riding gentlemen's young horses to hounds."

"† The only son of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., one of the best and hardest
 riders of the present day."

[‡ Sir Harry Goodricke, a noted sportsman, who is repeatedly men-
 tioned in the article we have quoted, has just departed this life. He
 died in his vocation, as appears from the following notice extracted
 from "The Metropolitan," (No. 30.)

"Died on the 21st instant, at Ravensdale Park, Ireland, in the 36th
 year of his age, Sir Harry Goodricke, Bart. He left Yorkshire a few weeks
 ago, for the purpose of visiting his extensive estates in Ireland, which
 devolved to him on the death of his uncle, the late Viscount Clermont, and
 on which he had given instructions for great improvements. Sir Harry is
 stated to have derived a clear income of upwards of 60,000*l.* per annum
 from the property left him by his uncle and his paternal estates in the
 counties of Norfolk and Yorkshire. He was passionately fond of the
 sports of the field, and his stud at Melton Mowbray usually averaged
 between fifty and sixty of the finest hunters; at the close of last season

The article in "The Quarterly," from which we have quoted, reminded us of one we had formerly glanced at in an old volume of the Monthly Review, (Vol. LXV, for 1781,) upon a work in quarto, entitled "Thoughts on Hunting, in a Series of familiar Letters to a Friend," the production it seems of a clergyman. The writer of the book says to his friend, "Before you have been long a fox-hunter, I expect to hear you talk of the ill luck which so frequently attends it. — I assure you it has provoked me often, and has made a *parson* swear." (p. 238.) Relating soon after a fox chase, where, after the hounds had killed two, a third was dug out and killed, that might have been reserved for another day's sport; he adds, — "However, it answered one purpose you would little expect: it put a clergyman present in mind that he had a corpse to bury, which otherwise had been forgotten." (p. 293.) "This," says the Reviewer, "was a fortunate recollection; but, had the worst happened, he might at least have had the consolation to be reminded over the evening bowl, in full chorus, — 'A corpse, Moses, can't run away, *Toll de roll.*'"

The breed of fox-hunting parsons is, we believe, nearly, though not quite extinct in England. The Reverend Mr. Daniell published not long since three splendid volumes upon "Rural Sports." The race of them was abundant about fifty years ago; and, if now disappearing, still it cannot be supposed that the effects of their intermixture with the rest of society have yet passed away.

In the "Thoughts on Hunting" there is a long description of an imaginary fox-chace in the same style with that in "The Quarterly," the latter perhaps having been suggested by the former. But what struck us most in the account of the book was the cruel manner in which fox-hounds are or were trained by being often

he had fifty-two. His hunting-box at Melton was the constant scene of profuse hospitality during the hunting season. The deceased baronet was the only son and heir of the late Sir Harry Goodricke, the sixth baronet, by Charlotte, sister to Viscount Clermont, and succeeded to the title and estates in March, 1802. He was unmarried, and we believe the baronetcy becomes extinct. The greater portion of the landed property, we understand, devolves to the Fortescue family. Sir Harry had promised to join a numerous circle of noblemen and gentlemen in the Highlands during the present shooting season. Many of them have already arrived at his shooting-box, Marr Lodge, which he recently purchased of the Earl of Fife. Sir Harry was one of the most spirited fox-hunters of the day, and master of the Quorn hounds for the three or four last seasons. He was a thorough sportsman, in the fullest sense of the word, and literally fell a sacrifice to a favorite amusement, — otter-hunting, — in the indulgence of which last week, in Ireland, he caught a severe cold, and was carried off in forty-eight hours. Sir Harry was one of the few landlords who devoted a portion of his time and wealth to his Irish tenantry."]

severely whipped themselves, and by the use of other animals to form them to the chace.

"I know," says the writer, "an old sportsman, a clergyman, who enters his young hounds first at a cat, which he drags along the ground for a mile or two, at the end of which he turns out a badger, first taking care to break his teeth; he takes out about two couple of old hounds along with the young ones to hold them on. He never enters his young hounds but at vermin; for he says, '*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*'"

We forbear to quote the Reverend author's directions about the whipping of hounds. Perhaps in the present modes of training, the dogs may be treated with more humanity; though from the extracts we have given it would appear, that fellow feeling toward the human animals engaged in the chace cannot have increased.

The other article in "The Quarterly," to which we have referred, is a very long one, (in the 97th number,) of which the running-title is "The Turf." It consists in great part of accounts of race-horses, jockeys, noblemen, gentlemen, and others, who have been or are "conspicuous characters on the turf." Leaving untouched all the mass of valuable information about the qualifications of individual horses and jockeys, we will quote a few passages relating to "sportsmen of the turf," together with some others, which may illustrate the character of English horse-racing and betting, and of the individuals engaged in it.

"Previously," says the Reviewer, "to 1753 there were only two meetings in the year at Newmarket* for the purpose of running horses, one in the spring, and another in October. At present there are seven, distinguished by the following terms: — The *Craven*, in compliment to the late Earl Craven, commencing on Easter Monday, and instituted in 1771. The *First Spring*, on the Monday fortnight following; the *Second Spring*, a fortnight after that, and instituted 1753. The *July*, commonly early in that month, instituted 1753. The *First October*, on the first

* "Although other places claim precedence over Newmarket as the early scenes of public horse-racing, it is nevertheless the metropolis of the turf, and the only place in this island where there are more than two race-meetings in the year. It does not appear that races took place there previously to Charles II.'s time; but Simon d'Ewes, in his Journal, speaks of a horse-race near Linton, Cambridgeshire, in the reign of James I., at which town most of the company slept on the night of the race."

Monday in that month ; the *Second October*, on the Monday fortnight following, instituted 1762 ; and the *Third October*, or *Houghton*, a fortnight afterwards, instituted 1770. With the last-mentioned meeting, which, weather permitting, generally lasts a week, and at which there is a great deal of racing, the sports of the turf close for the year, with the exception of Tarporley, a very old hunt-meeting in Cheshire, now nearly abandoned ; and a Worcester autumn meeting, chiefly for hunters and horses of the farmers within the hunt.

“ At Newmarket, though there were formerly six and eight mile races, there are now not more than four over the Beacon Course, or B. C., as it is called, which is four miles, in all the seven meetings. This is an improvement, not only on the score of humanity, but as far as regards sport, for horses seldom come in near to each other, after having run that course. Indeed, so much is the system of a four-mile heat disliked, that, when it does occur, the horses often walk the first two. It, indeed, sometimes happens otherwise, as in the case of Chateau-Margaux and Mortgage, in one of the meetings in 1826 ; but all who remember the struggle between those two noble animals, — *the very best of their kind, perhaps never exceeded in stoutness*, — and the state in which they appeared at the conclusion, can only think of it with disgust. Chateau’s dead heat with Lamplighter was something like a repetition of the scene ; but, to the honor of their owners, they were not suffered to run another, and the plate was divided between them.”

“ The racing-ground on the heath has been the property of the Jockey Club since the year 1753. A great advantage is gained here by giving the power of preventing obnoxious persons coming upon it during the meetings ; and it would be well if that power were oftener exerted. Betting posts are placed on various parts of the heath, at some one of which the sportsmen assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country under the heavens, however, produces such a scene as this, and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of those gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England. ‘ What do you bet on this race, my lord ? ’ says a vulgar-looking man, on a shabby hack, with ‘ a shocking bad hat. ’ ‘ I want to back the field, ’ says my lord. ‘ *So do I*, ’ says the leg. ‘ I’ll bet 500 to 200 you don’t name the winner, ’ cries my lord. ‘ I’ll take *six*, ’ exclaims the leg. ‘ I’ll

bet it you,' roars my lord. '*I'll double it,*' bellows the leg. 'Done,' shouts the peer. '*Treble it?*' 'No.' The bet is entered, and so much for *wanting to back the field*; but in love, war, and horse-racing, stratagem, we believe, is allowed. Scores of such scenes as this take place in those momentous half-hours. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning, in the town, and 50,000*l.*, or more, have been known to exchange hands in one day."

"On entering Newmarket from the London side, the first object of attraction is the house long occupied by the late Duke of Queensberry, but at present in a disgraceful state of decay. 'Kingston House' is now used as a 'hell' (*sic transit gloria!*); and the palace, the joint-work of so many royal architects, is partly occupied by a training groom and partly by his Grace of Rutland, whose festivities at Cheveley, during the race-meetings, have very wisely been abridged. The Earl of Chesterfield has a house just on entering the town, and the Marquis of Exeter a most convenient one with excellent stabling attached. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Christopher Wilson, father of the turf, and several other eminent sportsmen, are also *domiciled* at Newmarket during the meetings. But the lion of the place *will be* the princely mansion now erecting for Mr. Crockford, of ultra-sporting notoriety.* The *pleasaunce* of this *insula* consists of sixty acres, already inclosed by Mr. Crockford, within a high stone wall. The houses of the Chifneys are also stylish things. That of Samuel, the renowned jockey, is upon a large scale, and very handsomely furnished,—the Duke of Cleveland occupying apartments in it during the meeting. That of William Chifney, the trainer, is still larger, and, when finished, will be perhaps, barring Crockford's, the best house in Newmarket. Near to the town is the stud farm of Lord Lowther, where Partisan, and a large number of brood mares, are kept,—the latter working daily on the farm, which is said to be advantageous to them. Within a few miles we have Lower Hare Park, the seat of Sir Mark Wood, with Upper Hare Park, General Grosvenor's, &c. &c. The stables of Newmarket are not altogether so good as we should expect to find them. Of the public ones, perhaps those of Robinson, Edwards, Stephenson, and Webb's (now Mr. Crockford's), are the best."

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"Thucydides says of Themistocles, that he was a good guesser of the future by the past: but this will not do in racing; and not only prudence, but justice towards the public demands that a race-

* The keeper of the most noted "hell," or gambling-house, in London.

horse should be *tried* at different periods of his training. The first great point is obviously to ascertain the maximum speed, and the next to discover how that is affected by weight: but here there are difficulties against which no judgment can provide, and which, when the best intentions have been acted upon, have led to false conclusions. The horse may not be quite up to his mark on the day of trial, — or the horse, or horses, with which he is tried, may not be so: the nature of the ground, and the manner of running it, may likewise not be suited to his capabilities or his action, and *the trial and his race may be very differently run*. Chifney, in his *Genius Genuine*, says, the race-horse Magpie was a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards a better horse some days than others, in the distance of two miles! Tiresias won the Derby for the Duke of Portland in a canter, to the ruin of many of the betting men, who thought his chance was gone from his previous trial with Snake, who beat him with much ease. It afterwards came out, that his being beaten at the trial had been owing to the incapacity of the boy who rode him, — and he was a bad horse to ride: indeed, we remember his taking old Clift, his jockey, nearly into Epsom town before he could pull him up, after winning the race. We are compelled, however, to observe that much deception in late years has been resorted to, by *false accounts* of trials, and thereby making horses favorites for the great stakes, — as in the instances of Panic, Premier, Swap, the General, Prince Llewellyn, and others, — some of whom were found to be as bad as they had been represented to be good. But the trial of trials took place many years back at Newmarket, in the time of George the First. A match was made between the notorious Tregonwell Frampton and Sir W. Strickland, to run two horses over Newmarket for a considerable sum of money; and the betting was heavy between the north and south country sportsmen on the event. After Sir W. Strickland's horse had been a short time at Newmarket, Frampton's groom, with the knowledge of his master, endeavoured to induce the baronet's groom to have a private trial, *at the weights and distance of the match*, and thus to make the race *safe*. Sir William's man had the honesty to inform his master of the proposal, when he ordered him to accept it, but to be sure to deceive the other by putting seven pounds more weight in the stuffing of his own saddle. *Frampton's groom had already done the same thing*, and in the trial, Merlin, Sir William's horse, beat his opponent about a length. 'Now,' said Frampton to his satellite, 'my fortune is made, and so is yours; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven pounds extra, what will he do in the race?' The betting became immense. The south-country turfites, who had been let

into the secret by Frampton, told those from the north, that 'they would bet them gold against Merlin while gold they had, and then they might sell their land.' Both horses came well to the post, and of course the race came off like the trial."

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"The name and exploits of the late Duke of Queensberry ('Old Q.') will never be forgotten by the sporting world, for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English turf. His horse Dash, by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle over *the six-mile course at Newmarket* for one thousand guineas, having refused five hundred forfeit; also his late Majesty's Don Quixote, the same distance and for the same sum; and, during the year, (1789,) he won two other thousand-guinea matches, the last against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, *three times round 'the round course,'* or very nearly twelve miles! His carriage-match, nineteen miles in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest bred ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of *genius* in its line. The MS. being inclosed in a cricket ball, and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe *within the time*. The Duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on the turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgment he had much reliance. But, in the language of the turf, his Grace was 'wide awake,' and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know, — the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it, — that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose, — 'Take it,' said the Duke, 'I will bear you harmless.' When the horse came to the post, his Grace coolly observed, 'This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself,' when, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in racing-attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle."

"The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, '*nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*' He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and

an exquisite coachman. But, — as his friends said of him, — not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue, — his neat white hat, white trowsers, white silk stockings, ay, and we may add, his white, but handsome face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two out-riders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom, — all in crimson liveries, — waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of 40,000*l.* at a sitting, — yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*, — we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. ‘The bowl of pleasure,’ said Johnson, ‘is poisoned by reflection on the cost,’ and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as an owner of race-horses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.”

“We find the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, a winner of the Derby. In 1789, he accompanied the Duke of York to York races, where he purchased his famous horse Traveller, by Highflyer, which ran the grand match against the late Duke of Bedford’s Grey Diomed, on which it is supposed there was more money depending than was ever before known, or has ever been heard of since. But it was in the years 1790 and 1791 that his late Majesty’s stud was so conspicuous, — the days of Baronet and Escape, the former noto-

rious for winning the Ascot Oatlands, beating eighteen picked horses of England, with twenty to one against him; and the latter, for his various races against Grey Diomed, which caused his royal owner's retirement from Newmarket. This is now an old story.

* * * * * During the last ten years of his Majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable meetings, — we believe we may say, — in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favorite horses came in first, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life. * * * * * The last time George the Fourth was at Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death; and so strong was the 'ruling passion' in this awful hour, — and his Majesty was well aware his hour was come, — that an express was sent to him *after every race*.

"The late Duke of York was equally devoted to the turf; but the Duke of York was on the turf, what the Duke of York was everywhere, — good-humored, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his Royal Highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed his latter years."

"The present Duke of Dorset, when Lord Sackville, not only showed himself an admirable judge of a race-horse, but few jockeys by profession could ride one better; and, indeed, at one period of his life, few of them were in much greater practice."

"The present Duke of Grafton has been a great winner. His Grace also deserves success, for he is a nobleman of high character on the turf, and, unlike too many owners of race-horses, whom we could name, *always* runs to win. The Duke of Grafton's stable is, in consequence, heavily backed, when it brings out good horses for any of the great stakes."

"The Earl of Wilton, as well bred for the turf as Eclipse, being grandson to THE Earl Grosvenor, is not only an owner of race-horses, but a jockey, — one of the best gentlemen race-riders of these days."

"Of the public racing-men at Newmarket, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Sadler, the Chifneys, &c., we need not say much, their deeds being almost daily before us. But looking at the *extraordinary* results of these men's deeds, who will not admit racing to be of the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk

of winnings, talk of racing establishments, our Graftons, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their ‘means and pliances to boot,’ are but the beings of a summer’s day, when compared with those illustrious personages, and their various transactions and doings on the turf. Here is a small retail tradesman, dealing in a very perishable commodity, become our modern Cræsus in a few years, and proprietor of *several* of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing-ring, the champion of the turf, the proprietor of a noble domain, an honorable member of the reformed parliament, all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines, the owner of the best stud in England, one who gives three thousand guineas for a horse, in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford livery-stable-keeper, with a dozen or more race-horses in his stalls, and those of the very best stamp, *and such as few country gentlemen, or, indeed, any others, have a chance to contend with.* By their father’s account of them (see ‘Genius Genuine,’ by the late Sam. Chifney) the two Messrs. Chifney were stable-boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a-year, and a stable suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and, — save Mr. Crockford’s, — quite the best houses in their native town.’ There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his neckerchief secured by a diamond pin. Then to crown all, there is Squire Beardsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen race-horses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he once drove a hackney coach.”

* * * * *

“Deservedly high as Newmarket stands in the history of the British turf, it is but as a speck on the ocean when compared with the sum total of our provincial meetings, of which there are about a hundred and twenty in England, Scotland, and Wales, — several of them twice in the year. Epsom, Ascot, York, Doncaster, and Goodwood stand first in respect of the value of the prizes, the rank of the company, and the interest attached to them by the sporting world. Epsom, however, ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks, — their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him *run*, amateur admirers of *the race-horse* have here a fine opportunity of *studying* him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called *the Warren*, in which the Derby

and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small but picturesque bit of ground, in the forest style, inclosed by a wall, and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favorites; and should any thing dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge *something* before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in *the Warren*.

“But what is the sight in *the Warren*, interesting as it really is, — thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many, — compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three-year colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* ‘No, no,’ — cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word ‘Go’ was given. ‘’T is sufficient: ’t is no start: *come back!*’ roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards, — others go twice as far. But look at that chestnut colt, — white jacket and black cap, — with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tattenham’s corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonizing moments! — the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *nuts* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? *They are off again*, — a beautiful start and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colors of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsmen who take their stand on the hill on the course, to see the first part of the race, and to observe the places their favorites have gotten! *They are all in a cluster*, the jockeys glancing at each other’s horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind, and at Tattenham’s corner there is room for observation. *It is a terrible race!* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins; they are all good ones. Whips are at work, — the people shout, — hearts throb, — ladies faint, — the favorite is beat, — white jacket with black cap wins.

“Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with *Who has won?* in each man’s mouth. ‘Hurrah!’ cries one, on the answer being given; ‘*my* fortune is made.’ ‘Has he, by ———?’ says another, pulling up with a jerk; ‘I am a ruined man! Scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived. Oh! how shall I face my poor wife and my children? I’ll blow out my brains.’ But where is the owner of the winning horse? He is on the hill, on his coach-box; but he will not believe it till twice told. ‘Hurrah!’ he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gypsy hands it to him. It is in the air again, and the gypsy catches it, and a half-a-sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. ‘Heavens, bless your honor,’ says the *dark ladye*; ‘did I not tell your honor you could not lose?’”

“Let us take one glance at that modern Epirus, the county of York, in which there are now twelve meetings in the year, — (nearly a century ago, there were half as many more.) York is one of our oldest race-meetings, and was patronized by the great sportsmen of all countries in former days; but the names of Cookson, Wentworth, Goodriche, Garforth, Hutchinson, Crompton, Gascoigne, Sitwell, Pierse, Shafto, and some others, appear indigenous to Knavesmere heath. The money run for last year, at the Spring and August meetings, exceeded 14,600*l.* in plates and sweepstakes. Catterick Bridge, in this county, is also an important meeting, as coming very early in the season, and Richmond and Pontefract are tolerably supported. But what shall we say of Doncaster?

‘Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o’er,
Her glory vanished! and her name no more!’

And wherefore this? Is it that we miss Mrs. Beaumont in her coach and six, with her numerous outriders? Is it that the lamented Earl Fitzwilliam, with his splendid retinue, is no longer there? Oh no! — the Magnates of Devonshire, Cleveland, Leeds, Londonderry, and Durham, can replace *all that* at any time; but it is the many dirty tricks, the *innumerable* attempts at roguery, which have lately been displayed, that have given a taint to Doncaster race-ground, which it will require many years of clean fallow to get rid of. We will not enumerate these vile *faux-pas*, — the last, ‘*the swindle*,’ as it is termed, the most bare-faced of all — but let the noblemen and gentlemen who wish well to Doncaster, and who do not wish to see the meeting expunged from the Racing Calendar, act a little more vigorously than they have hitherto done, and not let villany go unpunished before their eyes. Let a mark be set upon all owners, trainers, and riders of horses, with which tricks are played; let them be driven off the

course by order of the stewards; let them never again appear at the starting-post or in the betting-ring; and then, but not till then, will racing be once more respectable. Let us indulge our hopes that this will be the case, and that Yorkshire racing no longer shall be the reproach of the present age. 'All these storms that fall upon us,' said Don Quixote, 'are signs the weather will clear up,—the evil having lasted long, the good can't be far off.' May it prove so here!"

"The eminent jockeys of the present day are Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Osbaldiston, Bouverie, Peyton, Kent, Molony, two Berkeleys, Platel, Burton, Griffiths, Becher, and others whose names do not this moment occur to us. But looking at the value of the prizes at Heaton Park, for example, (where gentlemen *alone* are allowed to ride,) Bath, Croxton Park, and several other places, we marvel not at the proficiency of these patrician jockeys; and during certain parts of the racing season, such performers as Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Peyton, Kent, and one or two more of the best of them, are in nearly as much request as the regular hired jockeys, and are obliged to prepare themselves accordingly. Wishing them well, we have but one word to offer them. For the credit of the turf, let them bear in mind what the term *gentleman-jockey* implies, and not, as in one or two instances has been the case, admit within their circle persons little, if anywise, above the jockey by profession. This has been severely commented upon, as having led to disreputable practices, with which the name,—the sacred name of gentleman,—should never have been mixed up. With this *proviso*, and considering what might be likely to take place of 'the Laconic boot,' were it abandoned, we feel no great hesitation about saying, Go,

'win the plate,

Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.'

"A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which, however characteristic of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which, it appears, some are to be periodically repeated. If those whose land is thus trespassed upon are contented, or if recompense be made to such as are not, we have nothing further to say on that score; but we should be sorry that the too frequent repetition of such practices should put the farmers out of temper, and thus prove hurtful to fox-hunting. We may also take the liberty to remark, that one human life has already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime; and that from the pace the horses must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand. In the last race of this description that came

under our observation, we found there were no less than seven falls, at fences, in the space of three miles!*

“We must not conclude this article without a word or two to the *Young Gentleman* just starting into the world, who may have imbibed the ambition of shining on the English turf. Let every such person remember that he presents a *broad mark*, — that there are hundreds on the watch for him, — and that *he stakes* what is *certain* against not only all other chances, but the rife chance of fraud! Let him, before he plunges into the stream, consider a little how it runs, and whither it may lead him! In these days, indeed, gambling is not confined to the turf, the hazard-room, the boxing-ring, or the cock-pit; but is, unfortunately, mixed up with too many of the ordinary occupations of life. ‘Commerce itself,’ said Mr. Coke of Norfolk in one of his public harangues, ‘is become speculation; the objects of a whole life of industry and integrity among our forefathers, are now attempted to be obtained in as many weeks or months, as it formerly required years to effect.’ The fatal passion has, indeed, taken fast hold on a great body of the people, and what is called a levanter is perhaps a less rare occurrence from the corn-market, the hop-market, or ‘the alley,’ than from the betting-ring or Tattersall’s. But we are told that betting, —

‘Though no science, fairly worth the seven,’

is the life of racing, and that without it the turf would soon fall into decay. To a certain extent there may be some truth in this doctrine; nevertheless *betting* is the germ which gives birth to all the roguery that has of late lowered this department of sport in the eyes of all honorable men. The Scripture phrase, in short, is now every day verified, the race not being to the swift, but to *the horse on whom the largest sums stand in certain persons’ books*. Indeed, it was not long since asserted by a well-known rider and owner of race-horses, deep in turf secrets, that if Eclipse were here now, and in his very best form, but heavily backed to lose by certain influential bettors, he would have no more chance to win than if he had but the use of three of his legs! What, may we ask, must be the opinion of foreigners, when they read the *uncontradicted* statement of the *New Sporting Magazine*, that in the Derby stakes of 1832, when St. Giles was the winner, every horse in the race, save one (Perion), was supposed to have been made safe, *i. e.* safe not to win? *By whom* made safe? Not by their owners, for many of them were the property of

* We recommend the uninitiated, who wish to have some notion of a steeple-chase, to study an admirable set of prints on that subject lately published, after drawings by the Hogarth of the chase, Mr. Alken.”

noblemen and gentlemen of high personal character. The foul deed can only be perpetrated by the influence of vast sums of money employed in various ways upon the event—in short, where the owners stand clear, trainers or jockeys *must* combine with the parties concerned in the robbery. But what a stain upon the boasted pastime of English gentlemen! And then the result:—

‘This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench!’

“But we may be told racing,—or rather betting on racing, supposed to be essential to its existence,—cannot go on without what are called the ‘Legs,’ (described by an old writer on sporting subjects as ‘the most unprincipled and abandoned set of thieves and harpies that ever disgraced civilized society,’) and that pecuniary obligations are commonly discharged by them with as much integrity and despatch as by the most respectable persons in the commercial world. Undoubtedly they are; for if they fail to be so, the adventurer is driven from the ground on which he hopes to fatten. ‘I would give 50,000*l.* for a bit of character’ (said the old sinner Charteris,)—‘for if I had *that*, I *think* I could make a plum of it;’ and the rogues of our day, though not so witty, are quite as knowing as the venerable Colonel.

Woe befall the day when Englishmen look lightly on such desperate inroads upon public morals as have lately passed under their eyes on race-courses! Do they lose sight of the fact, that whoever commits a fraud is guilty, not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes the very existence of society? Can this familiarity with robbing and robbers be without its influence on a rising generation? We say, it cannot; and, if suffered to go on for twenty years more, we venture to pronounce the most mischievous effects to all classes of society. Talk of jockey-club regulations! As well might Madame Vestris sit in judgment on short petticoats, or Lord Grey on the sin of nepotism, as a jockey-club attempt *then* to pass censure on offences which they must have suffered to grow before their faces,—if indeed they should have been so fortunate as all along to steer quite clear of them themselves.

“But let us look a little into these practices. In the first place, what is it that guides the leading men in their betting? Is it a knowledge of the horse they back either to win or to lose? and is it his public running that directs their operations? We

fear not ; three parts of them know no more of a horse than a horse knows of them, but it is from private information, purchased at a high price, — *at a price which ordinary virtue cannot withstand*, — that their books are made up. Again ; how do the second class of bettors act ? We reply, — they bet upon *men* and not upon *horses* ; for so soon as they can positively ascertain that certain persons stand heavy against any one horse, that horse has no chance to win, unless, as it sometimes happens, he is too strong for his jockey, or the nauseating ball has not had the desired effect. One of the heaviest bettors of the present day, who had backed Mameluke to a large amount, observed, that he should not have lamented his loss, *had it not been clear that Mameluke could have won*. A similar occurrence took place last year for the same great race. Messrs. Gulley and Ridsdale (confederates, and as such, we believe, allowed to do so) *compromised* to give the race to St. Giles, although doubtless Margrave could have won it. All outside bettors, as they are called, — those not in the secret, as well as those not in the ring, — are of course put *hors du combat* by such proceedings ; their opinion of horses, formed from their public running, — the only honorable criterion, — being sacrificed by this compromise. But we will go one point further. It is proceedings such as these that are too often the cause of *gentlemen* on the turf swerving from the straight-forward course : men, — true as the sun in all private transactions, — allow themselves to deviate from the right path on a race-course, *in revenge for what they deem to have been injustice*. We could name several honorable and highly-minded gentlemen, who have openly avowed this. ‘Our money has been taken from us,’ they have declared, ‘without our having a chance to keep it, and we will recover it in any way we can.’ In truth, we are too much inclined to believe, that a modern Aristides has fearful odds against him on the English turf at the present time. Look, for example, at the sums paid for race-horses, which we think must open our eyes to the fact. Three thousand guineas are now given for a promising colt for the Derby stakes ! ! But how stands this favorite ? There are upwards of a hundred horses besides himself named for the stake ; more than twenty will start for it ; and if he wins it, it does not amount to much above his cost price. But the purchaser will back him to win it. Indeed ! back him against such a field, several of which he knows have been running forward, and others of which have not appeared at all, and *may be* better than his own ! No ; these three-thousand-guinea horses are *not* bought to win the Derby ; — but the price makes them *favorites*, — and *then* thousands are won by their *losing* it.

“Then there is another system which cannot be too severely reprobated, — namely, making a horse a favorite in the betting, and then selling him on the eve of a great play or pay race. We confess we could by no means understand ‘the white-washing,’ as it was termed by Lord Uxbridge, that a certain person obtained by his *explanation* of an affair last year at Doncaster. The act of selling a horse under such circumstances to a duke would have been a culpable one ; but what must be thought of the ‘merry sport’ of placing him in the hands of a *hell-keeper* ? ”

“We have alluded to one system of turf plunder, that of *getting up favorites*, as the term is, by false trials, and lies, for the sake of having them backed to win the market, well knowing that all the money betted upon them must be lost. This is villainous ; but what can be said to the poisonous system, — the nauseating ball, — we have reason to fear an every-day occurrence, when a horse is placed under *the master-key* ? This is a practice of some standing on the turf, (see Chifney’s account of Creeper and Walnut, 1791,) and was successfully carried on in the stables of the late Lord Foley, very early in the present century, when one of the party was hanged for the offence. But people know better now, and the disgrace of the halter is avoided ; no *post mortem* examination, — no solution of arsenic. A little opiate ball given over-night, is all that is necessary, — to *retard* a horse in his race, but not prevent his starting. *Winners* of races are now not in request. A good *favorite* is the horse wanting, and there are many ways to prevent *his* winning, — this among the rest.

“There is one point more that we must touch on :

‘Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis,’

says Æneas to his son, when he advises him not to trust to her wanton smiles for achievement and success. It is quite certain that *luck* has very little to do with *racing*, and the man who trusts to it will find he is leaning on a broken staff. To the owner of a racing-stud, who means to act uprightly, nothing but good management can ensure success, and even with this he has fearful odds against him, so many striving for the same prize. His horses must be well-bred, well-reared, well-engaged, well-trained, well-weighted, and well-ridden, — nothing else will succeed in the long run. Still less has *luck* to do with *betting*. The speculator on other people’s horses can only succeed by the help of one or the other of these expedients, — namely, great knowledge of horseflesh and astute observation of public running, — deep calculation, — or secret fraud : and that the last-mentioned resource is the base upon which many large fortunes have in our

day been built, no man will be bold enough to deny. How many fine domains have been shared amongst those hosts of rapacious sharks, during the last two hundred years! and, — unless the system be altered, — how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulph! For, we lament to say, the evil increases; all heretofore, indeed, has been ‘tarts and cheese-cakes,’ to the villainous proceedings of the last twenty years, on the English turf. ‘Strange! But how is it that exposures are not oftener made?’ This question is very easily answered. It is the value of the prize that tempts the pirate; and the extent of the plunder is now so great, that secrecy is purchased at any price.”

[Original.] by Andrew A. Norton

ART. V. — *Men and Manners in America.* By the AUTHOR OF “CYRIL THORNTON.” *

IN reading this new account of our country, we were reminded of an anecdote related by Sir John Malcolm in his very amusing “Sketches of Persia.” After giving a rather favorable description of the condition of society at Muscat, he informs us that the state of things made a different impression upon a sailing-master in the English navy. There is, it seems, an order of the English Admiralty, that the officers of a man-of-war, when they visit a port little known, should describe the manners and customs of the inhabitants. The sailing-master, who was not such an adept in writing as the author of the book before us, long endeavoured to evade this duty, till, being strongly urged by his captain, he at last produced his journal with the following entry.

“Inhabitants of Muscat.”

“As to manners they have none, and their customs are very beastly.”

The purpose of these volumes is to convey in a more diffuse style the same information concerning the United States, which, as regards Muscat, the honest sailing-master condensed into a single line.

Before the publication of this work, Mr. Hamilton’s reputation rested upon the authorship of a novel, in which, though its morality is spurious, there is some good description, some interesting

*We have seen no foreign review of this work of any value, and hence have been led to give an original article. The edition to which we refer in quoting is that in two volumes, 12mo; Philadelphia; Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

narrative, and some humor. It entitled him, as far as a single production of the kind could do, to a respectable literary rank among the second-rate novelists of the day ; but the principal interest which it excited was occasioned by its being mistaken for a sort of autobiography. He had also published an Account of the Peninsular War, which lays claim to no higher merit than may belong to a mere detail of military movements and battles. To these literary claims, he added, we believe, the doubtful merit of being a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine." He was principally known here by his novel, and during his visit to this country was almost as often spoken of by the name of Cyril Thornton as by his own.

While among us, he was freely received and welcomed in good society, an advantage which none of his predecessors in similar attacks upon this country have enjoyed, with the exception of Captain Hall. Mr. Hamilton was free from the *brusquerie*, ill manners, and talkative vanity, with which every one knows that Captain Hall's excellent qualities are a little disguised. As he was known solely as an author, it was thought not improbable, that he too might turn his travels to account by writing a book ; but it was supposed, that, whatever might be his prejudices, he would write with the spirit and feelings of a gentleman.

The present work, however, is essentially a political tract, swelled out to an inordinate size. It is even professedly written for a party purpose ; to support the sinking cause of Toryism in Great Britain. The writer says.

"When I found the institutions and experience of the United States deliberately quoted in the reformed Parliament, as affording safe precedent for British legislation, and learned that the drivers who uttered such nonsense, instead of encountering merited derision, were listened to with patience and approbation, by men as ignorant as themselves, I certainly did feel that another work on America was yet wanted, and at once determined to undertake a task, which inferior considerations would probably have induced me to decline." — Vol. I, p. iv.

If it was, as seems here implied, a publication more scurrilous than Mrs. Trollope's, and more captious and prejudiced than Captain Hall's, which his party wanted, the author has succeeded in supplying the deficiency. We regret that any consideration should have induced him to engage in such a work. It has given us that feeling of mortification, which is always experienced when we are compelled to change our opinion of one of whom we have been willing to think well. An individual who submits to the composition of a party work of such a character as this, is liable to the suspicion of having been influenced by some other reward, received or expected, besides literary fame, and his bookseller's payment,

and the approbation of his conscience. But in the case of so respectable a gentleman as Mr. Hamilton, we ought perhaps to presume, that his book had its origin only in gross illiberality, virulent party spleen, and general bad temper.

We are disappointed, not only in the moral feeling which the work displays, but in the degree of ability with which it is written. It is long since we read Mr. Hamilton's novel; but the impression, which that has left upon our minds, of the talent of the author, is very different from what we have received from this publication. That, indeed, afforded no reason for regarding him as possessed of the power of thinking clearly, or reasoning consistently, but discovered, one might suppose, a degree of shrewdness, sufficient to prevent him from attempting what he was wholly unqualified to perform. In the work before us there are some parts which remind us of the power displayed in his first production, as the description of the Niagara and of the Mississippi, though these are blemished by faults of bad taste. There is likewise an abundance of passages intended to be humorous; and though the humor is, for the most part, coarse and vulgar, yet there are some that may excite a smile. If Mr. Hamilton, however, while in this country, was often as pertinaciously jocose in conversation as he is in his book, we do not wonder that he left us with the impression, that Americans had no relish for wit. He dwells too long upon his good things. A reader, upon first taking up his book, may suppose that a joke or an argument is at last fairly despatched. But in the course of a page or two he will probably find, that the author has caught hold of it again, and is worrying it anew with a sort of feline pleasure. What he has once said, he thinks good enough to say again. It would be idle, for instance, to attempt to number the various passages, in which he has expressed his horror at the silent and awful voracity, with which Americans devour their "oleaginous" food in hotels and on board of steam-boats. It is a staple topic of his book. "The American," he somewhere says, "is diurnally mortified and abased" by dining at a public ordinary, — like the ancient Spartans, we presume. This process of degradation, it is implied, is every day suffered by our countrymen generally. But we quote from a long passage laboriously witty; and the author usually regards his wit as sufficiently good to render any great mixture of truth unnecessary.

Dr. Moore in his amusing "View of Society and Manners in France," has introduced fictitious personages and anecdotes in order to illustrate his conceptions of the French character. But the practice has not been common, and has of late years fallen into disuse. Mr. Hamilton, however, appears to have revived it for the purpose of giving a more striking view of what he would

represent as the condition of society in this country. Probably indeed many of his illustrative stories and descriptions are, as novelists say, founded upon fact, and are indebted to the genius of the author only for their peculiar coloring and striking effect. But of facts, in the proper sense of the word, for the narratives just referred to cannot be so considered, the number scattered through the book is scanty ; and they are most of them trifling. The work can hardly be considered as a book of travels. It may be described as a production, presenting at much length those opinions respecting America, which the Tory or Conservative party in England think it their interest to propagate, accompanied with stories intended for exemplification. It may be worth while, however, to consider what would be the value of the publication, supposing it to contain the real opinions of the author.

On the 18th of November, 1830, (we are able to supply the date of the year, which the author for some reason omits to mention,) Mr. Hamilton arrived at New-York ; on the 20th of July, 1831, after an interval of eight months, he sailed for England. Removing as soon as possible from the older and more cultivated portion of our country, he set out in the beginning of March to cross the Alleghanies and penetrate into the Western States, a portion of our territory whose inhabitants have accumulated upon it within the lifetime of an individual. He descended the Ohio and Mississippi in steam-boats, and probably found his fellow passengers such as any wise man, acquainted with the history of the country, would have expected to find them. If, however, he has not given a very exaggerated description of their manners, he was particularly unfortunate. They shocked him, an English Foot Captain, by such profane language as, it seems, he had never heard before. *“ Our armies swore terribly in Spain, but it was nothing to this.”* He spent some time at New Orleans, where, “ he feared the standard of morals was not very high ; though in no city are the externals of decorum more rigidly maintained.” He then travelled by land through a wild, unsettled country, never, perhaps, travelled for pleasure before, to Augusta, in Georgia. During what he calls a “ hurried progress through the Southern States,” that is, through a very small portion of the Southern States, “ I was rarely,” he says, “ *brought into contact* with men of opulence and intelligence.” In fact he saw nothing of society. Arriving by water from Charleston at New-York some time in May, he immediately set out for Niagara and Canada, where he was more than a month. Thus having spent not quite five months in that extensive portion of our country, where alone the American character is to be studied, and having observed very little more of any other part of it than could be seen on board of steam-boats on the Ohio and Mis-

Mississippi, he returned home somewhat less qualified if possible than when he left it, to write a book on "Men and Manners in America." We say, less qualified than when he left it; for the temper with which he travelled, or the purpose for which he has written, has evidently led him to dwell with pleasure only upon those recollections or imaginations, which could be made use of in depreciating the country. It is a little remarkable, that travellers in our land, and especially from continental Europe, have been disposed to speak well of it, very much in proportion to their own acquaintance with polished society, to the respectability of their characters, and even to their rank in life. We have been assailed principally by writers of a different class. We pass over the contemptible race of the Welds, Fearons, and Fiddlers, of whom too much notice has been taken. But, to rise a little higher, — Captain Hall goes home disgusted with our inelegance, our want of deference, our vanity, and our un-English boasting of our own country. Mrs. Trollope, a friend of Fanny Wright's, is shocked at our vulgarity, and boldly ridicules the want of gallantry in our men, and the prudery of our women; and at last the author of *Cyril Thornton*, a contributor to "*Blackwood's Magazine*," appears, to give us a solemn lecture upon our general immorality and want of principle, upon our shameful disregard of the decencies of life, and particularly upon the scurrility of our newspapers, such as he had never read in any periodical publication at home.

No one would suppose, that an American who had spent five months in travelling through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and three more in visiting the Hebrides and the Shetland Isles, would return from that country highly qualified by his excursion to write on the government and religion of Great Britain, the constitution of its society, and the character, morals, and manners of the English, Scotch, and Irish. If he went abroad already well informed upon those subjects, and was a quick and impartial observer, with a competent power of reasoning, he might add to his information and correct some of his opinions. If he travelled full of prejudices, he would probably take note only of those appearances which might serve to confirm him in error. The latter has clearly been the case with Mr. Hamilton. Nor, supposing his intention and capacity to have been the best, were his opportunities for observation of much value. One might as well think himself qualified to form a general estimate of Europe by having spent two thirds of a year in travelling through it, as a general estimate of the United States. With the exception of a greater uniformity of language and of government, the United States present diversities as considerable and as various as the different States of Europe. No intelligent American would think himself qualified to give a particular char-

acter of the different portions of his own country without having devoted years to travel and study.

A common topic with those writers, who have had a political purpose in disparaging this country, has been the grossness and vulgarity of our manners. The manners, however, of a well-bred and intelligent American are the same as the manners of well-bred and intelligent men in every other part of the world, with perhaps, as a general character, more sensitiveness, more reserve, and more truth of expression and of feeling in his offers of kindness. Of this class there is as large a proportion in our country as in any other. The representations which Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Hamilton have given, if they are intended to apply to those who would here be considered as gentlemen, are as gross — what shall we say? not caricatures, for a caricature implies some resemblance, — but as gross misstatements, as if applied to the gentlemen of England. The error, so far as it has any foundation, has arisen from their mistaking every well-dressed person in this country, where almost every one is well-dressed when not employed in daily labor, for an American gentleman; and from their being confused by the absence of those artificial demarkations of different ranks, which in England are observed, not only in the intercourse of polished society, but in all the relations in which men are brought together. In a country, in which incomparably more individuals are in motion by land and water, than in any other, they have travelled in stage-coaches and steam-boats through some of its rudest parts, and dined at tavern ordinaries, and found themselves surrounded by vulgar people; without any of that tact in escaping from the inconvenience, which an intelligent American soon acquires. They have perhaps taken a sort of pleasure in putting themselves in the way of it, that they might have a story to tell. Mr. Hamilton relates, that at a tavern, a “gentleman,” to whom he sent his plate for chicken, “cut out the whole body for himself and handed him (Mr. H.) the drumsticks.” We have seen this story quoted in an English review, “The British Critic,” with the word *gentleman* italicized. Let us suppose that the story is “founded on fact.” Is it imaginable that any body less silly than some of the writers in “The British Critic” should draw the inference, that this conduct is here considered as gentlemanly, or that the individual complained of would be regarded as less a boor in this country than any where else? Yet the evident purpose of telling the story is, that such an inference may be drawn.

Occasionally, as if through inadvertence, passages escape from Mr. Hamilton, which, if properly considered, would go far to do away the general impression that his book is intended to convey. In travelling in the United States he says, “A person of true breed-

ing will rarely be treated with disrespect. He will receive tribute without exacting it; and even in this democratic country may safely leave it 'to men's opinions to tell the world he is a gentleman.' " (Vol. II, pp. 4, 5.) This general remark, however, may seem not quite reconcilable with some of Mr. Hamilton's stories; about which we doubted whether they fairly fell within the allowable license of a traveller, till a satisfactory solution of them occurred to us. The fact is, that while travelling through this country Mr. Hamilton for the most part left it merely to his manners to tell the stage-drivers and inn-keepers that he was a gentleman. He entirely disregarded the sensible remark of Bob Acres;—"Dress does make a difference, Davie." He indeed complains, that, in a steam-boat on the Ohio, his servant was obliged to "ensconce himself behind a curtain while *cleaning his clothes*"!—in order that he might appear with proper neatness before his beastly fellow-passengers. The writer of this notice, however, happened to see Mr. Hamilton for several days on his travels, when the company about him was such, that a regard to his appearance would not have been preposterous; and he had then either dismissed his servant, or the office of "cleaning his clothes" had become a sinecure. Whoever had been fated to attempt it, might have uttered exclamations like those of Lady Macbeth while walking in her sleep. No one could have suspected from his outward man, that he suffered under such a horror of "oleaginous" substances as he repeatedly affirms to be the fact. We speak with all soberness when we say, that we never before saw an individual so shabby, so dirty, and so unshaved, who meant to pass for a gentleman. The keepers of our inns and hotels might well have been a little surprised, if, appearing as he then did, he had seemed to think himself entitled to any extraordinary attention or accommodation.

As regards the manners of our community at large, we will speak only of that portion of it concerning which we can speak from long personal knowledge, the inhabitants of New England. We the more readily limit ourselves to them, as, in his endeavours to defame the country, Mr. Hamilton has been more elaborate and repetitive in his abuse of this section of it than of any other. Strange therefore as it may seem to those who have drawn their conceptions of the New England character from such books as Mr. Hamilton's Travels, we assure them with a feeling of entire confidence, that no portion of England can be taken, containing an equal population with New England, in which there is so much moral principle, so much real courtesy and kindness, so much knowledge of and regard to the decorums of life, so much intelligence, and, as this seems to be made a point of importance, in which the English language is spoken with so much cor-

rectness. Our opportunities for forming a judgment of what exists here have been very different from Mr. Hamilton's; and we are well acquainted, as all intelligent Americans are, with the state of England; whatever allowance any one pleases may be made for our prejudices in favor of our native country; but against England we have none whatever. Strong associations, which no folly nor malice of individual writers can weaken, attach us to the land of our ancestors, and never before were the higher interests of two nations so inseparably blended as those of England and our own.

Excepting a residence of nearly three weeks in Boston, Mr. Hamilton saw nothing of New England but what may be seen in rapidly travelling through it in winter. He spent not a month in the whole country. On the society to which he was introduced in Boston he bestows compliments not worth quoting, but the amount of which is, that it was as moral, gentlemanly, and intelligent as is to be found in any city of the same size. But the New Englanders, generally, are, according to him, a very different class of men, offensively vulgar in their habits and language, impertinently inquisitive, ignorant, obstinate in their prejudices, obtrusively vain of their country, yet without any attachment to it, engrossed by money-getting, hard, selfish, cold, cunning, and knavish. We have not exaggerated the prevailing tone of coloring in the picture, which he gives of what he elsewhere gravely calls "this interesting people." He seems himself to have been aware, that his readers must perceive that his description of them was at utter variance with all that his regard to truth, or some other feeling, had led him to represent as the character of those individual New Englanders (in Boston), with whom alone he had any opportunity of becoming acquainted. He, in consequence, subjoins this note to his labored and incongruous remarks:

"I beg that my observations on the New England character may be taken, not as the hasty impressions received during a few days' or weeks' residence in Boston; but as the final result of my observations on this interesting people, both in their own states, and in other portions of the Union." — Vol. I, p. 127.

How could this writer suppose, that any one who read his book with common attention, would be deceived by so paltry an attempt to represent himself as having had any other opportunities for observation, than what were afforded him by his residence in Boston, and his ride of a week through the country, during which his impressions must at least have been as hasty as in the metropolis.

In his account of the New England character there is, however, almost as little consistency as truth. There appears from a great

part of this book to be no consecutiveness or coherence of thought in the writer's mind; and we advert to this fact the more readily, because it is the best excuse that can be made for such a publication. One would judge him to have no power of seeing the bearing of one proposition upon another. He is continually entangling himself among words the meaning of which he does not comprehend. There is indeed a prevailing uniformity of character throughout his work, but it is produced by consistent bad temper. To exemplify the incongruity of his ideas, we will quote a specimen or two of the praise, which he has mingled with his abuse while defaming a whole people.

"In no other part of the globe, not even in Scotland, is morality at so high a premium" as in New England. — Vol. I. p. 94.

The meaning is, that in no other part of the globe are good morals so highly esteemed as in New England. The necessary inference is, that no other people are so moral as the New Englanders.

"Their Puritan descent has stamped a character on the New Englanders, which nearly two centuries have done little to efface. Among their own countrymen, they are distinguished for their enterprise, prudence, frugality, order, and intelligence." — Vol. I. p. 118.

"There is the same attachment to religion among the New Englanders as among the Scotch." — Vol. I. p. 125.

"A New Englander is far more a being of reason than of impulse." — Vol. I. p. 94.

These words are uttered by way of disparagement, — a fact which illustrates the confusion of the writer's mind. He is evidently not aware, that to act from reason and not from impulse is the highest character that can be given to man.

Mr. Hamilton's work is essentially a book of opinions and not of facts; and the value of his opinions may be estimated from the circumstance that he has no power, either of defining his ideas, or of bringing them together in any proper relations to each other. He presents us only with a series of half-formed, confused, contradictory notions, the true character of which is partially disguised, sometimes by the coolest dogmatism, and sometimes by a vulgar smartness of style. A passage on the page from which we made the last extract has just caught our eye, that is a fair example of his mode of reasoning. He is trying to ridicule a sermon, which he professes to have heard from one of our most eminent clergymen. "The inference that men should pray because the trees blossom and the birds sing," he says, "is about as little cogent in the theory, as the experience of mankind has proved it in practice." The true reasoning which he has thus endeavoured to misrepresent,

and which, at the same time, it is apparent that he did not comprehend, is at once the most simple and convincing. It is this: Men should adore God, because the beauty and loveliness of his works manifest his goodness. It is of this plain general proposition, involved in the particular cases which he has put of the singing of birds and blossoming of trees, that he immediately affirms with his usual coarse flippancy: "The *sequitur* would be quite as good, were it asserted that men should wear spectacles because bears eat horse-flesh, and ostriches lay eggs in the sand."

In illustrating the incapacity of this writer to connect thoughts together with any coherent meaning, we need not wander from the pages open before us. Many others, however, in the two volumes would be as much to our purpose. "Boston," he says, "is the metropolis of Unitarianism." Unitarianism, he adds, "appeals to human reason in every step of its progress, and while it narrows the compass of miracle, enlarges that of demonstration." The word "human" in the phrase "human reason" is superfluous. Whatever among men appeals to reason, must appeal to "human" reason, as man has no other reason to which it can appeal. Unitarianism, then, according to Mr. Hamilton, appeals to reason "*in every step of its progress.*" The last words are so ambiguous as to be nearly unmeaning; but we do not perceive that any thing could have been intended by the whole proposition, except that Unitarianism, in calling men to receive its doctrines, addresses only their reason. If this be a distinctive character of Unitarianism, it is little to the credit of other forms of religious faith. The sole method, by which men may be properly convinced of the truth of any doctrines, is by addressing their reason. To what else should the appeal be made? — to their folly — to their imagination — or to their passions? Unitarianism, he goes on, "narrows the compass of miracle;" "it enlarges the compass of demonstration." The meaning of this antithesis we cannot explain, nor, we are well persuaded, could the writer himself. Perhaps some idea was confusedly floating in his mind which might have been thus expressed: "Unitarianism admits fewer miracles than some other forms of faith, the Roman Catholic for example, and insists more rigidly upon proof." But if this was what he was aiming to say, his language makes no near approximation to it. He proceeds, with a vulgar attempt at wit, to affirm, that "Jonathan chose his religion, as one does a hat, because it fitted him." Jonathan, however, he had said on the page before, is to be "moved only by argument"; and this seems to be a sufficient account of his choosing a religion "which appeals to reason in every step of its progress." But some other solution of his choice, though neither we nor the author may be able to tell what, is implied in the sentence just quoted;

for he goes on to express his confident anticipation, that when Jonathan's "head has attained its full size," that is, we suppose, when his understanding is properly enlarged, he will "adopt a better and more orthodox covering," meaning faith. Mr. Hamilton's notion appears to be, that an enlargement of the understanding leads men to disregard their reason.

Nothing but the author's previous reputation would have led us to take so much notice as we already have done of a production, which, as a book of travels, is worthless, and, as a work containing opinions and reasoning, altogether contemptible. We will, however, proceed a little further.

A great part of these volumes is occupied by what the writer meant as discussions of various important topics connected with this country, such as the policy of protecting American manufactures, the state and prospects of American literature, the existence of slavery, and the probable continuance of the union of the States. We shall not enter into argument with him upon any of these topics; but will quote, as a fair specimen of his ability to reason upon such themes, his attempt to prove, that "an Agrarian law," by which (using language with his customary incorrectness) he means a law for the equal partition of all property, will soon take effect in this country. Our readers may suspect us of a joke; we assure them that we report Mr. Hamilton correctly, and that he is *as grave, as earnest, and as fairly out*, in maintaining his opinion, as any man who ever advanced an absurdity. But they shall judge for themselves, though we must give a somewhat long extract. He is speaking of what has been called the "Working Men's Party," whom he, with his usual fondness for slang, calls "the Workies." Some of this party, he says,

"boldly advocate the introduction of an AGRARIAN LAW, and a periodical division of property. These unquestionably constitute the *extrême gauche* of the Worky Parliament; but still they only follow out the principles of their less violent neighbours, and eloquently dilate on the justice and propriety of every individual being equally supplied with food and clothing; on the monstrous iniquity of one man riding in his carriage while another walks on foot, and, after his drive, discussing a bottle of Champagne, while many of his neighbours are shamefully compelled to be content with the pure element. Only equalize property, they say, and neither would drink Champagne or water, but both would have brandy, a consummation worthy of centuries of struggle to attain.

"All this is nonsense undoubtedly; nor do I say that this party, though strong in New-York, is yet so numerous or so widely diffused as to create immediate alarm. In the elections, however, for the civic offices of the city, their influence is strongly felt; and

there can be no doubt, that as population becomes more dense, and the supply of labor shall equal or exceed the demand for it, the strength of this party must be enormously augmented. Their ranks will always be recruited by the needy, the idle, and the profligate, and, like a rolling snow-ball, it will gather strength and volume as it proceeds, until at length it comes down thundering with the force and desolation of an avalanche.

"This event may be distant, but it is not the less certain on that account. It is nothing to say, that the immense extent of fertile territory yet to be occupied by an unborn population will delay the day of ruin. It will delay, but it cannot prevent it. The traveller at the source of the Mississippi, in the very heart of the American Continent, may predict with perfect certainty, that, however protracted the wanderings of the rivulet at his foot, it must reach the ocean at last. In proportion as the nearer lands are occupied, it is very evident that the region to which emigration will be directed must of necessity be more distant. The pressure of population therefore will continue to augment in the Atlantic States, and the motives to removal become gradually weaker. Indeed, at the present rate of extension, the circle of occupied territory must before many generations be so enormously enlarged, that emigration will be confined wholly to the Western States. Then, and not till then, will come the trial of the American constitution; and, until that trial has been passed, it is mere nonsense to appeal to its stability.

"Nor is this period of trial apparently very distant. At the present ratio of increase, the population of the United States doubles itself in about twenty-four years, so that in half a century it will amount to about fifty millions, of which ten millions will be slaves, or at all events a degraded caste, cut off from all the rights and privileges of citizenship. Before this period, it is very certain that the pressure of the population, on the means of subsistence, especially in the Atlantic States, will be very great. The price of labor will have fallen, while that of the necessaries of life must be prodigiously enhanced. The poorer and more suffering class will want the means of emigrating to a distant region of unoccupied territory. Poverty and misery will be abroad; and the great majority of the people will be without property of any kind, except the thews and sinews with which God has endowed them; they will choose legislators under the immediate pressure of privation; and if, in such circumstances, any man can anticipate security of property, his conclusion must be founded, I suspect, rather on the wishes of a sanguine temperament, than on any rational calculation of probabilities." * * * *

"There will be no occasion, however, for convulsion or violence. The *Worky* convention will only have to choose representatives of their own principles, in order to accomplish a general system of spoliation, in the most legal and constitutional manner. It is not even necessary that a majority of the federal legislature should concur in this. It is competent to the government of each state to dis-

pose of the property within their own limits as they think proper, and whenever a *numerical* majority of the people shall be in favor of an Agrarian law, there exists no counteracting influence to prevent, or even to retard, its adoption." — Vol. I. pp. 162 — 165.

The evils anticipated by Mr. Hamilton, will not, however, in his view, owe their origin essentially to the right of universal suffrage, which he thinks, somewhat erroneously, exists throughout the greater part of this country. They have their cause, according to him, in the very nature of a *representative* government. "It is only," he says, "when it *ceases to be expressly representative*, and stands on a firmer basis than mere popular favor, that a government can acquire a positive and determinate character, and be recognised as an influence distinct from that of national opinion." (Vol. I, p. 197.) That is to say, so long as a government is in the proper sense of the word *representative*, it will be the mere organ of the opinions, and of course, of the will, passions, and supposed interests of the nation, that is, of a majority of the nation; and what they think, must be wrong, and what they will, must be bad.

Passing over, however, for the present, the last remark of the author, we will now restate his reasoning a little more concisely, if not more clearly, than he has done himself. It is as follows.

As the population of the United States becomes more crowded, the class of those destitute of property will constitute the majority of citizens. But as those who make the laws are elected by the majority, the laws will be conformed to the will of the majority, that is, to the will of those who are destitute of property. Now as all men desire to obtain the advantages which property affords, the necessary result of this future but certain state of society will be the passing of a law for the equalization of property.

Mr. Hamilton calculates that this event will take place in about half a century, when the population of this country will amount to about fifty millions. Though he says there will be no occasion for convulsion or violence, yet he can hardly believe that this general spoliation of property will be made without resistance; — that the "avalanche" will bring "desolation" and "ruin" without the destruction of life. He probably, therefore, looks forward to something like a general massacre of the children or grand-children of the friends to whom he became so much attached in Boston and elsewhere. A community of women, he must think it likely, will follow a community of goods. All capital, and of course all productive industry, will be destroyed. Hard labor, being one of the evils of poverty from which the majority have determined to free themselves, will of course be submitted to only when, their plunder being exhausted, they are driven to it, like our native savages, by the stern necessity of providing for the support of life. Thus the fifty mil-

lions of human beings, whose fate this author undertakes to determine, will inevitably become an enormous horde of robbers, pirates, ravishers, and murderers, whom it will be the interest and duty of all other nations to extirpate. Nor, with the principles and state of society existing among these degraded outlaws, will their extirpation be difficult; since, where the doctrine of equality in all things is so fully acted upon, none will submit to the authority of a commander and the hardships of military discipline, or suffer himself to be selected to be shot at or sabred by an invading army, when he feels that there is no justice in his being shot at or sabred before any one else. The race, then, being destroyed, *representative* government, the source of all these tremendous evils, will be done away. The country may, perhaps, be re-peopled by a better population from the crowded jails and overflowing poor-houses of England; Ireland may pour over it her starving millions, and London, Manchester, and Birmingham disgorge themselves upon it. Some future Duke of Cumberland may be sent out as the stock of an *hereditary* race of monarchs, with a sufficient number of the younger sons of true "conservative" noblemen, to found an *hereditary* body of legislators, as wise and enlightened as the present conservative peers of Great Britain; and the true Saturnian age may at last commence in this unhappy land.

If it were not for the dull malignity, the utter want of sympathy, not merely with the inhabitants of this country, but with human nature in general, which the writer discovers in this specimen of political speculation, we should hardly be led to give it a more serious notice. But in presenting his melancholy views of the future condition of this country, he is as earnest and dogmatic as if his enthusiasm were excited by the prospect. Let us then attend to his reasoning. When, according to him, the anticipated period arrives, such are our institutions of government, that the majority, "the poorer and more suffering class" "will only have to choose representatives of their own principles, in order to accomplish a general spoliation of property." Mr. Hamilton here proceeds upon two assumptions, one that the poorer classes (a great majority in every European nation) are generally disposed to seize on the property of the rich; and the other, that they can be restrained from doing this solely by the absence of a representative government. The cause which prevents the twelve millions of poor in Great Britain, the greater part of whom depend for their support on daily labor or daily charity, from seizing upon the whole enormous wealth of the country, and making an equal partition of it among the inhabitants, is not, according to him, any moral and religious principle, nor any innate sense of right, nor any dread of crime, nor any feeling nor sentiment whatever, nor the strong ac-

tion of established usages, nor any imperfect notion that private wealth is capital by which the poor as well as the rich are supported, nor any glimmering of the truth — a truth pretty effectively taught by experiments on a small scale — that just so far as the rights of property are disregarded, a nation is relapsing into that barbarous state in which force is the only law, nor any inability to agree together in their plans of plunder, nor any want of physical force ; — but the sole cause is, that, the government of England not being a proper representative government, these twelve millions, ready prepared as they are for robbery, cannot yet carry an act through Parliament to legalize their design. They are stopped by this barrier, as the ferocious mob of Paris in the days of the revolution were sometimes restrained by a tri-colored ribbon. Though despising all other laws of God or man, they are scrupulous about having an act of Parliament in their favor. — There is a general problem which we would propose for Mr. Hamilton's consideration. What are the causes, that, from the beginning of the world to the present time, the poor as a body have never seized upon the property of the rich as a body ? We have in the preceding sentences suggested some hints for its solution. When he is able to give a complete answer, we think he will perceive that this country is in no *peculiar* danger of such a catastrophe. — Where in any other country are the interests of the different classes of society so intimately blended together ? Where else are the limits which separate them so confused, changing, and undefinable ? Where else are so many motives and facilities held out to every one to improve his condition ? Where else is there so much action upon men's minds to prevent that reckless improvidence which, under governments like those of the United States, is the only essential cause of abject poverty ? Where else are the equal civil rights of every individual not *nominally* but *actually* so protected by the law ? It is idle to ascribe the existing prosperity of this country to its small population and extensive territory. A disciple of Malthus should know, that it is improvidence pressing upon the *actual* means of subsistence, without reference to the *possible* means that any country may have at command, which, according to him, is the main source of the miseries of poverty. We add another, — tyranny ; — the oppressions and extortions of governments and privileged classes. From the latter cause we are free and shall continue so. From the former also, we are free, and shall continue free, so far as the tendency to improvidence may be counteracted by every motive and excitement which the constitution of society can afford.

We make one remark more to illustrate Mr. Hamilton's entire incapacity for reasoning: "It is competent," he says, "to

the government of each state to dispose of the property within *their own limits as they think proper*," meaning, we presume, to dispose of *all property belonging to the citizens of the state as it thinks proper*. It is on this proposition that his whole argument rests, and it admits of no sense, not altogether and not obviously false. The word "competent" is the very pivot of his reasoning; and he assuredly had no clear notion of any meaning in using it. What could he intend by it? Was it that the government of each state has a moral right to dispose in any way of the property of any of its citizens? Certainly not. Was it that the government of each state has a conventional right to do so, founded upon the written constitution by which it is established? Supposing the question to be fairly laid before the writer, he would of course assert that this was not his meaning. The powers of no other governments are so jealously limited as those of our own. In what then does their supposed "competency" consist? Their "competency," as he calls it, to pass what he conceives of under the name of an "Agrarian law," is the same as their competency to enact that every man shall walk on all fours, under pain of death. Was it then his meaning, that those governments representing the majority of the country, and this majority fifty years hence being about to consist of banditti, they will respectively be the organs of a force "competent" to effect the spoliation? Undoubtedly in this sense they may be called "competent" to plunder. But the United States are still in no worse condition, than Great Britain, or even a country, where law is maintained by an hereditary emperor as paternal as Francis of Austria, or as savage as Nicholas of Russia. Whenever robbers possess the superiority of physical force, they are undoubtedly "competent" to rob; whether they do or do not indulge themselves in the luxury of choosing representatives. But this sort of competency could not be what the writer meant, because "the general system of spoliation" which he contemplates, is to be accomplished "in the most legal and constitutional manner."

But Mr. Hamilton, apparently having some misgivings, that his reasoning was not quite sound, proceeds to confirm it by authority. "I have," he says, "had the advantage of conversing with many of the most eminent Americans of the Union, on the future prospects of their country; and I certainly remember none who did not admit that a period of trial, such as that I have ventured to describe, is, according to all human calculation, inevitable." (Vol. I, p. 165.) We have no hesitation in saying, that Mr. Hamilton has committed some extraordinary mistake in making this assertion, and grossly libelled the good sense of those whose opinions he professes to quote. That his assertion is altogether incorrect, appears not only from what every intelligent American must know to be its

entire incredibility, but from his own evidence, so far as that is of any weight; for his next sentence begins thus: "Many reckoned much on education as a means of safety." Of course the "many," who looked to education as a means of safety, did *not* regard the evil as inevitable. But the whole of this representation is erroneous, as we have little doubt are most of his other reports of confidential communications. We have reason to believe that Mr. Hamilton, while in this country, took very little pains to learn the opinions of well-informed men, or to obtain the information which such men might have afforded him. On what he happened to hear it is evident that he put his own interpretation; and a rapid process of assimilation appears to be going on in his mind, by which whatever he hears or observes is converted into nutriment for his prejudices and contributes to their growth.

The purpose of this work, and the manner in which that purpose is executed, give it a certain degree of importance. Its purpose is to strengthen the prejudices in England against representative forms of government, in order to prevent a nearer approximation to them in that country. The manner in which this is attempted is by misrepresenting their influence in the United States, and by defaming the condition of society in this country. While circumstances exist throughout the civilized world, requiring every effort of wise and well-intentioned men to direct them to good, Mr. Hamilton has put himself forward to do such amount of mischief as may be in his power, to mislead, as far as he is able, the judgment of his readers, to strengthen prejudices, and to inflame party and national animosities. The temper which pervades the whole book is thoroughly bad. With the exception of certain individuals, by whom he was treated with courtesy and kindness, nothing in this country escapes censure, unless in a few cases in which some reluctant, half-retracted, damnatory praise is extorted from him, — praise which commonly sours into a sneer. In general nothing is as it ought to be, and every thing is growing worse. He is evidently a man to be put out of humor at the suggestion, that so many millions of human beings may escape debasement and wretchedness. He is anxious to prove, that they are miserable at present, "with all the appliances of enjoyment within their reach;" that they show this in "their countenances furrowed by care;" and that some "strange curse" (strange indeed!) "has gone forth against them which says, 'Ye shall not enjoy.' " *

Of the temper with which this book is written, we shall produce only one more specimen. He describes in language of the bitterest reprobation, and with exaggerations and misstatements which can only do harm, the evils attendant on the existence of slavery

* Vol. I. p. 142. Vol. II. p. 126.

in a portion of the United States. Speaking of a slave-auction, he says: "The man who wants an excuse for misanthropy, will nowhere find better reason for hating and despising his species." Perhaps so; — we only remark that Mr. Hamilton was much too eager to find such excuses while in this country. Concerning the terrible evil of slavery, there can be little difference of opinion among Christians, philanthropists, or enlightened politicians. But he says: "It may not be a crime, — it probably ought not to be charged as one, — in the American people, that slavery still exists in by far the larger portion of the territory of the Union." (Vol. II. p. 112.) He remarks further: "It is only fair to state, that, during the whole course of my tour, I never conversed with any American on the subject of slavery without his at once admitting the magnitude of the evil. The planters uniformly speak of it as a noxious exhalation by which the whole atmosphere is poisoned." (p. 115.) Again he says: "I admit that the question of the abolition of slavery in the United States is involved in peculiar difficulties, nor do I pretend to suggest any project by which it may be safely and even remotely effected." (p. 113.) These are Mr. Hamilton's opinions, for which we do not make ourselves responsible. The last of them proceeds from the disposition manifested throughout his work to represent every thing in the United States as incapable of improvement, as, on the contrary, proceeding from bad to worse, — to anarchy and massacre. "My own conviction," he says, "is, that slavery in this country can only be eradicated by some great and terrible convulsion. The sword is evidently suspended; it will fall at last." (p. 116.)

To the topic of slavery in this country Mr. Hamilton repeatedly recurs. We leave it to every one to consider how a man of common human feelings would regard such a picture as he presents, and such a future as he anticipates. But what says Mr. Hamilton: *I trust I do not write upon this painful subject in an insulting spirit*; (p. 74.) — and what must we think of a man who believes it necessary to make such a disavowal?

Let us state a parallel case. Let us suppose, that a year since an American should have written an account of England; and, founding his statements upon unquestionable evidence, — here the parallel for a moment fails, — upon the reports of committees of Parliament, and upon the published works of respectable physicians, should have described the squalid misery, the physical and moral debasement of a large portion of the operatives throughout her manufacturing towns; living "upon the minimum of the means of life by which existence may be prolonged;" toiling through it to perish in poor-houses; habitually, when worn out by extreme labor and want of proper food, stimulating themselves

with gin ; crowded together, when released from the confinement of the manufactory, in filthy apartments “ without distinction of age or sex, and careless of all decency ;” inhaling disease in every breath ; and with all natural affection destroyed by utter wretchedness, — so as to send their children, their young children, to toil sometimes “ nearly forty consecutive hours twice a week, beside laboring from twelve to fourteen hours on those days in which night work is not expected.”* Let us suppose him to have described those children, when staggering into involuntary sleep, driven to their task by blows, and to have given an account of the consequences of this task, the distortion of their bones, the twisting of their joints, constant disease, death by slow torture, and, worse, far worse than all, the annihilation of every thing intellectual and moral in the human being. He might have done all this, without exaggerating a word, upon sworn and uncontradicted evidence, printed by order of the House of Commons. Then let us suppose him to have concluded or introduced his horrible detail with saying, that he trusted he had no purpose of *INSULTING* the English nation in making it. — We do not know what the party for whom Mr. Hamilton wrote may think of *him* ; but we do know what would be thought of such a writer as we have imagined by every party in this country.†

If any English friend were to ask us in conversation to give a candid opinion, how far this book of Mr. Hamilton's is to be trust-

* We have used, in speaking upon this subject, the past rather than the present time, because a bill was, we believe, carried through Parliament at the last session, enacting that children under fourteen years of age should not be compelled to labor in a factory more than eight hours in the twenty-four. Whatever of this sort may have been done, is a matter of rejoicing ; but it is evident that, for the distress which has been described, such remedies are but superficial.

† In connexion with the subject of slavery there is a story told of Mr. Jefferson, which we are not disposed to shock our readers by quoting. The amount of it is, that a daughter of Mr. Jefferson by a slave was publicly sold as a slave at New Orleans. It is connected with a general assertion respecting that distinguished man, which again we shall not quote, but which we should have been slow to believe, till the evidence was before us, that any person pretending to the character of a gentleman would have made. Of the story to which we have referred we may say, that we have always been politically connected with the party in opposition to Mr. Jefferson ; that perhaps there never was an individual in any country whose private moral character was made the subject of more bitter, searching, and public scrutiny ; that we have heard and seen many stories to his disadvantage, some true, it is likely, and some false ; but this story, which a stranger just visiting the country has, it seems, picked up, we never heard or saw before, nor can we find an individual to whom it was not equally unknown. It is, intrinsically, all but absolutely incredible. Undoubtedly, however, Mr. Hamilton can and will produce satisfactory evidence of its truth ; for, if he cannot, no pilloried libeller ever deserved his situation more richly than the reporter of this story.

ed, we should reply, that the average of truth and fairness to be found in it is about the same which might be expected in a sour political pamphlet, written to effect a particular purpose, the author of which should regard his readers as having but little knowledge concerning the topics of which he treats. Throughout the work there is nowhere an approach to the views and feelings of an enlightened, candid, and philosophical mind, of an individual truly and wisely interested in the prospects of his race.

There are evils, great evils, in every country, — vice and crime are everywhere to be found. We Americans are not exempt from the common lot ; we do not live in Arcadia. At the present period we are passing through dark days. But when our condition is compared with that of other nations, it is indisputable, that the state of things in this country is by far the most favorable to the happiness of men, and to their moral and intellectual advancement, which the world has yet known. The responsibility imposed upon us is in consequence great ; and we trust, that, whatever changes may take place, a large portion of the country will acquit itself worthily. We rejoice that our governments can do so little harm ; that their good or bad administration is, comparatively speaking, a matter of so small importance. We regard it as their peculiar distinction, and one of the peculiar blessings of the country ; a distinction and a blessing which we have hardly yet learned to estimate aright, and which a foreigner, and especially an Englishman, can scarcely comprehend ; — for in England the government is looked up to, as able to do all good and remedy all evil. Yet much depends upon our statesmen of the better class ; and it is earnestly to be desired that they may be high-minded and uncompromising, remote from paltry intrigue, and free from those artifices to gain momentary popularity which every man of sense sees through and despises. There is no office under our government, not even the highest, which is now a very splendid lure for ambition ; but there is an opportunity here, as elsewhere, of acquiring historical reputation, the only kind of fame worth a wise man's thought. Great interests at the present moment are at stake ; and it would be a noble spectacle to see men come forward with such principles and talents as to control the current of events. The experiment, — there is no question about it, — is to be tried in this country, whether men can live happily as freemen, or whether they must be governed in a greater or less degree by hereditary power, accidentally possessed by certain classes and individuals. So far the experiment has been successful ; but it is not finished. We augur no ill as to the result ; but we know of no great blessing that man can secure without strenuous efforts and a strong feeling of responsibility. It is an experiment in which all the wise and

good, all philosophers, all patriots, and all friends of our race throughout the civilized world, have a deep concern. Should it fail, the best hopes that may be entertained for mankind must be abandoned. Whoever among us, from any personal or party interest or passion, may contribute to render it in any degree unsuccessful, is a traitor, not only against his own country, but against human nature. We must learn to think of ourselves, not proudly, but wisely; not to imagine that our blessings will be lasting, whatever we may be or do; but to feel that we are acting, not merely for ourselves, but in the common cause of mankind. A. N.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine," No. 154.]

ART. VI. — INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

No. I.—A GREAT MAN IN RETIREMENT.

THE greatest man in these parts (I use the word in the sense of Louis le Gros, not Louis le Grand), the greatest man hereabouts, by at least a stone, is our worthy neighbour Stephen Lane, the grazier — ex-butcher of B ——. Nothing so big hath been seen since Lambert, the gaoler, or the Durham ox.

When he walks he overfills the pavement, and is more difficult to pass than a link of full-dressed misses, or a chain of becloaked dandies. Indeed a malicious attorney, in drawing up a paving bill for the ancient borough of B ——, once inserted a clause confining Mr. Lane to the middle of the road, together with wagons, vans, stage-coaches, and other heavy articles. Chairs crack under him, — couches rock, — bolsters groan, — and floors tremble. He hath been stuck in a staircase and jammed in a doorway, and has only escaped being ejected from an omnibus by its being morally and physically impossible that he should get in. His passing the window has something such an effect as an eclipse, or as turning outward the opaque side of that ingenious engine of mischief, a dark lantern. He puts out the light like Othello. A small wit of our town, by calling a supervisor, who dabbles in riddles, and cuts no inconsiderable figure in the Poet's Corner of the county newspaper, once perpetrated a conundrum on his person, which, as relating to so eminent and well-known an individual (for almost every reader of the "H —— shire Herald" hath at some time or other, been a customer of our butcher's), had the honor of puzzling more people at the Sunday morning breakfast-table, and of engaging more general attention than had ever before happened to that respectable journal. A very horrible murder (and there was that week one of the very first water), two shipwrecks, an *enlèvement*, and an execution, were all passed over as trifles compared with the interest

excited by this literary squib and cracker. A trifling quirk it was to keep Mr. Stacy, the surveyor, a rival bard, fuming over his coffee until the said coffee grew cold ; or to hold Miss Anna Maria Watkins, the mantua-maker, in pleasant though painful efforts at divination until the bell rang for church, and she had hardly time to undo her curl-papers and arrange her ringlets ; a flimsy quirk it was of a surety, an inconsiderable quiddity ! Yet since the courteous readers of the "H——shire Herald" were amused with pondering over it, so perchance may be the no less courteous and far more courtly readers of the "New Monthly." I insert it, therefore, for their edification, together with the answer, which was not published in the "Herald" until the H——shire public had remained an entire week in suspense : — "*Query* — Why is Mr. Stephen Lane like Rembrandt ?" — "*Answer* — Because he is famous for the breadth of his shadow."

The length of his shadow, although by no means in proportion to the width, — for that would have recalled the days when giants walked the land, and Jack, the famous Jack, who borrowed his surname from his occupation, slew them, — was yet of pretty fair dimensions. He stood six feet two inches without his shoes, and would have been accounted a tall man if his intolerable fatness had not swallowed up all minor distinctions. That magnificent *beau idéal* of a human mountain, "the fat woman of Brentford," for whom Sir John Falstaff passed not only undetected, but unsuspected, never crossed my mind's eye but as the feminine of Mr. Stephen Lane. Tailors, although he was a liberal and punctual paymaster, dreaded his custom. They could not, charge how they might, contrive to extract any profit from his "huge rotundity." It was not only the quantity of material that he took, and yet that cloth universally called broad was not broad enough for him, — it was not only the stuff, but the work, — the sewing, stitching, plaiting, and button-holing without end. The very shears grew weary of their labors : two fashionable suits might have been constructed in the time, and from the materials consumed in the fabrication of one for Mr. Stephen Lane. Two, did I say ? Ay, three or four, with a sufficient allowance of cabbage, — a perquisite never to be extracted from his coats or waistcoats, no not enough to cover a pen-wiper. Let the cutter cut his cloth ever so largely, it was always found to be too little. All their measures put together would not go round him ; and as to guessing at his proportions by the eye, a tailor might as well attempt to calculate the dimensions of a seventy-four-gun ship, — as soon try to fit a three decker. Gloves and stockings were made for his especial use. Extras and double extras failed utterly in his case ; — as the dapper shopman spied, at the first glance of his huge paw, a fist which might have felled an ox, and somewhat resembled the dead ox-flesh, commonly called beef, in texture and color.

To say the truth, his face was pretty much of the same complexion, — and yet it was no uncomely visage either ; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff, massive, English countenance, such as Holbein

would have liked to paint, in which great manliness and determination were blended with much good humor, and a little humor of another kind ; so that even when the features were in seeming repose, you could foresee how the face would look when a broad smile, and a sly wink, and a knowing nod, and a demure smoothing down of his straight shining hair on his broad forehead gave his wonted cast of drollery to the blunt but merry tradesman, to whom might have been fitly applied the Chinese compliment, " Prosperity is painted on your countenance."

Stephen Lane, however, had not always been so prosperous, or so famous for the breadth of his shadow. Originally a foundling in the streets of B — , he owed his very name, like the " Richard Monday " of one of Crabbe's finest delineations, to the accident of his having been picked up, when apparently about a week old, in a by-lane close to St. Stephen's churchyard, and baptized by order of the vestry after the scene of his discovery. Like the hero of the poet, he also was sent to the parish workhouse ; but, as unlike to Richard Monday in character as in destiny, he won, by the real or fancied resemblance to a baby whom she had recently lost, the affection of the matron, and was by her care shielded not only from the physical dangers of infancy, in such an abode, but from the moral perils of childhood.

Kindly yet roughly reared, Stephen Lane was even as a boy eminent for strength, and hardihood, and invincible good humor. At ten years old he had fought with and vanquished every lad under fifteen, not only in the workhouse proper, but in the immediate purlieus of that respectable domicile, and would have got into a hundred scrapes, had he not been shielded, in the first place, by the active protection of his original patroness, the wife of the superintendent and master of the establishment, whose pet he continued to be ; and, in the second, by his own bold and decided, yet kindly and affectionate temper. Never had a boy of ten years old more friends than the poor foundling of St. Stephen's workhouse. There was hardly an inmate of that miscellaneous dwelling, who had not profited, at some time or other, by the good-humored lad's delightful alertness in obliging, his ready services, his gayety, his intelligence, and his resource. From mending Master Hunt's crutch, down to rocking the cradle of Dame Green's baby, — from fetching the water for the general wash, a labor which might have tried the strength of Hercules, down to leading out for his daily walk the half-blind, half-idiot, half-crazy David Hood, a task which would have worn out the patience of Job, nothing came amiss to him. All was performed with the same cheerful good-will ; and the warm-hearted gratitude with which he received kindness was even more attaching than his readiness to perform good offices to others. I question if ever there were a happier childhood than that of the deserted parish-boy. Set aside the pugnaciousness which he possessed in common with other brave and generous animals, and which his protectress, the matron of the house, who had enjoyed in her youth the advantage of perusing some

of those novels, — now alas! no more, — where the heroes, originally foundlings, turn out to be lords and dukes in the last volume, used to quote, in confirmation of her favorite theory, to wit, his being nobly born, as proof of his innate high blood; — set aside the foes made by his propensity to single combat, which could not fail to exasperate the defeated champions, and Stephen had not an enemy in the world.

At ten years of age, however, the love of independence, and the desire to try his fortunes in the world, began to stir in the spirited lad; and his kind friend and confidant, the master's wife, readily promised her assistance to set him forth in search of adventures, though she was not a little scandalized to find his first step in life likely to lead him into a butcher's shop, he having formed an acquaintance with a journeyman slayer of cattle in the neighbourhood, who had interceded with his master to take him on trial as errand-boy, with an understanding that, if he showed industry and steadiness, and liked the craft, he might, on easy terms, be accepted as an apprentice. This prospect, which Stephen justly thought magnificent, shocked the lady of the workhouse, who had set her heart on his choosing a different scene of slaughter, — killing men, not oxen, — going forth as a soldier, turning the fate of a battle, marrying some king's daughter or emperor's niece, and returning in triumph to his native town, a generalissimo at the very least.

Her husband, however, and the parish-overseers were of a different opinion. They were much pleased with the proposal, and were (for overseers) really liberal in their manner of meeting it. So that a very few days saw Stephen in blue sleeves, and a blue apron — the dress which he still loves best — parading through the streets of B —, with a tray of meat upon his head, and a huge mastiff called Boxer, — whose warlike name matched his warlike nature, — following at his heels, as if part and parcel of himself. A proud boy was Stephen on that first day of his promotion.

Years wore away and found the errand-boy transmuted into the apprentice, and the apprentice ripened into the journeyman, with no diminution of industry, intelligence, steadiness, and good humor. As a young man of two or three and twenty, he was so remarkable for feats of strength and activity, for which his tall and athletic person, not at that period encumbered by flesh, particularly fitted him, as to be the champion of the town and neighbourhood; and large bets have been laid and won on his sparring, and wrestling, and lifting weights all but incredible. He has walked to London and back (a distance of above sixty miles) against time, leaping in his way all the turnpike-gates that he found shut, without even laying his hand upon the bars. He has driven a flock of sheep against a shepherd by profession, and has rowed against a bargeman; and all this without suffering these dangerous accomplishments to beguile him into the slightest deviations from his usual sobriety and good conduct. So that, when at six-and-twenty he became, first, head man to Mr. Jackson, the great butcher in the Butter-market; then married Mr.

Jackson's only daughter; then, on his father-in-law's death, succeeded to the business and a very considerable property; and, finally, became one of the most substantial, respectable, and influential inhabitants of B —, every one felt that he most thoroughly deserved his good fortune; and although his prosperity has continued to increase with his years, and those who envied have seldom had the comfort of being called on to condole with him on calamities of any kind, yet, such is the power of his straight-forward fair-dealing, and his enlarged liberality, that his political adversaries, on the occasion of a contested election, or some such trial of power, are driven back to the workhouse and St. Stephen's lane, to his obscure and ignoble origin (for the noble parents whom his poor old friend used to prognosticate have never turned up), to find materials for party malignity.

Prosperous, most prosperous, has Stephen Lane been through life; but by far the best part of his good fortune (setting pecuniary advantages quite out of the question) was his gaining the heart and hand of such a woman as Margaret Jackson. In her youth she was splendidly beautiful, — of the luxuriant and gorgeous beauty in which Giorgione revelled, — and now, in the autumn of her days, amplified, not like her husband, but so as to suit her matronly character, she seems to me almost as delightful to look upon as she could have been in her earliest spring. I do not know a prettier picture than to see her sitting at her own door, on a summer afternoon, surrounded by her children and her grand-children, — all of them handsome, gay, and cheerful, with her knitting on her knee, and her sweet face beaming with benevolence and affection, smiling on all around, and seeming as if it were her sole desire to make every one about her as good and as happy as herself. One cause of the long endurance of her beauty is undoubtedly its delightful expression. The sunshine and harmony of mind depicted in her countenance would have made plain features pleasing, and there was an intelligence, an enlargement of intellect, in the bright eyes and the fair, expanded forehead, which mingled well with the sweetness that dimpled round her lips. Butcher's wife and butcher's daughter though she were, yet was she a graceful and gracious woman, — one of nature's gentlewomen in look and in thought. All her words were candid, — all her actions liberal, — all her pleasures unselfish, — though, in her great pleasure of giving, I am not quite sure that she was so, — she took such extreme delight in it. All the poor of the parish and of the town came to her as a matter of course: *that* is always the case with the eminently charitable; but children also applied to her for their little indulgences, as if by instinct. All the boys in the street used to come to her to supply their several desires; to lend them knives and give them string for kites, or pencils for drawing, or balls for cricket, as the matter might be. Those huge pockets of hers were a perfect toy-shop, and so the urchins knew. And the little damsels, their sisters, came to her also for materials for dolls' dresses, or odd bits of ribbon for pincushions,

or colored silks to embroider their needle-cases, or any of the thousand-and-one knick-knacks which young girls fancy they want. However out of the way the demand might seem, there was the article in Mrs. Lane's great pocket. She knew the tastes of her clients, and was never unprovided. And in the same ample receptacle, mixed with knives, and balls, and pencils for the boys, and dolls' dresses, and sometimes even a doll itself, for the girls, might be found sugar-plums, and cakes, and apples, and gingerbread-nuts for the "toddling wee things," for whom even dolls have no charms. There was no limit to Mrs. Lane's bounty, or to the good-humored alacrity with which she would interrupt a serious occupation to satisfy the claims of the small people. Oh, how they all loved Mrs. Lane!

Another and a very different class also loved the kind and generous inhabitant of the Butter-market, — the class who, having seen better days, are usually averse to accepting obligations from those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their inferiors. With them Mrs. Lane's delicacy was remarkable. Mrs. Lucas, the curate's widow, often found some unespoken luxury, a sweetbread, or so forth, added to her slender order; and Mr. Hughes, the consumptive young artist, could never manage to get his bill. Our good friend the butcher had his full share in the benevolence of these acts, but the manner of them belonged wholly to his wife.

Her delicacy, however, did not, fortunately for herself and for her husband, extend to her domestic habits. She was well content to live in the coarse plenty in which her father lived, and in which Stephen revelled; and, by this assimilation of taste, she not only insured her own comfort, but preserved unimpaired, her influence over his coarser but kindly and excellent disposition. It was, probably, to this influence that her children owed an education, which, without raising them in the slightest degree above their station or their home, yet followed the spirit of the age, and added considerable cultivation and plain but useful knowledge, to the strong manly sense of their father, and her own sweet and sunny temperament. They are just what the children of such parents ought to be. The daughters, happily married in their own rank of life; the sons, each in his different line, following the footsteps of their father, and amassing large fortunes, not by paltry savings, or daring speculations, but by well-grounded and judicious calculation, — by sound and liberal views, — by sterling sense and downright honesty.

Universally as Mrs. Lane was beloved, Stephen had his enemies. He was a politician, — a Reformer, — a Radical, in those days in which reform was not so popular as it has been lately; he loved to descant on liberty, and economy, and retrenchment, and reform, and carried his theory into practice, in a way exceedingly inconvenient to the Tory member, whom he helped to oust; to the mayor and corporation, whom he watched as a cat watches a mouse, or as Mr. Hume watches the cabinet ministers; and to all gas com-

panies, and paving companies, and water companies, and contractors of every sort, whom he attacks as monopolizers and speculators, and twenty more long words with bad meanings, and torments out of their lives ; for he is a terrible man in a public meeting, hath a loud, sonorous voice, excellent lungs, cares for nobody, and is quite entirely inaccessible to conviction, the finest of all qualities for your thorough-going partisan. All the Tories hated Mr. Lane.

But the Tories formed but a small minority in B — ; and amongst the Whigs and Radicals, — or to gather the two parties into one word, the Reformers, — he was decidedly popular ; the leader of the opulent trades-people both socially and politically. He it was, — this denouncer of mayors' feasts and parish festivals, — who, after the great contest, which his candidate gained by three, gave to the new member a dinner so magnificent as he declared he had not only never seen, but never imagined, — a dinner like the realization of an epicure's dream, or an embodying of some of the visions of the old dramatic poets, — accompanied by wines so aristocratic that they blushed to find themselves on a butcher's table. He was president of a smoking-club ; and vice-president of half-a-dozen societies where utility and charity come in the shape of a good dinner ; a great man at a Smithfield cattle-show ; an eminent looker-on at the bowling-green, which salutary exercise he patronized and promoted by sitting at an open window, in a commodious smoking-room, commanding the scene of action ; and a capital performer of catches and glees.

He was musical, very, — did I not say so when talking of his youthful accomplishments ? playing by ear “with fingers like toes” (as somebody said of Handel) both on the piano and the flute ; and singing, in a fine bass voice, many of the old songs, which are so eminently popular and national. His voice was loudest at church, giving body, as it were, to the voices of the rest of the congregation ; and “God save the King,” at the theatre, would not have been worth hearing without Mr. Lane ; he put his whole heart into it ; for, with all his theoretical radicalism, the king, — (any one of the three kings in whose reign he hath flourished, for he did not reserve his loyalty for our present most popular monarch, but bestowed it in full amplitude on his predecessors, the two last of the Georges), — the king hath not a more loyal subject. He is a great patron of the drama, especially the comic drama, and likes the stage-box at the B — theatre, a niche meant for six, which exactly fits him. All-fours is his favorite game, and Joe Miller his favorite author.

His retirement from business and from B — occasioned a general astonishment and consternation. It was perfectly understood that he could afford to retire from business as well as any tradesman who ever gave up a flourishing shop in that independent borough ; but the busy-bodies, who take so unaccountable a pleasure in meddling with every body's concerns, had long ago decided that he never would do so ; and that he should abandon

the good town at the very moment when the progress of the Reform Bill had completed his political triumphs, — when the few adversaries who remained to the cause (as he was wont emphatically to term it) had not a foot to stand upon, — did appear the most wonderful wonder of wonders that had occurred since the days of Katterfelto. Stephen Lane without B——! — B——, especially in its reformed state, without Stephen Lane, appeared as incredible as the announcements of the Bottle-conjuror. Stephen Lane to abandon the great shop in the Butter-market! What other place would ever hold him? And to quit the scene of his triumphs too! to fly from the very field of victory! The thing seemed impossible!

It was, however, amongst the impossibilities that turn out true. Stephen Lane *did* leave the reformed borough, perhaps all the sooner because it *was* reformed, and his work was over, — his occupation was gone. It is certain that, without perhaps exactly knowing his own feelings, our good butcher did feel the vacuum, the want of an exciting object, which often attends upon the fulfilment of a great hope. He also felt and understood better the entire cessation of opposition amongst his old enemies, the corporation party. “Dang it, they might ha’ shown fight, these corporationers! I thought Ben Bailey had had more bottom!” was his exclamation, after a borough meeting which had passed off unanimously; and, scandalized at the pacific disposition of his adversaries, our puissant grazier turned his steps towards “fresh fields and pastures new.”

He did not move very far. Just over the border line which divides the parish of St. Stephen, in the loyal and independent borough of B——, from the adjoining hamlet of Sunham, — that is to say, exactly half a mile from the great shop in the Butter-market, did Mr. Lane take up his abode, calling his suburban habitation, which was actually joined to the town by two rows of two-story houses, one of them fronted with poplars, and called “Marvell Terrace,” in compliment to the patriot of that name in Charles’s days, — calling this *rus in urbe* of his “the country,” after the fashion of the inhabitants of Kensington and Hackney, and the other suburban villages which surround London proper; as if people who live in the midst of brick houses could have a right to the same rustic title with those who live amongst green fields. Compared to the Butter-market, however, Mr. Lane’s new residence was almost rural; and the country he called it accordingly.

Retaining, however, his old town predilections, his large, square, commodious, and very ugly red house, with very white mouldings and window-frames, red, so to say, picked out with white, and embellished by a bright green door and a resplendent brass knocker, — was placed close to the road-side, — as close as possible; and, the road happening to be that which led from the town of B—— to the little place called London, he had the hap-

piness of counting above sixty stage-coaches which passed his door in the twenty-four hours, with vans, wagons, carts, and other vehicles in proportion; and of enjoying, not only from his commodious mansion, but also from the window of a smoking-room at the end of a long brick wall, which parted his garden from the road, all the clatter, dust, and din of these several equipages, — the noise being duly enhanced by there being, just opposite his smoking-room window, a public-house of great resort, where most of the coaches stopped to take up parcels and passengers, and where singing, drinking, and four-corners were going on all the day long.

One of his greatest pleasures in this retirement seems to be to bring all around him, — wife, children, and grand-children, — to the level of his own size, or that of his prize ox, — the expressions are nearly synonymous. The servant-lads have a chubby breadth of feature, like the stone heads, with wings under them, (*soi-disant* cherubim,) which one sees perched round old monuments; and the maids have a broad, Dutch look, full and florid, like the women in Teniers' pictures. The very animals seem bursting with over-fatness: the great horse who draws his substantial equipage labors under the double weight of his master's flesh and his own; his cows look like stalled oxen; and the leash of large red grey-hounds, on whose prowess and pedigree he prides himself, and whom he boasts, and vaunts, and brags of, and offers to bet upon, in the very spirit of the inimitable dialogue between Page and Shallow in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," could no more run a course in their present condition than they could fly, — the hares would stand and laugh at them.

Mr. Lane is certainly a very happy person; although, when first he removed from the Butter-market, it was quite the fashion to bestow a great deal of pity on the poor rich man, self-condemned to idleness, — which pity was as much thrown away as pity for those who have the power to follow their own devices generally is. Our good neighbour is not the man to be idle. Besides going every day to the old shop, where his sons carry on the business, and he officiates *en amateur*, attending his old clubs, and pursuing his old diversions in B——, — he has his farm at Sunham to manage, (some five hundred acres of pasture and arable land, which he purchased with his new house,) and the whole parish to reform. He has already begun to institute inquiries into charity-schools and poor-rates, keeps an eye on the surveyor of highways, and a close watch on the overseer: he attends turnpike-meetings, and keeps a sharp look-out upon the tolls; and goes peeping about the workhouse with an anxiety to detect peculation, that would do honor even to a Radical member of the reformed House of Commons.

Moreover, he hath a competitor worthy of his powers in the shape of the village orator, Mr. Jacob Jones, a little whipper-snapper of a gentleman farmer, with a shrill, cracked voice and great activity of body, who, having had the advantage of studying

some odds-and-ends of law, during a three years' residence in an attorney's office, has picked up therein a competent portion of technical jargon, together with a prodigious volubility of tongue, and a comfortable stock of impudence; and, under favor of these good gifts, hath led the village senate by the nose for the last dozen years. Now, Mr. Jacob Jones is, in his way, nearly as great a man as Mr. Lane; rides his bit of blood a fox-hunting with my Lord; dines once a-year with Sir John; and advocates abuses through thick and thin, — he does not well know why, — almost as stoutly as our good knight of the cleaver does battle for reform. These two champions are to be pitted against each other at the next vestry-meeting, and much interest is excited as to the event of the contest. I, for my part, think that Mr. Lane will carry the day. He is, in every way, a man of more substance; and Jacob Jones will no more be able to withstand "the momentum of his republican fist," than a soldier of light infantry could stand the charge of a heavy dragoon. Stephen, honest man, will certainly add to his other avocations that of overseer of Sunham. Much good may it do him!

ART. VII. — MARRIAGE OF JAMES THE SIXTH.

[The following narrative is as amusing as any chapter in "The Fortunes of Nigel." It shows that the portrait of James I. (of England) as drawn by Scott, is no caricature. We take it from "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," No. 81, where it is said to be condensed from Mr. R. Chambers's *Life of King James*. Mr. R. Chambers is one of the editors of the Journal, and well known as a Scottish antiquary; so that we suppose the authenticity of the account may be fully depended upon. — EDD.]

It is generally known that King James the Sixth of Scotland (and First of England) was a monarch of a droll and familiar character. He exemplified this in a particular manner in the transactions connected with his marriage, which took place in the year 1589, when he was twenty-three years of age, and about thirteen years before he acceded to the English throne. The lady of his choice was the Princess Anne of Denmark, and the marriage took place by proxy or deputy in the month of August, at the Danish court. She was delayed, however, by storms, and the king being informed that she would not be able to reach Scotland till spring, resolved to go to Norway, where her vessel had taken shelter, in order to meet her. Previous to doing so, he published, for the satisfaction of his subjects, an account of all the reasons moving him to take so extraordinary a step, — which were as follows:

"First of all," says he, "I doubt nocht it is manifestlie knawne to all how far I was generally found fault with be all men for the

delaying sa lang of my mariage. I wes allane, without fader or moder, bruthir or sistar, king of this realme, and air appeirand of England ; this my naikatnes maid me to be waik, and my inemyis stark ; ae man wes as na man, and the want of hoip of succession bread disdayne ; yea, my lang delay bred in the breistis of mony a grite jealousie of my inhabilitie, as gif I wer a barrane stok : Thir ressonis, and innumerable otheris hourly objected, moved me to haisten the treaty of my mariage ; for as to my awne nature, God is my witnes, I could have abstenit langair nor the weill of my patrie could have permitted. I am knawne, God be praised, not to be very intemperatly rashe nor concety in my wechtiest effairis ; nather use I to be sa caryed away by passioun as I refuse to heir reasoun." He then tells, that, having understood the queen could not come to him, he resolved to go to her. "The place that I resolvit this in wes Craigmillair, not ane of the haill counsale being present there ; and as I tuke this resolutioun onlie of myself, as I am a trew prince, sa advised I with myself onlie quhat way to follow furth the same." Then he tells that he assembled the council at Edinburgh, for the purpose of having ships prepared ; but finding them difficulted as to the fitting out a sufficient number to be an honourable convoy for the King of Scotland, he "wes compelled to avow with grite vehemencie, that, giff thay could be gottin na othir to gang, I suld ga myself allane, *gif it were but in ane ship* : But giff all men (said I) had bene as weill willit as became thame, I neidit nocht be in that strait." This reproach was designed for the Chancellor Maitland ; and it stung him so, that he offered to accompany the king. James, however, consulted him no further till his departure ; "twa ressouns moving me thereto ; first, because I knew that giff I had maid him on the counsaill thairof, he had been blameit of putting it in my heid, quhilk had not bene his dewitie, for it becumis na subjectis to giff princes advice in sic materis ; and therfoir, remembering quhat invyous and injust burding he daliè beires *for leiding me by the nose*, as it wer, to all his appetytis, as giff I wer ane unressonable creature, or a bairne that could no nothing of myself, I thocht pitie then to be the occasioun of the heaping of further injust sklander upoun his head. . . . This far I speik for his parte, alsweill for my awin hounouris saik, that I be not sklanderit *as ane irresolute asse*, quha can do nathing of himself, as also that the honestie and innocencie of that man be not injustlie and untrewlie reproched."

Having appointed his kinsman, the Duke of Lennox (son to his former favorite), regent in his absence, with Francis Earl of Bothwell for a coadjutor, and having put the above most amusing declaration into the hands of his clerk-register, James, on the 19th of October, secretly embarked on board a small ship at Leith, with his chancellor, and immediately set sail for Norway, accompanied by other four vessels. This little fleet at first encountered rough weather, which detained it in the Frith of Forth for the better part of a week ; but at length a fair wind sprung up, which carried him

over to Slaikray in Norway, in the short space of four days. From Slaikray he immediately advanced, partly by land and partly by sea, to Upslo, where the queen was still remaining. Arriving on the 19th of November, he was immediately introduced, — “boots and all,” says David Moyses, — to the queen’s lodging; his eagerness to see the young person with whom he was destined to spend his life being too great to admit of the proper ceremonials. His conduct at the first interview was spirited enough, to be of a piece with the whole enterprise. He attempted to salute his consort, after the fashion of his country, with a kiss. She, ignorant of the good Scottish custom, refused to admit of his embrace. But, says Moyses, with delightful quaintness, “after a few words privately spoken betwixt them, there followed a farther familiarity, and some kisses.”

They were married on the 23d, Mr. David Lyndsay, the king’s own minister, performing the nuptial ceremony in the French language. James next morning presented his bride with the lordship and palace of Dunfermline, by way of a *morrowing gift*, as it was called, a present usually made in that age by a bridegroom to his bride, on the morning after their nuptials: Dunfermline, therefore, became what in modern language would be called the queen’s jointure-house. Immediately after the marriage, ambassadors came from the court of Denmark, soliciting James to delay his return to Scotland till the beginning of the next year, and spend the intermediate time in Copenhagen. In consideration of the weather, and partly perhaps for reasons of state, he consented to this proposal; and, on the 22d of December, he and Queen Anne set out from Upslo on their journey to Denmark. They arrived, on the 21st of January, at Chronenburg Castle, on the celebrated Straits of Elsinore, where they were received with great distinction and rejoicing by the young king, his mother, and the four regents of the kingdom. It was proposed and agreed to, that they should remain till the solemnization of the marriage of Anne’s eldest sister to the Duke of Brunswick.

The Danes at this time were perhaps the most convivial people on the face of the earth. Spottiswood, in recording that no quarrels occurred among the king’s attendants all the time they were in Denmark, says, with great simplicity, that this was the more wonderful, since “it is hard for men in drink, *at which they were continually kept*, long to agree.” James himself dates a letter from “Chronenburg, *quhair we are drinking and dryving ower in the auld maner* ;” a most amusing trait of self-portraiture. I need scarcely remind the reader, moreover, of the authenticated tradition regarding the whistle of the family of the Lauries of Maxwellton, which was won by an ancestor from a bacchanalian champion among the Danes, who had challenged the Scottish toppers, on this occasion, to a trial of strength, and was fairly drunk under the table, after an almost unexampled debauch.*

* See Burns’s Poems.

James continued in Denmark during the entire months of February and March, 1589–90, in the enjoyment not only of the pleasures of the social board, but also of a series of pageants and shows, which were got up by the court for his entertainment. He in the mean time sent home intelligence to Scotland, that he had the greatest reason to thank the Almighty for having “clothed him with a wife” of the most excellent “giftis and comodities.” From time to time he received intelligence, in return, from Scotland, that the country had never been in a quieter state; only two disturbances having happened during the whole winter, — one occasioned by the clan Gregor in Balquhiddie, the other by “that wicked and insolent man,” as Spottiswood terms him, Archibald Wauchope of Niddrie, who had killed a dependant of the Abbot of Holyrood, — whereas, in general, there was seldom a week without some dreadful tale of murder or riot.

James, who, previous to his marriage, had seen no place besides the southern district of Scotland, appears to have been very much impressed by the sight of the continental states in which he was now sojourning, and to have drawn no favorable contrast between their magnificence, — humble as it was, compared with that of the southern states of Europe, — and the wretched poverty of his own country. He also seems to have been surprised not a little at the strength of the *executive* in Denmark, as compared with its weakness in Scotland. He naturally became anxious, that, before his return, when, besides the queen, many dignified persons of her brother’s court were to attend him, the objects which were to be presented to their eyes should be of as respectable a kind as the circumstances of the country would permit, — that his palace should be put into good order, that the persons who were to receive him on the shore should be of good character, and that there should be none of those shameful breaches of the peace, which had all along disgraced his reign, and than which nothing was better calculated to give the strangers a mean idea of his government. Inspired by these notions, we find him writing a letter to his council in February, imploring them, with ludicrous earnestness, to prepare the country in a befitting manner for his arrival. The letter is a great curiosity, and as it is sure at once to amuse the reader, and to increase his acquaintance with the king’s character and style of writing, it is here inserted.

“My lords of counsal, that this general letter of mine may serve, as weill to you all, as to every one of yow in particular, lay the blame, I praye yow, upon the hast and fascheousnes of the dispatche, and not upon my sweirnes [laziness], althoughe I cannot denye, that to write with my own hand I am both slawe and sweire aneuch: I doubt not that you wille tak this in all good part, as if I wrote a tróugh of paper to every one of yow.

“Ye may now knaw, by the season of the yeir, that my coming home, God willing, drawes neire. I am surely treated here with all the honor and hartliness that this contrie people can imagine,

I think we should not be unthankfull when theires comes in our bounds. *A king of Scotland with a new marid-wyfe, will not come hame every day.* For God's sake, respect not onely my honor in this, but the honor of our whole nation, and speciallie of yourselffis; for my part will be leist in it. It is knowne that I am absent, and all the world knaws that when the gudeman is away, he cannot be wyted of * the misorders in the house; but what may he think then of his servants and factors he has left therein?

"Now, my lords, since this is the only grete proof of your diligence, without my presence or assistance, that ever I am able for to have of you, let me knawe now what remembrance ye have of me during my absence, by diligent remembring and performing such directions as the beirar hereof, the Master of Wark, hes in charge of me to deliver unto you. Remember specially upon the ending out of the abbay,† as yet lying in the deid-thraw, without the which we cannot be lodgit at our landing; and in good faith it is not the maner of this countrie to lye therout,‡ for the greatnes of the frost; and for a token that ye have not forgotten us, ye may send two or three ships here to show us the way home; but let nae great men or gentilmen come in them, but many gude marinells; for I am already overchargeable to these folks here; besides that every one of you will have eneuch to do in the turnes I have employed you to do at hame. For Godsake, in any thing, respect my honor, that all discords and vaniteis and quarrells may be supercedit at this; for gif I took sic strait order for that the last yeir, when I lookit for my weifs coming hame and a certayne companye of strangers with her, how muckle mare sould it be this yeir when we are baith to cum hame and twice as gret a numbre of strangers, and speciallie sen I have seen so gude ane example in this countrie.

"Indede, I have gude cause to thank yow all for the great quietnes that ye have already kept, as I perceive by your last letters. Remember likewise that nae great man or counsellar presume to be at our landing, but suche as the beirar hereof will in a roll deliver unto you, ut omnia fiant decenter et cum ordine.

"Fail not to provide gude cheare for us; for we have heir abundance of gude meit and *part of drinck*; to the particulars of this I remit to my directions, as of all other things likewise.

"To conclude, I bothe pray you, and command you sleuth na tyme, and for my part sake do at this tyme *even mair nor is possible*; for ye knaw I will never eit nor drink a fair wind.§

"From the Castle Croneburg, the 19 day of February 1589.

"JAMES, REX."

The same solicitude is apparent in a letter of the same date, which the king wrote to the reverend Robert Bruce, one of the

[* *wyted of*, that is, blamed for.]

[† Holyrood House.]

[‡ to lie in the open air.]

[§ I will take advantage of the first fair wind.]

ministers of Edinburgh. He had left Bruce a member of the privy council, and with a kind of implied commission of supervision over the morals of the kingdom. He now writes to him in a familiar strain, beseeching him to exert himself to keep the people in order before his return. "Waken up all men," he says, "to attend my coming ; for I will come, as our maister sayeth, like a thief in the night, and whose lampe I find burning with oyle, these will I coin thanks to, but those that lack their burning lamps, provyded with oyle, will be barred at the door ; for I will not accept their crying, Lord, Lord ! at my coming, that have forgot me all the time of my absence. *For God's sake, take all the pains you can, to teach our people weill against our coming, lest we be all ashamed before strangers.*" "I think this time," he adds, "should be a holy jubilee in Scotland, and our ships should have the virtue of the ark in agreeing, *for a time at least*, naturales inimicitias inter feras ; for, if otherwise fall out (quod Deus avertat), I shall behove to come hame like a drunk man amongst them, which would be no strange thing, coming out of so druncken a countrie as this !" Then the necessities of the poor king are displayed. "I pray you," he says, "heartilie recommend me to the good provost of the town, and, in any thing he can, pray him to assist my affairs, as I have ever been certain of his good will in my services. Specially desire him to further all he can the outreeking of three or four ships to meet me here and convoy me hame." [He had been enabled to sail for Denmark, solely by the generosity of a few private individuals, who each fitted out a little vessel.] "And likewise, I doubt not he will assist the Maister of Wark in getting as many good craftsmen as may be had for ending out the half-perfyted abbey [his palace], that now lies in the deid-thraw. * * * Thus recommending me and *my new rib* to your daylie prayers, I commit you to the only all-sufficient."

Perhaps the reader will be inclined, not only to smile at these indications of the poverty and imbecility of the Scottish monarch, but also to blame him in serious earnest for what is so inconsistent with the dignity of a sovereign. He should, however, pause to consider the dilapidated state in which James found his government and revenues when he came of age ; he should consider the power of the nobles, many of whom could raise at any time far more men than their king ; and he should reflect on the barbarous condition of the people, just emerged from the horrors of a protracted civil war, and from the vices incident to an age of religious reformation. As for the pecuniary distresses of the sovereign, which here appear so extreme, he actually seems to have had no resource whatever, on any occasion of unusual expense like the present, except the benevolence of a few of the burghs, chiefly those of Fife, which was then the most commercial and the richest province of Scotland. The proper revenues of the crown had long before this time been alienated and embarrassed almost to extinction.

James's poverty, however, was perhaps never less distressing to him than on the present occasion. The pride of country, for which the Scotch have always been remarkable, induced them to do all in their power to fulfil his wishes in regard to the appearance of the kingdom before the expected strangers, and also in respect of the vessels which he desired to have sent out for his convoy home. By an extraordinary exertion, though at the expense of a great multitude of individuals, the palace was finished and furnished in very splendid style, another house in the city was prepared for the queen's Danish friends, a few small Fife coasters were sent out to Denmark, and a great variety of articles were prepared for the pageantries which were to be enacted on his arrival. Besides these more important arrangements, there were some of a humbler nature, which equally marked the desire of the people to put the country into a holiday attitude. The town-council of Edinburgh, resolving that the strangers should see as little as possible of the filth and the mendicity for which the country was remarkable, ordained that "all persons purge and clenze the streits, calsayis, and gutteris fornent their awin housis to the mid channel, as weill in the hie gait [*principal street*] as in the vennelis [*lanes*]," and that "all beggaris remove, swa they be nocht fund beggand within this burgh, or betuix this and Leith, or ony uther part within the liberty or jurisdiction of this burgh." They also ordained the bailies "to pas throw their quarteris, and borrow fra the honest nychtbouris thair of ane quantitie of the best sort of thair neiprie [*table linen*], to serve the strayngeris that sall arryve with the queen, and the said bailies to gif the nychtbouris thair awin ticket of ressait thair of."

On the 1st of May, after these and sundry other preparations had been made, the king and queen arrived at Leith, accompanied by the admiral of Denmark, and other persons of dignity, and having a convoy of thirteen large Danish ships of war. The citizens of Edinburgh and Leith immediately flocked to the shore, each in his best clothes and arms. About seven at night, the king led the queen ashore, "by a trance covered with tapestrie and cloth of gold, that her foot might not touch the earth. The Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Mar and Bothwell, with sundrie others, received them at the stayr-heads. The castle and ships shot great vollies." Mr. James Elphinston, a senator of the college of justice (afterwards Lord Balmerino), welcomed the royal pair in a Latin oration. "The queen being placed in her lodgings, the king took the chief of the Danes by the hand, every one after another." [Between thirty and forty of these persons were dignified men, with "goldin chenyeis of guid faschioun;" and the whole number was two hundred and twenty-four.] The king now received a visit from the minister Bruce, whose services in keeping the country quiet during his absence he acknowledged in very warm terms, afterwards accompanying him to the church of Leith, to return thanks to the Almighty for his prosperous voyage.

As the preparations at Holyrood-house were scarcely yet completed, James remained for a few days in a palace called "the Kingis Wark," at Leith, his train chiefly lodging in the ships. At length, on the 6th of May, the royal party made their progress towards Edinburgh. "The king and nobility rode before; the queen came behind, in her Danish chariot, with her maids of honor, on each side of her majesty one. The coach was drawn by eight horses, caparisoned in purple velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, very rich. The town of Edinburgh, Canongate, and Leith, in their arms, gave a volley of shot to the king and queen in their passage, in joye of their safe arryval." "In this manner, they passed to the Abbey of Holyroodhouse," where "the king, taking the queen by the hand, led her through the inner close to the great hall, and thereafter to the chambers, which were richly hung with cloth of gold and silver."

The queen was crowned in the abbey church, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, Mr. Robert Bruce performing the chief offices, which formerly used to be done by a bishop. The Presbyterian ministers on this occasion scrupled greatly about the propriety of anointing the queen, judging that ceremony to be of a somewhat Popish savour; but James knew how to bring them to reason: he hinted that he could wait a little, till a certain bishop, whom he mentioned, could make it convenient to come to Edinburgh, to perform the ceremony. Alarmed at what he said, they lost no time in agreeing that there was no harm in the oil, and the ceremony was accordingly performed in the usual way. When it was concluded, Andrew Melville uttered a long congratulatory poem, in Latin hexameters, to the great delight of the king and his friends, who joined in soliciting that it should be printed. This poem was so elegant in its construction, and so apt to the occasion, as to attract the praise of the best foreign scholars, and to extend the fame of this great event in the life of James farther than it perhaps could have otherwise travelled.

[From "The Asiatic Journal," No. 40.]

[Passing over one number of the "Mofussil Stations," relating to Patna, of less interest than the generality of the series, we take that concerning Benares, a city which bears somewhat the same relation to the Hindu religion which Rome does to the Catholic. These animated and striking descriptions of different residences in the East are apparently the composition of a lady, long an inhabitant of India.]

ART. VIII. — MOFUSSIL STATIONS. No. IV.

BENARES.

THE holy city of Benares, the seat of Hindu superstition, is not more remarkable for its antiquities, and the sanctity with which it

has been invested by the bigoted worshippers of Brahma, than for the singularity of its structure, its vast wealth, and immense population. It stands upon the left bank of the Ganges, stretching several miles along the shore; the river is about thirty feet below the level of the houses, and is attained by numerous ghauts, which spread their broad steps between fantastic buildings of the most grotesque and curious description. The confused masses of stone, which crowd upon each other in this closely-built city, sometimes present fronts so bare and lofty, as to convey the idea of a prison or fortress. Others are broken into diminutive pagodas, backed by tall mansions seven stories in height, and interspersed with Gothic gateways, towers, and arches, all profusely covered with ornaments, balconies, verandahs, battlements, mullioned windows, balustrades, turrets, cupolas, and round and pointed domes, the fancies of all ages. Since the conquest of the city by Arungzebe, Moosulman architecture has reared its light and elegant erections amid the more heavy and less tasteful structures of Hindu creation. From a mosque, built upon the ruins of a heathen temple, spring those celebrated minarets, which now rank amid the wonders of the city. Their lofty spires shoot up into the golden sky from a dense cluster of buildings, crowning the barbaric pomp below with graceful beauty. Notwithstanding its great antiquity, and the immense sums lavished upon its pagodas, Benares does not boast a single specimen of those magnificent temples, which, in other parts of India, convey so grand an idea of the vast conceptions of their founders. Here are no pyramidal masses of fretted stone, no huge conical mounds of solid masonry standing alone to astonish the eye, as at Bindrabund; no gigantic tower, like the Cootub Minar at Delhi, to fill the imagination with awe and wonder; but the whole of this enormous city is composed of details, intermingled with each other without plan or design, yet forming altogether an architectural display of the most striking and imposing nature. Amid much that is strange and fantastic, there are numerous specimens of a pure and elegant taste, and the small antique pagodas, which abound in every direction, are astonishingly beautiful. The lavish ornaments of richly-sculptured stone, with which they are profusely adorned, give evidence of the skill and talent of the artists of their day; and throughout the whole of the city a better taste is displayed in the embellishments of the houses than is usually found in the private buildings of India. There are fewer elephants of clay, and misshapen camels, with round towers of tile upon their backs, stuck upon the projecting cornices of the habitations of the middling classes. The florid ornaments of wood and stone, profusely spread over the fronts of the dwelling-houses, bring to the mind recollections of Venice, which Benares resembles in some other particulars; one or two of the lofty, narrow streets being connected by covered passages not very unlike the far-famed Bridge of Sighs.

The views of Benares from the river are exceedingly fine, offering an infinite and untiring variety of scenery, of which the effect

is greatly heightened by the number of trees, whose luxuriant foliage intermingles with the parapets and buttresses of the adjacent buildings. In dropping down the stream in a boat, an almost endless succession of interesting objects is presented to the eye. Through the interstices between tower and palace, temple and serai, glimpses are caught of gardens and bazaars stretching inland; an open gate displays the terraced court of some wealthy noble; long, cloistered corridors lead to the secluded recesses of the zenana, and small projecting turrets, perched upon the lofty battlements of some high and frowning building, look like the watch-towers of a feudal castle. The ghauts are literally swarming with life at all hours of the day, and every creek and jetty are crowded with craft of various descriptions, all truly picturesque in their form and effect. A dozen budgerows are moored in one place; the light *boklio* dances on the rippling current at another; a splendid pinnacle rears its gayly-decorated masts at a third; while large *patalas*, and other clumsy native vessels, laden with cotton or some equally cumbrous cargo, choke up the river near some well frequented wharfs. Small fairy shallops are perpetually skimming over the surface of the glittering stream, and sails, some white and dazzling, others of a deep saffron hue, and many made up of tattered fragments which bear testimony to many a heavy squall, appear in all directions.

No written description, however elaborate, can convey even a faint idea of the extraordinary peculiarities of a place which has no prototype in the East. Though strictly Oriental, it differs very widely from all the other cities of Hindoostan, and it is only by pictorial representations that any adequate notion can be formed of the mixture of the beautiful and the grotesque, which, piled confusedly together, form that stupendous wall which spreads along the bank of the Ganges at Benares. It is much to be lamented that no panoramic view has ever been exhibited of this singular place, and still more so that the exquisitely-faithful delineations of Mr. Daniell, an artist so long and so actively employed in portraying the wonders of nature and of art in India, should not be in every body's hands. His portfolios are rich in specimens of Benares, and the engravings from his works, executed under his own eye, retain all those delicate touches which are so necessary to preserve the oriental character of the original sketches. Drawings made in India, and sent to England to be engraved, are subject to much deterioration in the process, from the negligence of persons wholly unacquainted with the peculiarities of the country, to whom they are entrusted; and many of the cheap productions of this class, from the pencils of very able amateur artists, are rendered almost worthless by the ignorance and inaccuracy of mere engravers.

No European has ever been tempted to take up his abode in the close and crowded city of Benares; the military and civil station is about two miles distant, and is called, in Government Orders and other official documents, Secrole; this name is, however, seldom used by the inhabitants, and few ever talk of Secrole as their des-

tion, Benares being by far the most common and popular term. The garrison, consisting of about three native regiments, and a small train of artillery, is under the command of a major-general ; and at the distance of a few miles, at Sultanpore, a native cavalry corps is stationed. The civil appointments are very numerous and splendid, and Secrole possesses some of the finest and best-appointed mansions in India ; formerly the establishment of a mint added to the number of European inhabitants ; but its abolition, which took place a few years ago, is now very severely felt by those who remember the talent and intelligence connected with it in the days of Anglo-Indian splendor. The usual amusements of a Mofussil station, — balls, private theatricals, dinners, morning calls, and scandal, are diversified by occasional visits to the city. Few of the numerous travellers who pass through the district are so totally destitute of curiosity, as not to feel desirous to penetrate into the interior of a place so widely celebrated. The ascent of the minarets is a feat of which people like to boast, who care very little for the view which is to be obtained from them, and, consequently, excursions to the holy city take place very frequently.

There is nothing either striking or beautiful in the environs of Benares ; the cantonments do not possess any remarkable feature to distinguish them from other military stations ; they are flat and destitute of views, but are redeemed from positive ugliness by the groves with which they are surrounded. Immediately beyond the military lines, the tract towards the city becomes interesting ; several very handsome Moosulman tombs show the vast increase of the followers of a foreign creed in the sacred birth-place of Brahma ; and the desecration of this holy spot is made still more apparent by the carcasses of animals hung up, in defiance of the brahmins, in butchers' shops. Formerly, none save human sacrifices were tolerated, and upon the first occupation of Benares by the British it was thought advisable to refrain from slaughtering bullocks and calves : beef and veal are now to be had in abundance, and the Hindoos, if not reconciled, have become accustomed to the murders committed upon the peculiar favorites of the priesthood. A long, straggling suburb, composed of houses of singular construction, in every stage of dilapidation, rendered exceedingly picturesque by intervening trees and flowering shrubs, leads to the gate of the city ; and a short and rather wide avenue brings the visitor to the *chokey*, a large irregular square. From this point, vehicles of European construction are useless, and the party must either mount upon elephants, dispose themselves in *ton jauns*, or proceed on foot ; and very early in the morning, before the population of this crowded city is astir, the latter affords by far the best method of visiting the temples ; but the instant that the tide of human beings has poured itself into the narrow avenue, it is expedient to be removed from actual contact with the thickly-gathering throng.

Benares, at day-break, presents less of animated life than any other city of the same magnitude and extent ; a few sweepers only

appear in the streets; all the houses are shut up, and give no sign of the multitudes who swarm within. The shops are closely barricaded, the usual mode of fastening them being by a strong chain attached by a large padlock to a staple beneath the threshold. At this early hour, the streets are very clean, and the air of the city is much cooler and fresher than might be expected from its denseness and population. Its zoological inhabitants are up and abroad with the first gleam of the sun; the brahminee bulls perambulate the streets, monkeys spring from cornice to cornice, and flights of pigeons and paroquets dart from the parapets in every direction. As soon as it is broad day, the priests repair to the temples, and devotees are seen conveying the sacred water from the Ganges to the several shrines. At the doors of the pagodas, persons are stationed with baskets of flowers for sale. Long rosaries of scarlet, white, or yellow blossoms, seem to be in the greatest request, and are purchased by the pious as offerings to their gods; the pavements of the temples are strewn with these floral treasures, the only pleasing ceremonial connected with Hindoo worship. The too abundant supply of water, the dirty throng of religious beggars, and the incessant vociferations of "Ram! Ram!" compel all save determined antiquaries to make a speedy exit from the noise and crowd of these places. The observatory and the minarets are the principal objects of attraction to parties who merely desire to see the *lions* of Benares; but in proceeding thither, visitors who take an interest in the homely occupations of the native traders, may be amused by the opening of the shops, and the commencement of the stir, bustle, and traffic, which at ten o'clock will have reached its climax. The rich merchandise, with which the city abounds, according to the custom of Hindoostan, is carefully concealed from the view of passengers; but in the tailors' shops, some of the costly products of the neighbouring countries are exhibited. Those skilful artists, who can repair a rent with invisible stitches, sit in groups, employed in mending superb shawls, which, after having passed through their practised hands, will sell to inexperienced purchasers for new ones, fresh from the looms of Thibet. The shops of the copper-smiths make the most show; they are gayly set out with brass and copper vessels of various kinds, some intended for domestic use and others for that of the temples. In every street, a shroff or banker may be seen, seated behind a pile of cowries, with bags of silver and copper at his elbow. These men take considerable sums in the course of the day, by changing specie; they deduct a per-centage from every rupee, and are notorious usurers, lending out their money at enormous interest. Here too are confectioners, surrounded by the common sweet-meats which are so much in request, and not unfrequently employed in the manufacture of their sugar cakes. In an iron kettle, placed over a charcoal fire, the syrup is boiling; the contents are occasionally stirred with an iron ladle, and when the mixture is "thick and slab," and has imbibed a due proportion of the dust which rises in clouds from the well trodden street, ladle-

fulls are poured upon an iron plate which covers a charcoal stove, whence, when sufficiently baked, they are removed to their places on the counter or platform, on which the whole process is conducted. Those dainty cook-shops, so temptingly described in the *Arabian Nights*, decked with clean white cloths, and furnished with delicate cream-tarts, with or without pepper, are not to be seen in India; yet the tables of the Hindoos, though more simple than those of the luxurious Moosulmans, are not destitute of richly-seasoned viands, and the finer sort of confections. The dyers, punkah-makers, and several others, also carry on their respective occupations in their open shops; the houses of the former are distinguished by long pieces of gayly-colored cloths, hung across projecting poles. In these, the bright red of the Indian rose, and the superb yellow, the bridal color of the Hindoos, are the most conspicuous; they likewise produce brilliant greens, and rich blues, which, when formed into turbans and cummerbunds, very agreeably diversify the white dresses of an Indian crowd.

Learning, as well as religion, still flourishes in Benares; but both have degenerated since the Moslem conquest. The brahmins of the Hindoo college, once so celebrated for its pundits, are not so well skilled in Sanscrit as might have been expected from the great encouragement afforded to the institution by the British Government. The best scholars are now to be found amid the Anglo-Indian community. The observatory, though abandoned by its magi, still remains, a gigantic relic of the zeal in the pursuit of science manifested in former days. The discoveries of modern times, adopted, though slowly, by eastern astronomers, have rendered it of little value for the purpose for which it was intended; and it has fallen into neglect and disuse, being no longer patronized by the native prince, who, until very lately, kept up an establishment there at his own expense. An extensive area, entered from the street, is divided into several small quadrangles, surrounded by cloisters and forming cool and shady retreats, intended for the residences of those sages who studied the wonders of the firmament from the platform of the tower above. Broad flights of stairs lead to the summit of this huge, square, massive building, a terraced height well suited to the watchers of the stars, and which, at the time of its creation, was furnished with an apparatus very creditable to the state of science at that early period. The astrologer no longer takes his nightly stand on the lonely tower, reading the destinies of man in the bright book of the heavens, or calculating those eclipses, which he imagined to be caused by the attacks of some malignant demon, anxiously endeavouring to extinguish the lights of the world: a belief which still prevails throughout India. Notwithstanding the repeated victories achieved by the sun and moon, the Hindoo population, at every new eclipse, are seized with horror and consternation; they assemble in great multitudes at the ghauts, and attempt to frighten and drive away the evil spirit by sounding all sorts of discordant instruments, and keeping up an incessant clam-

or of the most frightful cries. Such are the confusion and terror which fill the breasts of the crowd, that the military and civil authorities are compelled to take active measures for the prevention of accidents and the suppression of tumults, which this dangerous state of excitement is too apt to occasion. The view which the observatory commands is limited to the river and the country on the opposite bank ; but a far more extensive prospect is obtained from the minarets. Adventurous persons, who have climbed to the light cupolas, which crown these lofty spires, see the city of Benares under an entirely new aspect in this bird's-eye view. They perceive that there are wide spaces between the seven-storied buildings that form a labyrinth of lanes, and that gay gardens flourish in the midst of dense masses of brick and mortar. The hum of the busy multitude below is scarcely heard, and they look down upon flocks of paroquets, skimming through the golden air at a considerable distance beneath. The palaces of the city, in all their varied styles of architecture, appear to great advantage from these heights. Gothic towers open upon luxuriant parterres, affording a more pleasing idea of the seclusion to which the ladies of the city are doomed, than those high, narrow houses, wedged closely against each other, where from the roof alone glimpses may be caught of living trees, where flowers withering in pots convey the only notion which the imprisoned females can obtain of the beauties of nature. Overtopped by some still more lofty mansion, or perhaps debarred from egress to a spot whence they may be descried by a prying neighbour, they grow up in total ignorance of the most common objects around them, and wear out their existence in dull monotony, enlivened only by the gossip of some privileged old woman, who carries news and scandal from house to house. The usual style of building in Benares ensures the strictest privacy to the female portion of the family. The massy door from the street opens into a small court-yard, surrounded on all sides by high walls ; one large apartment occupies the whole of the front, in every story ; these rooms, which are airy and well supplied with windows and verandahs overlooking the street, are exclusively occupied by the gentlemen of the house. On each floor, a covered gallery runs round three sides of the court-yard, leading to small chambers, or rather cells, where the women and their attendants are immured. They have no outlet whatever to the street, and look down either upon a pretty fountain, where the quadrangle below is neatly kept, or upon the goats and cows which frequently occupy the ground-floor. Some of the interiors of these houses are richly decorated with carved wood highly polished. In the cold season, costly carpets are spread over the floors ; and the *pāān* boxes, and other vessels in daily use, are of silver beautifully wrought.

Many of the inhabitants are extremely rich ; and, besides its native population, Benares is the occasional residence of distinguished strangers from all parts of the peninsula. A great number of Hindoo princes and nobles possess mansions in the holy city ; it is

the asylum of deposed or abdicated monarchs; the refuge of rebels and usurpers; and wealthy devotees from distant places retire to draw their last breath within the sacred precincts, where all who are so fortunate as to die in the good graces of the brahmins, are sure of going straight to heaven, even though they may have eaten beef. Poorer pilgrims flock from every corner of Hindoostan, anxious to perform their ablutions in a spot held sacred by all castes, who believe it to be a creation of the gods, distinct from the rest of the world, formed of unpolluted earth, and resting upon the point of Siva's trident. In spite of the desecrations of the Moosulmauns, it still retains its holy character; but since the Moghul conquest, the religious ceremonies have lost somewhat of their revolting barbarity. Human victims have for a considerable period ceased to bleed upon the altars, and by a late edict of the British Government, the cremation of widows, a spectacle which occurred more frequently at Benares than in any other part of the Company's territories, is no longer permitted. The ladies, it is said, complain very bitterly of the hardship of being prevented from burning, and perhaps in many instances it may be severely felt; for women, brought up in a state of apathetic luxury, are ill calculated to endure the penances and privations, which must be the lot of those who are so unfortunate as to survive their husbands. It is reckoned very discreditable for a widow to appear plump and healthy at the end of her first year of mourning; it is expected that she shall be reduced by long and frequent fasts, and in her the outward signs of woe are to be shown in an emaciated frame and premature old age; she is forbidden the luxuries of dress, and must perform servile offices revolting to a woman of high birth, long accustomed to the attendance of a train of dependents. Deprived of the few enjoyments which the tyranny of the customs of the East allows to its females, who, brought up in ignorance and imprisonment, should at least be secured from want and suffering, a Hindoo widow is one of the most pitiable objects in the creation: it is to be hoped that the abolition of the rite of suttee will pave the way to more enlightened notions on the subject of female privileges, and that some adequate provision will be made by law to secure the relicts of men of wealth from being cast entirely upon the mercy of their relations.

The commerce of Benares is in a very flourishing condition; besides the extensive traffic which the merchants of the city carry on in shawls, diamonds, and other precious articles, numbers are engaged in the manufacture and sale of the celebrated gold and silver brocades, which are known in India by the name of *kincob*. These costly tissues are worn as gala dresses by all the wealthy classes of Hindoostan, whether Moslem or Hindoo; they have not been superseded, like the calicoes and muslins of native looms, by European goods of a similar description, and even the magic power of machinery may be defied by the artisan who weaves his splendid web of silk and silver, after the methods taught by his forefathers, in the secluded factories of Benares. Scarfs of gold and silver

stuff, called Benares turbans, with deep fringed borders, beautifully wrought, and resembling a rich setting of gems, have found their way to the shops of London, and are much esteemed for the peculiar brilliance of their materials; but these do not equal in beauty the embroidery of the native *puggree*, or turban, upon velvet; these superb head-dresses look like clusters of precious stones, and a handsome, well-proportioned native, attired in a vest and trousers of crimson and gold brocade, a cummerbund, composed of a Cashmere shawl, wound round his waist, a second shawl thrown over one shoulder, and the belt of his scimitar and the studs of his robe sparkling with diamonds, may challenge the world to produce a more tasteful and magnificent costume. Nobles clad in this glittering array, and mounted upon chargers decked with trappings of solid silver, often flash like meteors through the square of the city; and sometimes the accidental opening of the curtain of a native palanquin will reveal a still brighter vision, — a lady reclining on the cushions, covered with jewels. Silver and gold lace, of every kind and pattern, fringes, scalloped trimmings, edgings, and borders of all widths, are to be purchased at Benares exceedingly cheap, when compared to the prices demanded for such articles in Europe; but the Anglo-Indian ladies rarely avail themselves of these glittering bargains, excepting when fancy balls are on the *tapis*, as there is a prejudice against the adoption of decorations worn by native women. A few, however, have the good taste to prefer the Indian ornaments of goldsmiths' work to trinkets of European manufacture, which, alloyed to the lowest degree of baseness, and depending solely upon some ephemeral fashion for their value, are literally not worth an eighth part of the original purchase-money; while the unrivalled workmanship of a first-rate native artisan, and the solid weight of unadulterated metal contained in the chains, necklaces, ear-rings, and bangles, which he has wrought, render them an excellent investment of floating cash, which would otherwise be expended upon trifles. The ornaments worn by Hindoostanee females are, generally speaking, very tasteful and elegant; the pattern of the double *Toomka* ear-rings, has been borrowed by European jewellers, and bracelets resembling the Indian bangle are now very common; but the splendid necklaces, so richly carved as to glitter like precious stones, are more rarely seen; they are formed of a series of drops beautifully wrought, and suspended from a closely-linked gold chain of exquisite workmanship. Pearls of immense size, and of the finest color, may sometimes be purchased astonishingly cheap; they are much worn by the natives, and strings the size of pigeon's eggs are frequently exhibited round the necks of rich men. In the cutting and setting of precious stones, the lapidaries of the East do not excel; and it is rather difficult to ascertain the precise value of jewels which have not been committed to skilful hands. The natives are guilty of the barbarity of stringing diamonds, and show less elegance in the disposition of gems than in any other branch of decorative art.

The rajah of Benares, a prince, who, bereft of all the power exercised by his ancestors, retains his title and a revenue adequate to the support of his diminished rank, resides at Ramnaghur, a fortified palace a few miles up the river. He also possesses a large mansion in the neighbourhood of the cantonments, built after the Anglo-Indian fashion, which he visits occasionally, and where he entertains the families of the civil and military officers of the station during the celebration of some of the most noted Hindoo festivals. The taste and courtesy of the rajah is displayed to great advantage at the *hoolie*, in which the principal diversion seems to consist in powdering the persons of all the passers-by with red dust. The showers of sugar-plums rained at the carnivals of Italy are harmless compared to the peltings which take place on these occasions; white dresses speedily become particolored, and at the conclusion, when the powder is mixed with water, every body who ventures abroad is daubed from head to foot with crimson. The Moosulman population join in the sport, and, as it is a period of universal license, Europeans do not escape. Young officers are drenched from top to toe, and even ladies are not always quite secure that they shall preserve their garments unsullied. The fair guests of the rajah were therefore delighted to find that baskets of rose leaves had been substituted for the powdered *mhindee*, which is commonly used by the assailants: a costly act of gallantry, in a land where every rose is carefully preserved for the *goulaabee paa-nee*,* which is consumed in vast quantities in every native house. Indian gardeners are horrified by the wasteful manner in which European ladies are wont to gather roses; not content to take off the full-blown flower close to the stem, and to tie it with a few green leaves at the end of a stick, they help themselves to a whole spray, containing perchance a dozen buds, doomed to perish untimely without yielding their exquisite breath in perfume. The knowledge of this frugal expenditure of roses furnishes a clue to the displeasure of Azor, who, in the Eastern tale, threatens the merchant with death for having dared to pluck a branch from one of his bushes, as a gift to his youngest and best-beloved daughter.

At the entertainments given by the rajah of Benares, the *nautch* is exhibited in great perfection. To European spectators, the performance soon grows exceedingly tiresome; but natives never appear to be weary of the evolutions of their favorites, and will sit with exemplary patience, from nightfall until daybreak, gazing upon the successive sets of dancers, who relieve each other throughout the night. The company assembled to witness a *nautch* occupy seats at the upper end of a large, brilliantly illuminated apartment; the sides are lined with servants, all anxious to partake of the enjoyment of the *tamasha* (show), and other domestics are grouped at the farthest end, ready to introduce the performers.

* Rose-Water.

The parties, which appear in regular rotation, usually consist of seven persons; two only of these are the dancers, who advance in front of the audience, and are closely followed by three musicians, who take up their posts behind: a *mussaulchee* plants himself with his torch on either side, elevating or depressing his flambeau according to the movements of the arms and feet of the *nautch* girls. These ladies present very picturesque figures, though somewhat encumbered by the voluminous folds of their drapery. Their attire consists of a pair of gay-colored silk trowsers, edged and embroidered with silver, so long as only to afford occasional glimpses of the rich anklets, strung with small bells, which encircle the legs. Their toes are covered with rings, and a broad, flat, silver chain, is passed across the foot. Over the trowsers a petticoat of some rich stuff appears, containing at least twelve breadths, profusely trimmed, having broad silver or gold borders, finished with deep fringes of the same. The *coortee*, or vest, is of the usual dimensions, but it is almost hidden by an immense veil, which crosses the bosom several times, hanging down in front and at the back in broad ends, either trimmed to match the petticoat, or composed of still more splendid materials, the rich tissues of Benares. The hands, arms, and neck are covered with jewels, sometimes of great value, and the hair is braided with silver ribbands, and confined with bodkins of beautiful workmanship. The ears are pierced round the top, and furnished with a fringe-like series of rings, in addition to the ornament worn in England: the diameter of the nose-ring is as large as that of a crown-piece; it is of gold wire, and very thin; a pearl and two other precious gems are strung upon it, dangling over the mouth, and disfiguring the countenance. With the exception of this hideous article of decoration, the dress of the *nautch* girls, when the wearers are young and handsome, and have not adopted the too prevailing custom of blackening their teeth, is not only splendid but becoming; but it requires, however, a tall and graceful figure to support the cumbrous habiliments which are worn indiscriminately by all the performers. The *nautch* girls of India are singers as well as dancers; they commence the vocal part of the entertainment in a high, shrill key, which they sustain as long as they can; they have no idea whatsoever of modulating their voices, and the instruments which form the accompaniment are little less barbarous; these consist of two nondescript guitars, and a very small pair of kettle-drums, which chime in occasionally, making sad havoc with the original melodies, some of which are sweet and plaintive. The dancing is even more strange, and less interesting than the music; the performers rarely raise their feet from the ground, but shuffle, or to use a more poetical, though not so expressive a phrase, glide along the floor, raising their arms, and veiling or unveiling as they advance or describe a circle. The same evolutions are repeated, with the most unvarying monotony, and are continued until the appearance of a new set of dancers gives a hint to the preceding party to withdraw. It is said that, on

some occasions, the native spectators have been so much enraptured with the accomplishments displayed by a celebrated dancer, as to tear their clothes in extasy, and make the air resound with cries of "*wah ! wah !*" but such enthusiastic demonstrations of delight are extremely rare. The gravity of the higher classes of natives is usually exceedingly profound, and few compromise their dignity by giving loose to any emotion in public. In general, the audience maintains a steady imperturbability of countenance, the manifestations of pleasure being confined to the attendants of the dancers. The *mussaulchees*, as they brandish their torches, grin their approbation, looking unutterable things ; and the musicians also, apparently in a state of enchantment, not only express their gratification by eloquent smiles, but break out into frequent exclamations of "*bhote ! bhote !*" an almost untranslatable term, which is used to denominate excess of any thing. The only novelty presented by the fresh band of dancers is the color of the dress, or the value of the ornaments ; the performances are precisely the same ; European eyes and ears being unable to distinguish any superiority in the quality of the voice or the grace of the movements. By the natives, however, different dancers are held in different degrees of estimation ; the celebrated Nickee, of Calcutta, has long held the rank of *prima donna* of the East. In India, a reputation once established is not endangered by a rage for novelty, or the attractions of younger candidates : fashions do not alter, new styles are not adopted, and the singing of an angel, if differing from that of Nickee, would not be thought half so good. She has been styled the Catalani of Hindoostan ; she is now the Pasta, and will be the Sontag, or the Malibran who may next arise to delight the European world. Some English singers of eminence, performing at Calcutta, understanding that the king of Oude was an ardent admirer of music, travelled to Lucknow in the hope that the superior excellence of their performances would ensure them an engagement at his court. They were disappointed ; they had neither the power of lungs, nor the faculty of screaming, necessary to lap native ears in Elysium, and the experiment failed. A *nautch* given by a great person generally concludes with an exhibition of fire-works, a spectacle in which native artists excel, and which affords a very acceptable gratification to eyes wearied with the dull sameness of the dancers. Many of the *nautch* girls are extremely rich, those most in esteem being very highly paid for their performances : the celebrated Calcutta heroine already mentioned receives 1,000 rupees (£100) nightly, wherever she is engaged.

The rajah of Benares not only evinces his attachment to the society of the British residents in his neighbourhood, by inviting them to his own houses, but enters also into their national amusements, frequently attending the amateur performances at the theatre at Secrole. A gentleman attached to the mint, whose loss will be long and severely felt by every branch of the community, anxious both to afford gratification to his native friends, and to increase the

funds of a treasury, which in India as well as in England is seldom overflowing, was wont to take the pains to translate the drama about to be performed into Persian, and to have the MS. printed at a press which he had established. Thus made acquainted with the subject of the story, the acted play afforded amusement to many of the rich inhabitants of Benares, who subscribed very liberally to the support of the theatre. It is doubtful whether so good an example has been followed by the present management, the conciliation and gratification of the natives being too little studied in India; but the Benares theatre is distinguished for the introduction of performances better adapted to amateur actors than the regular drama. Charades and proverbs have diversified the usual entertainments, and the *réunions*, first established at this station, have become popular at Calcutta. The *tableaux vivans*, though so well suited to the peculiarities of the country, and permitting the introduction of ladies without offending prejudices, have not yet found their way to the Company's territories: so averse are the Anglo-Indians to innovations of any kind.

In no part of Hindoostan can one of the most beautiful of the native festivals be seen to so great an advantage as at Benares. The *duwallee* is celebrated there with the greatest splendor, and its magnificence is heightened by the situation of the city on the bank of the river, and the singular outlines of the buildings. The attraction of this annual festival consists in the illuminations: at the close of evening, small *chiraugs* (earthen lamps), fed with oil which produces a brilliant white light, are placed, as closely together as possible, on every ledge of every building. Palace, temple, and tower seem formed of stars. The city appears like the creation of the fire-king, the view from the water affording the most superb and romantic spectacle imaginable, — a scene of fairy splendor, far too brilliant for description. Europeans embark in boats to enjoy the gorgeous pageant from the river; all the vessels are lighted up, and the buildings in the distance, covered with innumerable lamps, shine out in radiant beauty. European illuminations, with their colored lamps, their transparencies, their crowns, stars, and initial letters, appear paltry when compared to the chaste grandeur of the Indian mode; the outlines of a whole city are marked in streams of fire, and the coruscations of light shoot up into the dark blue sky above, and tremble in long undulations on the rippling waves below. According to the native idea, every thing that prospers on the evening of the *duwallee* will be sure to prosper throughout the year. Gamblers try their luck, and, if they should be successful, pursue their fortune with redoubled confidence. Thieves also, anxious to secure an abundant supply of booty, labor diligently on this evening in their vocation; while others eat, drink, and are merry, in order that they may spend the ensuing period joyously. The Hindoo servants of an Anglo-Indian establishment, when this festival comes round, offer little presents of sweetmeats and toys to those members of the family who they think

will condescend to accept them, the children and younger branches. Many of these toys are idols of various descriptions, which, before they are consecrated, may be appropriated to purposes unconnected with their original destination. Benares is particularly famous for the manufacture of wooden and earthen playthings, which are seen indiscriminately in the temples and in the hands of European children; there are others, however, which are never used for any religious purpose, and amongst these are effigies of European ladies and gentlemen, seated upon elephants, or taking the air in buggies; all very inferior to the Calcutta toys, which are made of paper, and which give very accurate imitations of those things which they are intended to represent: elephants a foot high, colored according to nature, are provided with trunks which move with every breath; and birds in cages are suspended by such slight threads, that they appear to be alive, the most delicate touch setting them in motion. The Calcutta artists are also very expert in moulding reptiles in wax, which seem to be possessed of vitality, and occasion much alarm to persons who entertain a horror of creeping things.

The whole of the Moosulman population are abroad to witness the superb spectacle produced by the blaze of light which flames from every Hindoo building, at the *duwallee*, and the festival, being one of a very peaceable description, goes off without broil or bloodshed, and what is still more extraordinary, without occasioning the conflagration of half the houses; but the brahmins of the holy city have not always permitted its profanations by the bigots of another creed to pass unmarked by an attempt to expel the intruders. Benares has been the scene of numerous and desperate struggles between the Moslems and Hindoos. The sacred bulls have been slaughtered in the streets by the one party, and swine slain in the mosques by the other; and were it not for the extreme vigilance exercised by the British Government, these mutual outrages would be continually renewed. The Jains, a peculiar sect of Hindoos, who carry their veneration for animals to a very outrageous length, have a temple at Benares, which is also the residence of several Mahratta families, who differ from their Hindoo brethren in having refused to immure their wives and daughters, after the example of the Moslem conquerors of India. The Mahratta ladies enjoy perfect freedom in their own country, and though they may not shock the prejudices of the citizens of Benares by appearing publicly in the streets, they look out from their terraces and house-tops, unveiled, not even retreating at the gaze of European spectators. Benares forms the head-quarters of the religious mendicants, who swarm all over India; some of these devotees are distinguished only by their disgusting filth, an indisputable mark of sanctity; while others attain a wretched preëminence by the frightful tortures which they inflict upon themselves. Hitherto, the efforts of the most zealous missionaries have failed to persuade the fanatic worshippers of Benares to quit the shrines of their idols, and to the slow progress which education is making in the East, we can alone trust for the extirpation

of that horrid system of religion, which is so revolting to the Christian dwellers of the land.

The cantonment of Secrole is possessed of a handsome church, very elegantly fitted up in the interior, and large enough to accommodate all the Protestant inhabitants of the station. Here, however, as at other places in India, not even excepting Calcutta, the lower offices are served by Pagans. Hindoo bearers being employed to pull the punkahs and to open the pew-doors. No one appears to be at all scandalized by the presence of these men, though, as the service is performed in a language with which they are wholly unacquainted, there can be no hope that their attendance will lead to their conversion; and it seems very extraordinary that the few Christians necessary to keep the church in order, should either not be found or not be employed for that purpose. The church compound (as it is called), during evening service, which is always performed by candlelight, exhibits the usual bustle and animation attendant upon every assemblage of Anglo-Indians. Vehicles of all descriptions are waiting outside, and the grooms, chuprassies, bearers, and other attendants, muster in considerable numbers. Within, in the cold season, when punkahs are not required, there is little or nothing to remind the congregation that they are breathing their orisons in a foreign and a heathen land; but when the porch is gained, the turbaned population around, the pagodas in the distance, and the elephants and camels which wend their way across the plains, display a scene so different from that presented in the quiet neighbourhood of a country church-yard at home, that the pleasing delusion can be cherished no longer.

ART. IX.—LITERARY CORRECTION.

The last, the noblest art, the art to blot, is one which at present seems to have fallen into decay. How it was practised in former times, may appear from the following extract, which we take from an article by Mr. Thomas Moore, published in "The Metropolitan."

"The fastidious care with which some of those works the world reads with most pleasure have, in every sentence, been corrected and re-corrected by their authors, is sufficiently proved by the rough copies of some of these master-pieces that have been preserved. I recollect in turning over a *brouillon* of the *Héloïse*, which they show in the Library of the *Chambre des Députés*, to have remarked, among other instances, a sentence in which the simple word "peut-être" had been inserted and again erased four different times, before this most fastidious of writers could satisfy himself with its position. On referring afterwards, too, to the pas-

sage, as printed, I found that the correcting spirit had been again at work, and that, in despair doubtless of being able to manage his adverb gracefully, the author had altered the construction of the sentence altogether. In the manuscripts of Ariosto, at Ferrara, we find one of his most celebrated stanzas written by him in no less than sixteen different ways; and it is a proof of the success that, in most cases, rewards such labor, that the last of these repeated efforts at perfection is accounted the best.

“ But among the writers who have thus let us into the secret, that, if poets can boast their ‘Heaven of Invention,’ they have also this sort of Purgatory, or ‘place of *amending* fire,’ connected with it, there are none, perhaps, in whom it so much surprises us to find this elaborate degree of revision as in Petrarch. The sources of Imagination, it is true, lie deep, and they who would draw forth its treasures into light, may have to try long and often before they succeed to their wishes; but that a feeling, gushing at once from the heart, like that which would seem to have fed the poetry of Petrarch, should have required so much time and study to regulate its flow, appears to those uninitiated in the mysterious processes of Genius, almost inconceivable.

“ The same species of evidence, however, — the author’s own MSS. — which has put us in possession of the manner in which the imaginative Rousseau and the fanciful Ariosto labored, has also revealed to us the still more slow and workmanlike operations of Petrarch; — has shown the steps by which this tender and, as it would seem, impassioned writer brought to their present state of rare and, perhaps, inimitable perfection those Sonnets over which young hearts have, for so many centuries, sighed. This sort of glimpse into the alchymist’s laboratory is rendered still more curious, by the habit which the poet had of dating, and commenting upon, his corrections; and it will be owned, I think, after the perusal of a few of these memorandums, that no ledger in a counting-house was ever pondered over more coolly than were the items of this running account between Petrarch and Love, in the various articles of ‘*capei d’oro*,’ ‘*sospiri*,’ &c.

“ ‘I must make these two verses over again, singing them,* and I must transpose them; — 3 o’clock, A. M., 19th October.’

“ ‘I like this; — 30th October, 10 o’clock in the morning.

“ ‘No; this does not please me. 20th December, in the evening; — I shall return to this again; I am called to supper.

“ ‘February 18th, towards noon; — this is now well; however, look at it again.

“ ‘Consider this; — I had some thoughts of transposing these lines, and of making the first verse the last, but I have not done so for the sake of harmony, — the first would then be more sonorous, and the last less so, which is against rule.

“ ‘The commencement is good, but it is not pathetic enough.’ ”

* It is said to have been the practice of Burns, to sing his verses, while he wrote, even when not intending them to be associated with music.

SELECT JOURNAL

OF

FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

APRIL, 1834.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review," No. 24.]

- ART. I. — 1. *Rapport sur les Expériences magnétiques faites par la Commission de l'Académie Royale de Médecine. 1831.* (Unpublished.)*
2. *Examen historique et raisonné des Expériences prétendues magnétiques faites par la Commission de l'Académie Royale de Médecine; pour servir à l'Histoire de Philosophie médicale au 19^e Siècle.* Par E. F. Dubois (d'Amiens), Docteur en Médecine, &c. &c. 8vo. Paris. 1833.

ABSURDITIES and comets move in eccentric orbits. They have their apogees and their perigees; now lost in the obscurity of distance; now shining with a full face, frightening silly mortals from their propriety. Astronomy has taught us to foretell the appearances of the one; transcendentalism will enable us to calculate the returns of the other, when it shall have fathomed the abysses of the human mind, and discovered the springs of human action; for then history may be reduced to demonstration, or published a year in advance, like Moore's Almanac. An outline of the rise and progress of Animal Magnetism appears to us likely to furnish an important element in resolving this psychological problem; and we have the rather taken on ourselves to attempt this, that our continental friends have lately revived the matter with additions and improvements, while our own country is threatened with a new *avatar* of Perkins's metallic tractors, — a little altered in theory, still the same in practice, — under, it is said, the name and influence of a respectable practitioner. The French Royal Academy of Medicine had a committee employed from 1826 to 1831, inquiring into the existence of this supposed agent, and their Report has been lately translated into English, and pub-

[* An account of this Report has been given in the "Select Journal" for 1833, Vol. II. Part II. p. 259 et seq.]

lished with a historical and critical introduction by Mr. Colquhoun, a gentleman at the Scotch bar, whose work exhibits proofs of considerable cleverness and ingenuity. We might also name a distinguished F. R. S., lately deceased, of great scientific and critical celebrity, who was a firm believer in the doctrines of animal magnetism, and made some attempts towards their introduction into this country; and, on the whole, public attention seems so much directed to the subject at present, that we feel it incumbent on us to do it due honor in our pages. Our article shall divide itself into three heads.

I. A historical sketch of Animal Magnetism.

II. An examination of its proof.

III. An inquiry into its practical utility.

I. *Animal Magnetism*, so called because it is not magnetism, and has never been known to affect any animal but man, is the name given to an influence supposed to be exercised by one individual on another through means of a fluid or emanation, or merely a strong volition, the effects of which are exhibited in certain phenomena, such as yawning, sleepiness, spasms, convulsions, and somnambulism; in which last state the patient acquires *clairvoyance* and *prévision*, two very remarkable faculties, by the former of which he sees clearly with his eyes shut; by the latter foretells future events, which, however, do not always come to pass. The disciples of any new and doubtful hypothesis are generally anxious to find as many traces as possible of it in universal belief: accordingly the magnetists have not been idle, but, collecting all those incidents formerly accounted for by sympathy, imagination, imitation, or credulity, they triumphantly bring them forward as undoubted evidences of the "influence" which they advocate, and commence their works with — "In all times and in all ages has popular belief admitted the existence of an universal principle pervading all matter, and binding together all bodies. Plato speaks of the *anima mundi*," &c. Now, without venturing so far, let us commence our views with the magnetic and sympathetic cures of the seventeenth century, at which period researches into the qualities of the mineral magnet had excited much attention, and the opinion that they might be usefully applied to the relief of human maladies had become very general. Kircher was one of the first to take advantage of these qualities, and in a way both ingenious and amusing. A patient affected with hernia, having applied to him for relief, was directed to swallow a small magnet reduced to powder, while Kircher applied on the external swelling a poultice made of filings of iron. When the magnet had got to the corresponding place inside, it drew in the iron, and

with it the tumor, which was thus safely and expeditiously reduced.* Ambrose Paré assures us that he had seen several cures performed in this way. In other cases the application was reversed. A Prussian having swallowed a knife, a magnetical plaster was placed on the surface, which soon drew the blade out of his stomach, so that, by a slight incision, the surgeon was able to remove it. In these instances, however, recourse was only had to the physical properties of the agent. Paracelsus had endowed it with the more mysterious power of attracting out noxious influences that preyed on the vital spirits; but for this purpose certain combinations and astrological influences were necessary, together with a certain degree of faith in the patient.

The great object of magnetic treatment, in his hands, was, as Maxwell informs us, the transplantation of the disease. This might be accomplished in six ways, but one of them will probably be sufficient to gratify our readers' curiosity.

“The first mode is *inseminatio*. This is done when a magnet impregnated with mummy† is mixed with rich earth, and in that same earth are sown seeds that have a congruity with the disease. Let this earth, well sifted and mixed with mummy, be laid in an earthen vessel, and let the seeds committed to it be watered with a lotion in which the affected limb has been washed, or the whole body, if the disease be general: thus the languor is transplanted to the seeds dedicated to the disease. If necessary, let them be watered daily with the lotion, as above directed. Having done this, wait till you see the herbs begin to sprout. Finally, when it is

* *Magnes, seu de Arte Magneticâ*. Col. Ag. 1643. — This statement is made after Thouret, as we have not this edition of Kircher's work. In ours, which is the third “*longe emendatior*,” published at Rome, 1654, the discovery is given to Paracelsus and Becher, and the operation to Florian Mathis. After discussing the question, Kircher seems to think that the magnet, when reduced to powder, would not retain its power: the effects in the cases cited he rather refers to the *medicamentis balsamicis analytisque*, which were employed at the same time.

† Mummies were of several kinds, and were all of great use in magnetical medicine. Paracelsus enumerates six kinds of mummies: the four first, only differing in the composition used by different people for preserving their dead, are the Egyptian, Arabian, Pissasphaltos, and Lybian: the fifth mummy, of particular power, was made from criminals that had been hanged; “for from such there is a gentle siccation that expungeth the watery humour, without destroying the oyle and spirituall, which is cherished by the heavenly luminaries, and strengthened continually by the affluence and appulses of the celestial spirits; whence it may properly be called by the name of constellated or celestiall mumie.” The sixth kind of mummy was made of corpuscles or spiritual effluences radiated from the living body, though we cannot get very clear ideas on this head, or respecting the manner in which they were caught. — *Medicina Diastatica, or Sympatheticall Mumie, abstracted from the Works of Theop. Paracelsus, and translated out of the Latin by Fernando Parkhurst, Gent.* Lond. 1653, pp. 2–7.

time, transplant them into similar earth: as they increase the disease will decrease, and at length totally disappear." *

Maxwell, who was a canny Scotchman, though his works were published in Germany, saw that this mode of cure might be occasionally rather tedious. Accordingly, to amuse the patient's imagination, he ordered that, while waiting, they should use some of the vulgar remedies, such as bleeding, purgatives, sudorifics, &c., respecting which his directions are extremely judicious. With this precaution, magnetic cures were not unfrequently performed, and the grateful patients proclaimed the wonderful virtues of the new system, forgetting the trifling aid it had received from the old. This hint, we perceive, has not been by any means lost on modern magnetists; for in the case of Paul Villagrand, related by M. Husson in the recent "Experiments," this very sensible young man, while he chose to be cured of his paralysis by *passes*, did not omit at the same time a tolerably efficient course of strychnine, with synapisms, bleeding, Baréges baths, setons and cauteries, continued to within a short distance of his entire and final recovery.

To return to our magnetists of the seventeenth century, whom we shall find getting more refined and philosophic at every step, it next appeared that applying medicaments to the body was altogether a useless proceeding, at least in cases of wounds, as the best mode here was to treat the instrument by which the wound had been inflicted. In consequence of this was prescribed the celebrated sympathetic ointment, the original invention of which was keenly contested. It would appear, however, from a comparison of testimonies, that the ointment, if not invented, was at least considerably improved by Paracelsus; and we translate the receipt in its most approved form for the benefit of our readers.

"Take of moss growing on the head of a thief who has been hanged and left in the air † — of real mummy — of human blood

* Guil. Maxwell, *Medicinæ Magneticæ* Lib. iii. p. 118. Ed. Georgio Franco. 1679.

† The reason for preferring this moss we find translated into an English anonymous pamphlet, published in 1743, in these words. "The vital spirits of a man to be strangled, by reason of the presence of his unhappy chance, do retire to the head and brains, and the violent constriction hindreth their going back to their principles; they remain also there, and mingle and are confounded with the spirits and the balsam of the head and brains; and though all animal functions do cease, nevertheless there remains a certain heat or warmth in the bones, nerves, and the other similar parts, which is in stones and in pepper, that is to say, an elemental one. Now after this mixture, and through the help of this heat and the joint working of a heavenly influence, moss, like a vegetable, growing upon the skull of a man being hanged, must needs be of a greater force than such as grows upon the head of another, who died of some disease."

still warm — of each one ounce; of human suet, two ounces; of linseed oil — turpentine — Armenian bole — of each two drachms. Mix all well in a mortar, and keep them in an oblong narrow urn.” *

This would heal all wounds inflicted by a cutting weapon, except those which penetrated the arteries, the heart, the brain, &c. The mode in which it was to be employed was the following: — Take the weapon with which the wound was made, or if it cannot be had, a sally rod dipped in the blood; anoint this carefully, and lay it by in a cool place. Nothing is necessary for the wound except to wash it with fair water; cover it with a clean, soft, linen rag, and open it once a day to cleanse off purulent or other matter. In this way the wound speedily healed, and thus the wonderful power of sympathy was exhibited. Of the success of the treatment we have not the least doubt, for surgeons at this moment follow exactly the same method, *except* anointing the weapon.

The celebrated sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby belonged to the same period,† but we can merely allude to that, and pass on to means much more closely resembling those employed by animal magnetists of the present day, and which, therefore, they claim with much more justice than those we have already enumerated. Dr. Fludd, or, as he Latinized his name, Robertus à Fluctibus,‡ had by his writings divulged the fame of the sympathetic

* Goclenius, *Tractatus de Magneticâ Vulnerum Curatione*. Francof., 1613, p. 95. — The grave absurdity of quoting such men as authority was reserved for Mr. Colquhoun. In addition to those we have mentioned, he cites Van Helmont, Burgravius, Pomponatus, Vaninius, Cornelius Agrippa, Papin, and Sebastian Wirdig, to whom, as they differed from the others chiefly in the greater extent of their credulity, we have not thought it necessary more particularly to refer. Any person who can waste time in reading their works, will perceive that with them magnetism has a totally different signification from what Mr. Colquhoun understands by it. Of course all arguments founded on their commendations of it are ridiculous.

† An instance of his mode of cure, related by Sir Kenelm himself, is given in one of the notes to Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. See *Poetical Works*, vol. iv. new edition, pp. 262 – 265.

Perhaps the “sympathetic alphabet” was the most singular application of the principle. From the arms of two persons a bit of flesh was dissected out, and mutually transplanted. It soon took root on the new arm, but still retained so close a relation with its old possessor, that he was immediately sensible of any injury done to it. On corresponding situations in these transplanted pieces were tattooed the letters of the alphabet; and when a communication was to be made, it was only necessary that one of the persons should run a pin into any letter on his own arm, the pain of which was immediately felt in the same letter on the arm of the other. The facilities thus afforded for defrauding the revenue have caused us to hesitate before making the fact public: however we are willing to trust to the honor and discretion of our readers.

‡ *Medicina Catholica*. Francof., 1631.

ointment in England, where it acquired considerable popularity. To obviate this, "Master Foster, Parson of Hedgely, in Bucks," wrote a work called "Hoplocrisma-Spongus; or, A Sponge to wipe away the Weapon-Salve;" in which he proved the unguent to be magical and unlawful, and duly deduced its genealogy from the original inventor, — the devil.

"Now the divell gave it to Paracelsus, Paracelsus to the emperour, the emperour to the courtier, the courtier to Baptista Porta, and Baptista Porta to Dr. Fludd, a doctor of physicke yet living and practizing in the famous city of London, who now stands toothe and nayle for it." *

Dr. à Fluctibus could not of course stand patiently by and see his favorite remedy thus scurvily treated; so he produced a reply, called "The Squeesing of Parson Foster's Sponge, wherein the Sponge-bearer's immodest Carriage and Behaviour towards his Brethren is detected; the bitter Flames of his Slanderos Reports are, by the sharp Vinegar of Truth, corrected and quite extinguished; and lastly, the vertuous Validity of his Sponge, in wiping away of the Weapon-Salve, is crushed out, and clean abolished." We chiefly allude to this dispute because it was the means of preparing people's minds for a far greater exertion of supernatural power, which was displayed soon after in the "marvailous cures performed by the stroaking of the hands of Mr. Valentine Greatrak's." Of these cures we have a true and faithful account, drawn up by the hands of Mr. Greatrakes himself; † and as they were chiefly performed with no other aid than the patient's imagination, and as he produced almost all the results since attributed to animal magnetism, not even excepting that abstraction from external impressions observable in somnambulism, we shall speak a little more particularly of his exploits.

He was a hypochondriacal Irishman, who, after some years of active service under Cromwell, having given himself up to indolence and gloomy meditations, began to have visions, and was at last impressed with what he calls "an impulse or strange persuasion," that there was bestowed on him the gift of curing the kingsevil. He mentioned this to his wife, who told him he was a fool; but, not being content with this explanation, he determined on a trial of his skill, which accordingly he made a few

* Hoplocrisma-Spongus. By William Foster, Master of Arts, and Parson of Hedgely. London. 1631. pp. 34, 35.

† A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatrak's, and divers of the Strange Cures by him lately performed. Written by himself, in a Letter addressed to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq. London, 1666.

days after "on one William Maher, of Salterbridge, in the parish of Lissmore, who had the kingsevil very grievously in his eyes, cheek, and throat. On him Mr. Greatrakes laid hands and prayed, and with such happy effect, that in three days "the eye was almost quite whole, and the node, which was almost as big as a pullet's egg, was suppurated, and the throat strangely amended, and, to be brief, (to God's glory I speak it) *within a month* discharged itself quite, and was perfectly healed; and so continues, God be praised." *

This signal success was of course a great comfort and encouragement, and was followed by a number of other "impulses," informing him in succession that he could cure ulcers, ague, fever, falling-sickness, aches, and lameness; and finally, that he could cast out the devil, which last exploit he performed on a hysterical woman, hunting the foul spirit up and down her throat with great perseverance, until "at length, with great violence of belching (which did almost choak her, and force her eyes to start out of her head), it went forth, and so the woman went away well." †

These supernatural cures attracted the notice of the clergy of the diocese, and Mr. Greatrakes found himself cited to appear in the Dean's Court at Lismore, where, after some debate, he was prohibited from laying on his hands for the future, — a clear precedent for the celebrated ordonnance forbidding any more wonders to be wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris. Mr. Greatrakes, however, like the little monk mentioned by Voltaire, had got such a *trick* of working miracles, that he could not long restrain himself: but two days after, seeing two epileptic patients, who fell down in a fit at his approach, he laid his hands on them, and stroked and "pursued their pains from place to place till they went out of them."

His fame had now become so great that Lord Conway sent to beg he would come over to England to cure a grievous headach, which his amiable lady had suffered under for many years; neither could any of the physicians heal her. Greatrakes accordingly came over, but totally failed in giving relief to Lady Conway, whose headach was in all probability attended with organic disease. He however, during his stay at Lord Conway's mansion, laid hands upon several people in the neighbourhood, "some of whom," says an eye-witness, ‡ "I observed to have received no

* Greatrakes' Account of Himself, p. 23.

† Ibid. p. 34.

‡ Henry Stubbe, physician. See his *Miraculous Conformist*, p. 4. Oxford, 1666.

help by him at all; some I observed to have found a momentary benefit from his touch; and some as yet continue so well, that I think I may say they are cured. From this, Greatrakes removed to Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and he has published numerous certificates of the beneficial effects of his system, which he continued to practise. From these we select the following, as absolutely identical with the powers claimed by later animal magnetists. He cured dead palsy (p. 43*), violent headach (46), rheumatism (51), epilepsy (56), convulsions, aches, and pains (58); in addition to which his treatment caused some to scream out (82), and produced in others convulsions (56), in others insensibility to pain (52-73)! We may truly say, "Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire." This poor, deluded fanatic, who fancied himself in direct communication with the Deity, by communicating that impression to others was enabled to perform as great, and certainly as well-attested, wonders as all the *philosophers* who have since studied magnetism as a science, or claimed for it distinct and substantive powers. There is but one other observation as connected with his cures. We observe on the list four children, three of whom were healed, not by stroking, but by *incision* (pp. 60, 76, 92); and the fourth is an obscure and not very intelligible case of a flux of rheum from the eye, which, by the frequent application of Mr. Greatrakes' hand and spittle, "had been perfectly stayed for the space of three weeks last past; and her eye is at present very well, and it is hoped will so continue" (p. 54.) Belief in his supernatural powers was in these instances less confirmed, and therefore less efficacious than in his adult patients. We shall see that the same observation will hold good to the present day.

We have now, as it were, got through the dark ages of animal magnetism, and seen its source mixed up with the remains of alchymy, judicial astrology, and fanatical credulity. The subsequent part of its history is better known, and may therefore be touched on more lightly. Early in the eighteenth century the "Convulsionnaires de St. Médard" assembled round the tomb of their favorite saint, the Jansenist priest Paris. The scenes that occurred were a strange mixture of the superstitious, the obscene, the absurd, the ludicrous, and the revolting. Here was a group, with bended knees and streaming eyes, devoutly approaching the holy sepulchre, supplicating God and St. Paris to take pity on their infirmities and heal their sicknesses; there was another composed of hysterical women, partly in strong convulsions, shrieking

* Greatrakes' Account of Himself.

like so many Pythian prophetesses, partly yielding themselves up to the most unrestrained indecencies: on one side lay a delicate female, whose body was trampled over by half-a-dozen stout men; on the other, one equally delicate, whom a fellow of Herculean strength was beating with all his might with a heavy iron bar, while her pleasure seemed to increase with the violence of the blows, and she urged him to continue, exclaiming, "Ah! que cela est bon! ah! que cela me fait du bien! Courage! mon frère; redoublez encore des forces, si vous pouvez."* Carré de Montgeron was unable to satisfy one of these ladies with sixty blows given with all his might, though, using the same weapon and the same strength (for experiment), he succeeded in knocking a hole in a stone wall at the twenty-fifth stroke. Sister Sonnet earned for herself the name of Salamander by lying on a red-hot brasier, and Morand, the surgeon, informs us that he saw three crucifixions. The idea of connecting such extravagances with any thing pretending to the rank of a science would never have occurred to us, had not M. Deleuze, in his *Histoire Critique du Magnétisme Animal*, gravely claimed them as resulting from, and testifying to, the existence of a magnetic power. "There are certain arguments," M. Bertrand well observes, "which it is equally absurd to admit or seriously to refute;" this we think one of them.

Meantime magnetism continued to progress in Germany, but it was rather of that kind which investigates the effects of the load-stone on the human frame, than those of one animal body on another. Hell, a Jesuit, had rendered himself very celebrated by the number of his magnetic cures, and about the year 1774 communicated his experiments and success to Mesmer, under whom the theory was to assume a new form, and the practice to become so extended as to attract universal attention, exercise the ingenuity and research of physical inquirers, and obtain the honor of a special investigation from the French Royal Academy of Sciences and other learned bodies.

Mesmer had commenced his career by publishing, in 1766, a dissertation on "The Influence of the Planets on the Human Body," in which he maintained, that, as the sun and moon cause and direct on our globe the flux and reflux of the sea, so these exercise on all the component parts of organized bodies, and particularly on the nervous system, a similar influence, producing in them two different states, which he termed *intension* and *remission*, and which seemed to him to account for the different periodical

* *Dict. des Sc. Médicales.* Art. *Convulsionnaire*, par Montègre.

revolutions observable in several maladies, in different ages, sexes, &c. The property of the animal body, which rendered it susceptible of this influence, he termed **ANIMAL MAGNETISM**.^{*} Hell's observation seemed to him to throw new light on his theory, and having caused the Jesuit to make him some magnets of a peculiar form, he determined on a set of experiments which should give some certainty to his ideas. Expect a miracle, and it will be sure to happen. Mesmer had the good fortune to meet with a young lady called Oesterline, suffering under a convulsive malady, the symptoms of which exactly coincided with his new theory. The attacks were periodical, and attended by a rush of blood to the head, causing severe pain, followed by delirium, vomiting, and syncope. How far these attacks were connected with the state of the moon he does not mention; but he soon succeeded in reducing them under his system of planetary influence, so that he was enabled to foretell the periods of accession and remission. Having thus discovered the cause of the disease, it struck him that his discovery would be perfect and lead to a certain mode of cure, if he could ascertain "that there existed between the bodies which compose our globe, an action equally reciprocal and similar to that of the heavenly bodies, by means of which he could imitate artificially the periodical revolutions of the flux and reflux before mentioned."† Of course, as he only wanted this little matter to complete so great a theory, he could not fail to find it; and he soon announced that this material influence did exist, but in some way for which he does not clearly account, his own body had come to be the principle *dépôt* in which it centred, and from which it could be communicated to all others. Thus, when M. Ingenhousz came with him to see Mademoiselle Oesterline in a fit, he found that he might touch any part of her body without appearing to produce in her sensation: but when Mesmer, taking him by the hands, communicated to him animal magnetism, and then sent him back to make fresh trials, he found that now the simple pointing of his finger was sufficient to cause convulsive motions.‡ As this is one of the identical experiments with which M. Dupotet lately treated the French commissioners, it seems to justify M. Virey's sage reflection, — "A voir l'éternelle ignorance qui pèse sur la grande majorité de notre espèce, il semble que nous recommencions toujours l'antiquité, et que nous repassions sur les mêmes erreurs dont le temps efface sans cesse les traces."

Henceforth animal magnetism was distinctly and definitely separated from mineral magnetism; and though Mesmer con-

^{*} *Mémoire sur la Découverte du Magnétisme Animal*, par M. Mesmer. Genève, 1779, pp. 6–8.

† *Ib.* p. 13.

‡ *Ib.* p. 23.

tinued for some time to use magnets in his experiments, it was not on account of their own inherent power, but from the quality which he attributed to them of being conductors of the newly discovered influence : in 1776 he discontinued their use altogether. Finding his discoveries rather undervalued at Vienna, where they had been ridiculed by Störck and Ingenhousz, whom in turn Mesmer denominated “petty experiment-maker to the ladies of the court,” he set out on an experimental tour through Swabia and Switzerland, where he found a formidable rival in Father John Joseph Gassner, already celebrated for casting out devils, which he held to be the primary cause of most diseases. Mesmer, however, showed much of that tact which has distinguished his followers in similar difficulties, and, in place of questioning the truth of Father Gassner’s cures, at once adopted them as facts, and declared them to be the evident results of the great power he had so lately discovered.* He succeeded himself in healing an ophthalmia and a gutta serena; with due certificates of which achievements he returned to Vienna. Here he undertook to cure Mademoiselle Paradis of blindness and convulsions, and, after magnetizing her for some time, declared her perfectly recovered. Barth, the oculist, went to see her, and declared her blind as ever,† and her family found on her return home that the convulsions continued as before ! This was a sad mistake ; but Mesmer, whose great talent was unblushing effrontery, pronounced it a false report got up to injure his fame, and asserted that the girl was quite well, but “that her family forced her to imitate convulsions and feign blindness.”‡ The cool impudence of this was a little too much ; and Mesmer in consequence found it convenient to leave Vienna, and after some consideration determined that his next appearance should be at Paris. Here, as M. Virey informs us, he commenced modestly ; he addressed himself to the *savans* and physicians, and explained to them his system, without however making any converts ; he then sought for patients and pretended to have made some cures, but as he did not attract much

* People conscious of their own weaknesses, sometimes overlook those of their neighbours. Mesmer and Lavater vouched for the truth of Gassner’s miracles ; Deleuze believed in those of Paris ; the patients of Mesmer testified the efficacy of the incantations of Cagliostro ; Spurzheim speaks in favor of Mesmerism ; Hahnemann declares that none but a madman can deny it ; Mr. Gordon tells us that in 1823 guarantees were exchanged between the kingdom of Greece and the knights of Malta : the principle is common, — the bundle of sticks.

† Grimm, in his entertaining “Correspondance,” mentions the subsequent arrival of this same demoiselle Paradis at Paris, “où elle étonna tout le monde par la réunion singulière d’un grand talent d’exécution sur le clavicin joint à la cécité la plus absolue.”

‡ Mém. sur la Découverte, &c. p. 64.

attention, he published his "Memoir on the Discovery of Animal Magnetism," the same work from which we have already quoted. In this he announces twenty-seven general propositions,* asserting not only the existence of a magnetic fluid as before described, but of an anti-magnetic, which was so powerful in the bodies of some persons that their very presence was sufficient to prevent the operation of the magnetic power even in others. The utility of this new power is quite obvious, as it afforded him a ready means of accounting for the failure of any of his experiments. He now addressed himself to M. le Roi, President of the Académie des Sciences, and various negotiations were set on foot for a public inquiry into his system, which Mesmer always managed to break off when they were coming to any thing decisive. It was not, however, until Deslon, a French physician of some eminence, had announced himself a convert and joined Mesmer, in the practice of magnetism, that it acquired much renown. Their method of operating was as follows.

In the centre of the room was placed a vessel of an oval or circular shape, about four feet in diameter and one foot deep. In this were laid a number of bottles, disposed in radii, with their necks directed outwards, well corked and filled with magnetized water. Water was then poured into the vessel so as to cover the bottles, and occasionally pounded glass or filings of iron were added to the water. This vessel was termed the *baquet*. From its cover, which was pierced with many holes, issued long, thin, moveable rods of iron, which could be applied by the patients to the affected part. Besides, to the ring of the cover was attached a cord which, when the patients were seated in a circle, was carried round them all so as to form a chain of connexion; a second chain was formed by the union of their hands, and it was recommended that they should sit so close as that those adjoining should touch by their knees and feet, which was supposed wonderfully to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid.† In addition to this the magnetists went round, placed themselves *en rapport* with the patients, embraced them between their knees, and gently rubbed them down along the course of the nerves, using gentle pressure over different regions of the chest and abdomen. The effect of such treatment on delicate women might have been foretold, but it was not left to work alone.

* Mém. sur la Découverte, &c. pp. 74—83. Colquhoun's Introduction, pp. 55—57.

† Dict. des Sciences Médicales. Art. Magnétisme Animal, par Virey. This article contains almost every thing that could be said on the subject up to the period at which it was written (1818). It presents all the arguments adduced in favor of the new doctrine, stated with impartiality and refuted with reason. It has been much cavilled at, but never answered.

The house which Mesmer inhabited was delightfully situated ; his rooms spacious and sumptuously furnished ; stained glass and colored blinds shed a dim, religious light ; mirrors gleamed at intervals along the walls ; a mysterious silence was preserved, delicate perfumes floated in the air, and occasionally the melodious sounds of the harmonica or the voice came to lend their aid to his magnetic powers. His *salons* became the daily resort of all that was brilliant and *spirituel* in the Parisian fashionable world. Ladies of rank whom indolence, voluptuous indulgence, or satiety of pleasures, had filled with vapors or nervous affections ; men of luxurious habits, enervated by enjoyment, who had drained sensuality of all that it could offer, and gained in return a shattered constitution and premature old age, came in crowds to seek after the delightful emotions and novel sensations which this mighty magician was said to dispense. They approached with imaginations heated by curiosity and desire ; they believed because they were ignorant, and this belief was all that was required for the action of the magnetic charm. The women, always the most ardent in enthusiasm, first experienced yawnings, stretchings, then slight nervous spasms, and, finally, crises of excitation, according as the assistant magnetizers (*jeunes hommes beaux et robustes comme des Hercules*) multiplied and prolonged the soft passes or *attouchemens* by which the magnetic influence was supposed to be communicated. The emotions once begun were soon transmitted to the rest, as we know one hysterical female if affected will induce an attack in all others similarly predisposed in the same apartment. In the midst of this strange scene, entered Mesmer, clothed in a long flowing robe of lilac-colored silk, richly embroidered with golden flowers, and holding in his hand a long white wand. Advancing with an air of authority and magic gravity, he seemed to govern the life and movements of the individuals in crises. Women panting were threatened with suffocation, — they must be unlaced ; others tore the walls, or rolled themselves on the ground, with strong spasms in the throat, and occasionally uttering loud shrieks, — the violence of the crises must be moderated. He approached, traced over their bodies certain lines with his wand ; they became instantly calm, acknowledged his power, and felt streams of cold or burning vapors through their entire frames according to the directions in which he waved his hand.*

Mesmer now was in a fair way ; he had obtained notoriety, he was the subject of general conversation ; money, which he eagerly coveted, was flowing in on him, and he was even offered a hand-

* Ib. p. 478, Rapport des Commissaires chargés par le Roi de l'Examen du Magnétisme Animal. Paris, 1784. pp. 3-6.

some pension and the order of St. Michel, if he had made any real discovery in medicine and would communicate it to physicians nominated by the king. This scrutiny was exactly what Mesmer most dreaded; accordingly, in place of accepting the offer, he suddenly affected wonderful magnanimity, — spoke of his disregard of money compared with his love of science, his philanthropy, and his anxiety to have his great discovery acknowledged and patronized by government; then, breaking off the negotiation, set out abruptly for Spa, where he had the mortification to hear that Deslon had succeeded to his business, and all his emoluments at Paris. To console him for this misfortune, Bergasse, one of his patients, proposed opening a subscription for 100 shares at 100 louis each, the profits of which should be offered to him on condition that he would disclose his secret to the subscribers, who were to have it in their power to make what use they pleased of it. Mesmer readily embraced the proposal and returned to Paris, where the subscription was soon filled; and, the generosity of the subscribers exceeding their promises, he received no less a sum than 340,000 livres.* Among his pupils were Lafayette, d'Eprémenil, and M. Bergasse, to whom he was indebted for the whole plan.

Numerous writings now appeared on each side. M. Court de Gébelin, author of the "*Monde Primitif*," professed himself cured by magnetism, became one of its most enthusiastic supporters, but unfortunately dying soon after, revealed to a *post-mortem* examination that his kidneys were in a complete state of disorganization of long standing, and that therefore the magnetic cure had no existence but in his imagination. The papers noticed the event in these terms: "M. Court de Gébelin, auteur du *Monde Primitif*, vient de mourir, guéri par le magnétisme animal."† About the same time also, Berthollet, the celebrated chemist, who had gone so far as to become one of Mesmer's pupils, announced in a pithy little advertisement that the whole was a piece of quackery, and it is said even went so far as to threaten his master with a caning for having imposed on him. But it was at length determined that a serious examination should take place, the king directed the attention of the Académie des Sciences to the subject, and a committee of investigation was appointed,‡ of which Bailly, Franklin, Lavoisier, and others,

* Biographie Universelle, Tom. xxviii. p. 413. Art. Mesmer.

† Du Magnétisme Animal en France, par Bertrand. Paris, 1826.

‡ Another committee was appointed at the same time by the Royal Society of Medicine; as their report agreed with that of the committee appointed by the Académie, it is unnecessary we should further allude to it.

were members. Mesmer at once perceived his danger, refused all communication with the commissioners, and absented himself from the inquiry. His presence, however, was not required. M. Deslon, who had long assisted in his practice, known his theory, and produced the same effects, was either more sincere or more silly than his master. He laid open to the commissioners all the proceedings, displayed all his varieties of convulsions, crises, and cures, and enabled them to convince themselves and every rational person that Mesmer was a bold charlatan, and Deslon a clever dupe.* Their report, which presents one of the most beautiful examples of judicious experiment and clear logical deduction, has been so often reprinted, and so generally quoted, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than repeat its conclusions.

It shows that there is no proof of the existence of an universal fluid or magnetic power except from its effects on human bodies: that those effects can be produced without passes or other magnetic manipulations; that those manipulations, alone, are insufficient to produce the effects, if employed without the patient's knowledge; that therefore *imagination* will, and animal magnetism will not, account for the results produced.

The commissioners also notice the effect of the *attouchemens* in sensitive patients, and of *imitation* in inducing many crises to follow the appearance of the first. Their concluding observation is grave and judicious. "Le magnétisme n'aura pas été tout-à-fait inutile à la philosophie qui la condamne; c'est un fait de plus à consigner dans l'histoire des erreurs de l'esprit humain, et une grande expérience sur le pouvoir de l'imagination." †

We have now done with Mesmer: this report annihilated him. He retired to his own country to enjoy his ill-gotten booty, and his system took shelter at Busancy with M. de Puységur.

By him somnambulism was discovered and added to the system.

M. Pététin, of Lyons, found that cataleptic patients, whom he considered as in a state of natural somnambulism, could read a book, or taste bon-bons, if laid on their epigastrium. Of this fact, which he called the transport of the senses, he has made a present to the science. The faculty of inspecting the state of one's own inside or of doing the same favor to another, together with that of foretelling future events, and describing the termination of the disease, must, we believe, rank amongst M. de Puységur's discoveries.

* It is a reflexion of Cabanis, "qu'il est des erreurs dont les hommes d'esprit sont seuls susceptibles."

† Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences, &c. 1784. p. 15.

But the Revolution came, and men had no time to regard these puerile absurdities. Animal magnetism returned to its native soil, Germany, where it has since continued to thrive.* Some few exhibitions of the kind also occurred in England. De Louthembourg, the painter, fancied himself commissioned to cure diseases, which he did by the touch, much after the manner of Greatrakes. An account of his miracles was published in 1789, under this title ; "A List of new Cures performed by Mr. and Mrs. de Louthembourg, of Hammersmith Terrace, without medicine. By a Lover of the Lamb of God. Dedicated to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." This "lover of the lamb of God" was, we understand, an ill-favored woman called Mary Pratt ; — those who are anxious about her work will find it in the British Museum.

Perkins's metallic tractors made their appearance here about the year 1798.† They belong rather to mineral than animal magnetism. However, they received their *coup-de-grace* from Dr. Haygarth, who made himself some very neat wooden tractors, which, being painted to resemble the metallic, performed exactly the same cures, of which he published a full account in his work called "Of the Imagination, as a Cause and Cure of Disorders, exemplified by fictitious Tractors," Bath, 1800. Since that time, England has been free from any attempt to revive the subject up to the recent publication and translation of the French report. In France it maintained a dubious sort of existence under the auspices of M. de Puységur, who, being of a charitable disposition, and feeding as well as magnetizing his patients, was always sure to have them in sufficient numbers. To operate on each individual would have been rather tedious and troublesome ; so he

* Our limits prevent us from noticing more fully the progress of the science in Germany. Compelled to choose, we have preferred following the French school, as their experiments have been more recent, and the results are authenticated by the report of a committee expressly appointed to observe them. If these results fail in establishing facts or theories, it can neither be attributed to want of time, the committee having continued their investigations for nearly six years, nor to want of skill in the operators, who included the first magnetists in Paris.

† An account of their effects was published in 1799, containing "the Experiments of surgeons Herholdt and Rafn, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Copenhagen," together with "Reports of 150 Additional Cases in England, by Benjamin Douglas Perkins of Leicester Square." The object of this work may be readily understood from the following little note, p. 32 : —

"In obstinate cases the tractors should be employed at least three times a day, but this cannot be accomplished in an hospital unless it possesses many sets of the tractors."

Perkins had a patent for the tractors, and sold them at five guineas the pair.

ordered these matters better by magnetizing an old elm-tree in the market-place, from the branches of which he hung a number of ropes to serve as conductors of the fluid. A gentleman who went down from Paris to witness this exhibition, found more than a hundred and fifty people assembled round the tree in different states of excitement ; none of them, however, ventured to fall into a crisis, until one had gone up to the chateau to ask leave, and come back with a fresh charge of the fluid, which soon produced a general commotion. The population of the neighbourhood was found to be more improved by these assemblages than the health or morality of its inhabitants.*

The proceedings of magnetism had been much simplified ; baquets and wands and strong pressure on different parts had been relinquished, and with those died away, in a great measure, the violent crises and strong convulsive attacks which were consequent on their use. A mode of operating more dreamy, — more purely addressed to the imagination, — had been adopted ; and with the change in mode came a change in results, — somnambulism was developed. As if to prove beyond doubt its direct dependence on the imagination, the Abbé Faria found a still simpler method of producing it. He placed the patient on a sofa, begging him to close his eyes and collect himself ; then, all at once, he pronounced, in a strong commanding voice, the word “ Dormez ” : the effect was generally a slight convulsion through the body of the patient, heat, transpiration, and even sometimes somnambulism. If the first attempt did not succeed, he submitted the patient to a second, a third, and even a fourth ; after which he declared him incapable of being acted on.†

Little more remains to be told of its history. In 1813, M. Deleuze published his *Histoire critique du Magnétisme Animal*, which, affecting a grave, philosophic tone, deprived the matter of the only merit it ever had, — that of being amusing. Some periodicals devoted to the subject appeared, but their existence was almost ephemeral. There were in succession the *Annales du Magnétisme Animal*, the *Bibliothèque du Magnétisme Animal*, and last of all *L'Hermès, Journal du Magnétisme Animal*, edited by two ladies (Mme. Lévi and Mme. Fouchard), which finally expired with the year 1829.

M. Dupotet, in 1826, published his *Expériences sur le Magnétisme Animal* ; in the same year appeared M. Bertrand's work, with this singular annunciation ; “ Je crois aux phénomènes du somnambulisme, et j'écris ce livre pour prouver que le magnétisme

* “ Lettre à l'Intendant de Soissons,” published by M. Montègre in his “ Recueil des Pièces Importantes,” pp. 28–32. Paris, 1812.

† Bertrand, Du Magnét. An. p. 247.

est une pure chimère." M. Rostan wrote an article in its favor in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Médecine*, chiefly remarkable for the strength and the *generality* of its assertions. M. Georget inserted a chapter on the subject in his *Physiologie du Système Nerveux*, evincing an equal dislike to detail. This young writer was possessed of a most brilliant imagination, but died before he attained any maturity of judgement. He was first a materialist, then a magnetist; he wrote a *Traité de la Folie*, which was much praised; yet perhaps the nature of the subject, compared with the author's career, may suggest to some of our readers Byron's unlucky lines, —

"That all who view the idiot in his glory,
Conceive the bard the hero of the story."

The last act of the magnetic drama was the obtaining from the *Académie Royale de Médecine* a committee to inquire into new proofs which it was asserted could be advanced. The nomination of the committee took place February 28, 1826, and its report was read June 21, 1831.

The members who originally composed it were MM. Bourdois, Double, Itard, Gueneau de Mussy, Guersent, Fouquier, Laennec, Leroux, Magendie, Marc, and Thillaye. Of these MM. Magendie and Double declined acting; Laennec resigned from ill health, and was succeeded by M. Husson, to whom we are indebted for drawing up the present Report.*

The proceedings of this committee, involving an experimental inquiry into the new proofs of animal magnetism, will more properly come under our second head, to which we now proceed.

II. *Examination of proofs.*

At our first step in this part of our subject, we are met by the fact, that a great number of persons, witnesses of magnetic experiments, have declared their belief in the existence of a magnetic power. We naturally inquire, then, by what means this belief has been arrived at, and how we may attain the same conviction? The answer shall be from the pen of M. Deleuze, "the Nestor of Animal Magnetism," as we find him denominated in the *Hermès*.

* Mr. Colquhoun, in the title-page of, and throughout his translation of this Report, has made a serious mistake in styling it that of "the Committee of the *Medical Section* of the French Royal Academy of Sciences."

The "Académie Royale de Médecine" is quite unconnected with the "Académie des Sciences"; it may be considered the successor of the old "Société Royale de Médecine"; the new designation only dates from 1820.

"The only real and solid conviction is that which results from our own experience. The way, then, to be convinced of the existence of Animal Magnetism is to magnetize! *

"The exercise of magnetism requires,

"An active desire to do good.

"A firm belief in its power.

"An entire confidence in employing it.

"The desire depends on yourself. The belief you have not yet, '*mais vous pouvez mettre votre âme dans l'état où elle serait si vous croyiez.*' It is sufficient to repel all doubts, desire success, and act with simplicity and attention. †

"Forget for a time all your knowledge of physics and metaphysics; remove from your mind all objections that may occur. ‡

"Imagine that it is in your power to take the malady in your hand and throw it to one side. §

"Allow your patients at the same time to use proper remedies. ||

"Never magnetize before inquisitive persons." ¶

But we were near omitting the best of all. —

"Do not reason for six weeks after you have commenced the study." **

Really M. Deleuze is very modest: he only asks a man to resign his reason, imagine an absurdity, forget his knowledge, commence with credulity, and then promises him that he shall end with belief.

M. Deleuze may be the "Nestor of Animal Magnetism," but he is undoubtedly the Thersites of common sense. And is it not an almost irresistible argument, *à priori*, against the whole system, that such preliminaries to its reception are declared necessary by one universally cried up as its sagest and most philosophic defender?

Perhaps there are some men who consider that the sacrifice of their reason would be repaid by a belief in Animal Magnetism: certainly there are others who will think with us, that "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" For the former a royal road to faith lies open by following M. Deleuze's directions; for the latter, we proceed to inquire whether any hopes remain in the new experiments made to force conviction upon every mind.

And, let it be remarked, these experiments have been made under the most favorable circumstances.

The committee were patient, attentive, and so far from being prejudiced against the system, that we shall show them to have admitted some of its conclusions on most inadequate proofs.

* Hist. Crit. du Mag. An., vol. i. p. 53.

† Ib. p. 59.

¶ Ib. p. 60.

§ Ib. p. 59.

** Ib. p. 57.

† Ib. p. 58.

|| Ib. p. 60.

Their sittings lasted upwards of five years, during which time it was publicly known that experiments were making, and attention was paid by the committee to every proposal coming from the magnetists, even when involving the most ridiculous absurdities, as in the case of the woman under the care of M. Chapelain, mentioned at page 141 of the Report.*

The magnetic operations were conducted by MM. Foissac, Dupotet, Chapelain, and others, whose skill no one will think of disputing.

All effects, therefore, claimed for Animal Magnetism by its partisans, beyond those which they attempted to demonstrate on this occasion, we leave as unworthy of notice. If they exclaim against this, our reply is, — Why have you not shown them?

The committee was appointed at the instance of M. Foissac, a young physician and magnetist, who, tired of obscurity, had determined to attract attention to his proceedings. In order to this, he wrote to the Académie, reminding them that, since the formal condemnation of his art by the Report of 1784, a new fact had been discovered, somnambulism, of the extraordinary nature of which he declared himself able to afford them proof through means of a female patient then under his care. His account of what she, in common with other somnambulists, could do, is so extraordinary, that we copy the part of his letter referring to this, which, strange to say, is neither given in the Report nor in Mr. Colquhoun's introductory matter.

“Somnambulists,” he asserts, “by laying the hand successively on the head, the chest, and the abdomen of a stranger, immediately discover his maladies, with the pains and different alterations thereby occasioned; they indicate besides whether the cure is possible, easy or difficult, near or remote, and what means should be employed to attain this result by the readiest and surest way. In this examination they never depart from the avowed principles of sound medicine. I go farther, *leurs inspirations tiennent du génie qui animait Hippocrate*”!

He then invites the Académie to go into any hospital and choose persons affected with any disease, acute or chronic, simple or complex, and offers to guarantee, that in all cases his somnambulists would discover the disease with certainty, and treat it with propriety. “*Les somnambules, j'en reponds, feront briller leur sagacité en raison des difficultés.*”

* As the Académie declined publishing M. Husson's “Rapport,” of which only a few copies for the use of the members were struck off, we make our references to Mr. Colquhoun's translation, which alone can be accessible to our readers.

That the Académie should have taken any notice of such glaring absurdities is to us the source of much wonder; we should as soon have expected our College of Physicians to attend to the vaporings of St. John Long, or the paid-for certificates of some man with a cholera specific. The Académie, however, did appoint a committee to inquire into M. Foissac's assertions; before this committee M. Foissac produced his somnambulist; and by this committee we find it reported that the somnambulist failed in exhibiting *any one* of the phenomena which M. Foissac had pledged himself to produce!* We do not wish to impute bad faith to M. Foissac, but shall admit the more courteous explanation, that his judgment, if ever he had any, was completely overpowered by his enthusiasm and imagination: this, however, is a sufficient evidence with what caution we should receive even the most positive assertions of magnetic experiment-makers, unless supported by the testimony of impartial witnesses.

And here is the first proof that the committee were prejudiced rather in favor of, than against, magnetism. In place of calling on M. Foissac to fulfill his promise, or at once closing the session and reporting that he had failed in performing what he had undertaken, they set about framing excuses for his failure, saying that "*they* were inexperienced, distrustful, and perhaps impatient." What! we knew indeed that the magnetist should be experienced, and, according to M. Deleuze, credulous; but are those qualifications also necessary in a witness or observer? We must henceforth be careful what we receive from men, who supposed that a miracle was not wrought, "because of their unbelief."

The committee next commenced hunting after proofs in hospitals, in the houses of the patients of the magnetizers, *in the houses of the magnetizers themselves*. Thus, "M. de Geslin wrote to inform the Committee that he had at his disposal a somnambulist, Mlle. Couturier, residing in the same house with himself," (p. 139); "M. Chapelain informed the committee that a woman of twenty-four years of age residing in his house," &c. (p. 141); "M. Dupotet presented to the committee M. Petit, an old patient," (p. 144); he also produced Mlle. Sanson, whom he had magnetized six years before, (p. 147.) The evident facility of collusion thus afforded could not escape even the obtuse perceptions of the committee, and they hasten to assure us that they had taken measures to guard against all connivance, "*unless* it can be supposed that a man of honesty and integrity, as we have always found M. Foissac, could enter into a conspiracy with another,

* Report, p. 111.

devoid of education and knowledge, to deceive us.* We confess that we could never entertain an idea so injurious to the one or the other; and we must render the same justice to MM. Dupotet and Chapelain, of whom we have repeatedly had occasion to speak in this Report."†

Was there ever a sentence so truly absurd? They guarded themselves against all collusion "unless" that which might take place between the magnetizer and his patient, the *only* collusion in short which could occur; *here* they trusted themselves to the honor and faith of the magnetizer, of whom "they could entertain no unworthy suspicions." But to show that they had not only suspicions, but *certainly*, they state as their twelfth conclusion, "That somnambulism itself may be feigned and furnish to quackery the means of deception;"‡ and, in support of this conclusion, they refer to three cases, which we find classed together, pp. 137–141, one operated on by M. de Geslin, one by M. Dupotet, and one by M. Chapelain, between which gentlemen and their patients we therefore suppose the "quackery" and "deception" may be fairly divided. From such a committee what was not to be expected! They had truly a "robuste foi," as M. Dubois happily terms it, and their reasoning was as clumsy as their credulity was gross. The first instance we have of this is in their classification of cases, made, as they inform us, "according to the more or less conspicuous degree of the magnetic action recognised in each."

Only look at the classes *said* to be formed on this principle.

"I. Magnetism has no effect upon persons in a state of sound health, nor upon some diseased persons.

"II. In others its effects are slight.

"III. These effects are sometimes produced by *ennui*, by monotony, by the imagination.

"IV. We have seen them developed independently of these last causes, most probably as the effect of magnetism alone."§

Now, with respect to the first class, we beg to ask, whether "magnetic action" is "more or less conspicuous" where "magnetism produces *no* effects?"

With respect to the second, is it not asserted, (Conclus. 7, p. 193,) that what are here termed, "slight magnetic effects," cannot be attributed to magnetism alone, but may be explained *without the intervention of a particular agent*?"

* Rapport, p. 58. We do not quote Mr. Colquhoun's translation here, because we do not think "*à moins que*" well rendered by "even if."

† Report p. 176.

‡ Ib. p. 194.

§ Ib. p. 120.

The third speaks of magnetic effects *produced* by ennui, monotony, or imagination ! This sets all our ideas of causation at defiance. The fourth class includes magnetic effects produced by a magnetic power ; and as this is at least intelligible and involves the existence of such a thing as a magnetic power, — the very point at which we want to arrive, — our future notice must be confined to this class.

The two first cases in which, as the committee declare, “it would have been difficult not to admit magnetism as the cause of the phenomena,” are the following : —

“A child of twenty-eight months, subject, like its father, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in the sequel, to attacks of epilepsy, was magnetized in the house of M. Bourdois, by M. Foissac, upon the 6th of October, 1827. Almost immediately after the commencement of the treatment, the child rubbed its eyes, bent its head to one side, supported it upon one of the cushions of the sofa where we had placed it, yawned, appeared agitated, scratched its head and its ears, seemed to contend against the approach of sleep, and soon rose, if we may be allowed the expression, grumbling. We magnetized it again ; but as there appeared, this time, no symptom of drowsiness, we terminated the experiment.

“There occurred to us a similar case of a deaf and dumb lad, eighteen years of age, who had long been subject to very frequent attacks of epilepsy, and upon whom M. Itard wished to try the effects of magnetism. This young man was magnetized fifteen times by M. Foissac. We need scarcely say here, that the epileptic attacks were entirely suspended during the sittings, and that they did not return until eight months afterwards ; a circumstance unprecedented in the history of his disease ; but we shall observe that the appreciable phenomena exhibited by this young man during the treatment were a heaviness of the eye-lids, a general numbness, a desire to sleep, and sometimes *vertigo*.” — pp. 130, 131.

On these cases the committee reason thus : —

“These cases appeared to your committee to be altogether worthy of remark. The two individuals who formed the subject of them, — the one a child of twenty-eight months, the other a deaf and dumb lad, — were ignorant of what was done to them. The one, indeed, was not in a state capable of knowing it ; and the other never had the slightest idea of magnetism. Both, however, were sensible of its influence ; and most certainly it is impossible, in either case, to attribute this sensibility to the imagination.” — p. 132.

Now that a child twenty-eight months old had not much imagination we admit ; but that he experienced any effects which evinced a magnetic power we distinctly deny, and wonder that

any man in his senses can be found to assert. A poor little child is brought in, laid on the cushion of a sofa, surrounded by grave-looking men in black, one of whom waves his hands in a mysterious way before its face ; and what does the poor little child ? It rubs its eyes, yawns, scratches its head and ears, grunbles, and runs away. And this is magnetism ! No ; — we showed before that Greatrakes failed in curing children by his touch, the report of 1784 noticed the same fact respecting M. Deslon's manipulations, and M. Foissac seems not to have been slow in appreciating this truth and discovering that children would do but little credit to his magnetic powers, as this is the only one we find operated on during the whole session of the committee.

But the assertion, “ that it is impossible to attribute any of the effects to imagination in the lad, *because* he was deaf and dumb,” is to us a most startling absurdity. Is it meant to be asserted that because he was deaf and dumb, *therefore* he could not see M. Foissac's manipulations ; or that seeing them he had no imagination on which they could act ? We really do not know which of the assertions would be most ridiculous, particularly when we remember that M. Itard, one of the committee, was physician to a deaf and dumb institution, where he could not fail to have hourly proofs that the “ poetic sense ” was by no means wanting in them. We have ourselves the pleasure of being acquainted with an engraver who, though deaf and dumb, has never been accused of any lack of imagination ; and we doubt not that several of our readers in visiting Windsor Castle have had pointed out to them a picture painted by a deaf-and-dumb artist.

The observation “ *We need scarcely say here that the epileptic fits were entirely suspended during the sittings, and that they did not return until eight months afterwards,*” is to us equally unintelligible. The obvious insinuation is, that such was an uniform result of magnetic power. To refute this we merely refer to their own report of the case of Pierre Cazot.

So much for the cases that were to prove the existence of a magnetic power. Now for those that are to present us with “ the first appearance of somnambulism, and the first traces of the expression of a commencement of intelligence.” *

They are five in number and fortunately will bear abbreviation. Mlle. Delaplane was magnetized by M. Foissac, and fell asleep at the end of eight minutes. At the second sitting she answered by affirmative and negative motions of the head. At the third she gave us to understand that in two days she would speak and point

* Report, p. 137.

out the nature and seat of her complaint. She was magnetized four times after, and *never once spoke*.*

Baptiste Chamet was magnetized by M. Dupotet, and fell asleep at the end of eight minutes. As he seemed to suffer pain, he was asked what ailed him, when he pointed with his hand to his breast. He was again asked what part that was, and replied *his liver*.†

Mlle. Martineau magnetized by M. Dupotet. In her sleep she said she did not see the persons present, but that she heard them. No one was speaking at the time. She said she would not recover until she was purged with manna and English pills;—she got no manna but had some pills of crumb of bread, which operated very well. She said she should awake after five or ten minutes' sleep; and did not awake for sixteen or seventeen. She announced that on a certain day she would give us a detailed account of the nature of her complaint; and when the day arrived she told us nothing. *In short, she was at fault every time*.‡

Mlle. Couturier, patient of M. de Geslin, was by him announced to be able to read his thoughts or execute his mental orders. To ascertain this, the committee went to M. Geslin's house, where Mlle. Couturier was set to sleep. One of the committee then wrote on a slip of paper the words, "Go and sit down upon the stool in front of the piano," and gave the paper to M. de Geslin. He, having conceived this mentally, *told* the somnambulist to do that which he required of her. She rose from her place, and going up to the clock, said *it was twenty minutes past nine!* She made nine other mistakes, and as the report says, "to sum up all, did not fulfill any of the promises which had been made to us!" §

The fifth case is inimitably ludicrous, || but unfortunately contains some details which must exclude it from our pages. M. Dubois, however, has not been under such restraint, and will certainly exercise the risible faculties of his readers. Suffice it to say, that as in the other four cases a foolish woman made a foolish prophecy, which of course was never fulfilled.

And these five cases, the committee tell us, showed "the first traces of the expression of a commencement of intelligence"!

* Report, p. 136.

† Ib. p. 137.

‡ Ib. p. 139.

§ Ib. p. 139.

|| In translating this case, which however he does not give at length, Mr. Colquhoun makes the curious mistake of rendering "le lendemain 15, à onze heures du soir," by "the next day at *fifteen minutes* from eleven." Looking at first at the translation, we were inclined to suspect some mistake in the experiment, as the committee did not go until within *five minutes* of eleven; the text, however, shows at once that *fifteen* refers to the day of the month.

With some little inconsistency they next say, that in these instances somnambulism was feigned, and proceed to inquire whether any sure test existed by which they could ascertain when the patient was truly somnambulant. M. Dupotet, to whom they applied in this difficulty, answered that there was. "He undertook, and we have his promise to this effect under his own hand, to produce at pleasure, and out of sight of those individuals whom he had placed in a state of somnambulism, convulsive motions in any part of their bodies by merely directing his finger towards that part. These convulsions he looked on as an unequivocal sign of the existence of somnambulism." *

If this be so, somnambulism was not reserved for Puységur to discover, as this was identically the very first experiment shown by Mesmer to Ingenhousz on Mlle. Oesterline. Let us see how far M. Dupotet redeemed his *written* promise, for we are beginning to learn the value of these things from a magnetist.

"Your committee took advantage of the presence of Baptiste Chamet, already mentioned (page 136), to make experiments upon him, for the purpose of elucidating this question. Accordingly, M. Dupotet having placed this person in a state of somnambulism, directed the point of his fingers towards those of Chamet, or approximated them with a metallic rod; *no* convulsive effect was produced. A finger of the magnetizer was again directed towards those of the patient, and there was perceived, in the fore and middle fingers of *both* hands, a slight motion similar to that produced by the galvanic pile. Six minutes afterwards, the finger of the magnetizer, directed towards the left wrist of the patient, impressed upon it a complete convulsive motion; and the magnetizer then informed us, that in five minutes, *he should do all that he pleased with this man*. M. Marc, then, placing himself behind the patient, indicated that the magnetizer should endeavour to act upon the fore-finger of the *right* hand: he directed his own fore-finger towards this part, and the convulsions took place in the *left*, and in the thigh of the same side. At a later period, the fingers were directed towards the toes, but *no* effect was produced. Some anterior manipulations were performed. MM. Bourdois, Guersent, and Gueneau de Mussy successively directed their fingers towards those of the patient, which became contracted at their approach. At a later period, motions were perceived in the left hand, towards which, however, no finger was directed. Finally, we suspended all our experiments, in order to ascertain whether the convulsive motions did not take place when the patient was not magnetized; *and these motions were renewed*, but more feebly." — pp. 142, 143.

* Report, p. 142.

Will any one say this is performing what was promised? Yet that committee seem to hold that the certainty of somnambulism is established, — that the existence of a magnetic power is established. We have gone through all the experiments, and it bewilders our poor understanding to find the proof of either.

The next point is to ascertain the faculty termed *clairvoyance*; for this also they had M. Dupotet's word. He asserted that the somnambulist would be able to choose, with his eyes shut, a certain coin out of twelve others. The experiment was made, and M. Petit (the somnambulist) chose the *wrong one*.* He was then tried with the hands of a watch and "twice consecutively was mistaken." At a subsequent sitting he was able to make out a word here and there in a book,† and to tell the color and figures of cards.‡ All this time his eyelids appeared closed, but a bandage put over them at once interrupted his vision,§ as did also a sheet of paper interposed between his eyes and the object to be perceived.|| The ball of his eye was observed to be constantly moving in the direction of the object.¶

From which it is clear that the *voluntary* muscles were in full action; — and that M. Petit saw with his eyes and not by means of any new sense, as supposed in the legends told by Messrs. Pététin and Rostan, of people reading through their epigastrium or telling the hour on a watch placed at their occiput. The committee neglect saying whether M. Petit brought the objects *under* his eyes,** so that by a slight and momentary opening in the midst of many efforts, which he generally made, he might catch a word in a book or the color of a card. It is clear that he saw a large object more perfectly than a small. On the whole, we think we have seen a better trick at Bartholomew fair.†† We suppose then we are to say "this faculty is established," as Mr. Combe does when he has finished a dissertation on an organ. ‡‡

* Report, p. 153.

§ Ib. p. 154.

† Ib. p. 155.

|| Ib. p. 153.

‡ Ib. p. 156.

¶ Ib. p. 156.

** In one case it is distinctly mentioned that this was the fact: "A passport was placed *under* his eyes." — p. 155.

†† M. Dubois, who has often witnessed those pretended attempts at reading or distinguishing objects with the eyes shut, gives the following account of them. "Somnambulists never distinguish an object at once on its being presented to them. They take it in their hands, feel it, turn it about in different directions, approach it to their eyes, and at length, *after* many attempts often unsuccessful, they catch at a glance two words, sometimes three, rarely four or five, then declare they have need of rest, this exercise being, as the magnetizers gravely announce, extremely fatiguing." — *Examen*, p 72.

‡‡ An amusing circumstance has lately come to light, as connected with Mr. Combe's work. It will be recollected by any one who has read it, and

But we fear our readers are getting tired of these scenes of never-varying stolidity, and we hasten to announce that there are but three cases more, the first two of which we shall give as briefly as possible ; on the last we must dwell a little longer, as it is the only example in which it is attempted to be shown that the somnambulist could see into the bodies of others.

Paul Villagrand had apoplexy followed by paralysis of the left side. He was admitted into hospital April 8, 1827, and treated by bleedings, purgatives, and blisters, with alcoholic extract of *nux vomica*. Under this treatment he was improving ; he was able to walk with the aid of crutches, his headaches were gone, his left arm had gained a little strength, when (August 29) he was magnetized for the first time by M. Foissac. He became a somnambulist, and thereupon took to prescribe for himself. He showed, however, much discretion in the use of his new faculty ; for though he announced that he could not be cured but by means of magnetism, he did by no means neglect what he found was doing him good, but ordered a continuation of the *nux vomica*, with sinapisms and Baréges baths. Finding himself improved in strength, he thought this a good opportunity for showing off the new talent called *prévision*, and therefore prophesied that on a certain day he should walk without crutches, a prophecy which he took good care to accomplish, "to the great surprise of the other patients, who had hitherto constantly seen him confined to bed," * says the Report ; though, how a man who used to walk about on crutches † can be said to be constantly confined to bed, is another point which in no slight degree perplexes us. A short time after, seeing that all matters were going on well, Paul thought it very safe to declare that he would be quite well by the end of the year. He still continued his medicines, with occasional setons, cauteries, &c., until towards the close of the year, when he thought it would be proper to complete his cure by a strong dose of magnetism. Accordingly "he was magnetized upon the 25th December, and continued in a state of somnambulism until the 1st of January !" ‡ What ! slept eight whole days without eating !

a more entertaining work on phrenology does not exist, how often he supports his views by drawings of Raphael's skull compared with the skulls of people noted for deficiency in imaginative and pictorial talent. Mr. Scott also took up the subject, and, in an extremely ingenious and well-written paper, published in "The Phrenological Journal," vol. ii. p. 327, traced the minutest shades of Raphael's character and disposition in the protuberances of this same skull. It now appears the skull no more belonged to Raphael than it did to Judas Iscariot ! Raphael's tomb was opened the other day, and his skeleton found perfect, *skull and all*.

* Report, p. 163.

† Ib. p. 160.

‡ Ib. p. 165.

Oh, by no means, gentle reader, — he was regularly awoke to be fed, ate with a good appetite, digested well, walked about arm-in-arm with M. Foissac, ran, leaped, performed feats of strength, and recognised his old friends ; * in short, as M. Dubois pithily observes, “his sleep existed no where but in the brains of the commissioners.”

The next case will detain us for a very short time. Cazot was an epileptic patient, and showed *prévision*, by foretelling the period at which his next fit would occur. Every one who knows the facility and accuracy with which this disease can be simulated, or who is aware of the effect of a strong impression or prepossession in bringing on a fit, will readily conceive how these prophecies may have been accomplished, without attributing them to any miraculous endowment. His last prophecy, delivered on the 22d April, was, that in nine weeks he should have a fit, in three weeks after go mad, abuse his wife, murder some one, and finally recover in the month of August, after which he was never to have an attack again.† In two days after uttering this prophecy, he was run over by a cabriolet, from the effects of which accident he died ; and our medical readers will judge what chance he had of a final recovery in a few months when they learn that “at the extremity of his plexus choroides was a substance, yellow within and white on the outside, containing small hydatids.”‡

And now for the great miracle of looking into another person's body, as performed, in the presence of the committee, three several times, by Mlle. Céline Sauvage ; and, by the way, the greatest miracles of faith are generally performed by female disciples. Mlle. Céline, however, of whom the Report only informs us that “she had a sweet breath,” § omitting all notice of her age, temperament, previous state, habitude of being magnetized, by whom magnetized, and therefore how far collusion was probable, Mlle. Céline, we say, was thrown into a state of somnambulism before the committee, “and it was while sunk in this state that the committee recognised in her three times the faculty of discoursing upon the diseases of other persons whom she touched, and of pointing out the appropriate remedies.” ||

The first trial of skill was made on M. Marc, one of the committee.

“She applied her hand to his forehead, and to the region of the heart, and in the course of three minutes she said, that the blood had a tendency to the head ; that, *at that moment*, M. Marc had

* Report, pp. 165, 166.
§ *Ib.* p. 183.

† *Ib.* p. 180.
|| *Ibid.*

‡ *Ib.* p. 126.

pain on the left side of this *cavity*; that he often felt an oppression, especially after having eaten; that he must often have a slight cough; that the lower part of the breast was gorged with blood; that something impeded the alimentary passage; that this part (pointing to the region of the xiphoid cartilage) was contracted.

"We were anxious to learn from M. Marc whether he experienced all that this somnambulist had announced. He told us that, in reality, he felt an oppression *when he walked* upon leaving the table; that, as she announced, he frequently had a cough; and that, *before* this experiment, he *had* felt pain in the left side of the head, but that he was *not* sensible of any impediment in the alimentary passage." — p. 184.

"And," say the committee, "we were struck with this analogy between the feelings of M. Marc and the announcement of Mlle. Céline!" Analogy, truly! M. Marc, for whose *personnel* we are indebted to M. Dubois, is a fat, pursy little man, with a yellowish tint, and a short neck. What wonderful sagacity, then, in Mlle. Céline to say that he had occasionally "a little cough," and must feel an oppression after a heavy meal! But when she leaves these vague generalities, she is all in error. M. Marc, she announces, "has, *at this moment*, a pain in the left side of his *cavity*" (meaning thereby his head): M. Marc, called on to verify this statement, replies, "that *before* the experiment he *had* felt a pain. The lady adds, "something impedes your alimentary passage:" the sage replies, "I am not sensible of any impediment." Analogy, quotha!

The next case is that of a young lady who had been dropsical for two years. Her mesenteric glands were also much enlarged, so as to be easily felt externally. She had been punctured ten or twelve times by M. Dupuytren, and a considerable quantity of water drawn off each time. It is well known that M. Dupuytren is in the habit of mentioning at lecture such remarkable cases as occur to him in practice; he could scarcely fail to have spoken of this. Had Mlle. Céline ever heard of the case in this way through M. Foissac, her patron? We cannot answer that question; but we can state, that she gave the identical diagnosis (with additions), and prescribed the identical treatment, which M. Dupuytren had done before.* Her additions were "pouches containing worms," and "at the bottom of the stomach *in its interior*, a gland of the thickness of three of her fingers." We should be glad to know

* Neither was this an accidental coincidence in prescribing an ordinary remedy. The prescription, as originally given by M. Dupuytren, the prescription as repeated by Mlle. Céline, was "*the milk of a goat which had been rubbed with mercurial ointment!*"

what gland this was. However, the diagnosis was never verified, for "the body was not opened." *

And this is offered us as proof.

The last case is equally weak and inconclusive. M. Husson's report of it is as follows.

"Upon an occasion of great delicacy, when very able physicians, several of whom are members of the Academy, had prescribed a mercurial treatment for an obstruction (*engorgement*) of the glands of the neck, which they attributed to a syphilitic taint, the family of the patient under this treatment, alarmed at the appearance of some serious consequences, wished to have the advice of a somnambulist. The reporter was called in to assist at a consultation; and he did not neglect to take advantage of this new opportunity of adding to what the committee had already seen. He found a young married woman, Madame La C —, having the whole right side of the neck deeply obstructed by a great congeries of glands close upon each other. One of them was opened, and emitted a yellowish purulent matter.

"Mlle. Céline, whom M. Foissac magnetized in the presence of the reporter, placed herself in connexion with this patient, and affirmed that the stomach had been attacked by a substance *like poison*; that there was a slight inflammation of the intestines; that, in the upper part of the neck, on the right side, there was a scrofulous complaint, which ought to have been more considerable than it was at present; that, by following a soothing treatment, which she prescribed, the disease would be mitigated in the course of fifteen days or three weeks." — pp. 187, 188.

Now let us fill up the deficiencies in the above report. A lady had enlarged glands of the neck; she was placed on mercurial treatment, which was followed by "some serious consequences." What these consequences were we are left to guess. Suppose them to be the most common results of an ill-judged administration of mercury, viz. irritation or inflammation of the lining membrane of the stomach and bowels, attended with occasional vomiting, diarrhœa, and of course tenderness, on pressure over the affected parts. Well, — the family, alarmed, wish to have the *advice of a somnambulist*. Whether this notable expedient was suggested by a magnetist or antimagnetist, we need scarcely stop to inquire. M. Husson, of the committee, *is sent for* in consultation, and meets M. Foissac and Mlle. Céline. This latter is magnetized, applies her hand over different parts of the patient, and announces three facts:

1st. "That the stomach had been attacked by a substance *like poison*" (mercury?)

* Report, p. 187.

2d. "That there was a slight inflammation of the intestines," (diarrhœa?)

3d. "That in the upper part of the neck, on the right side, there was a *scrofulous complaint*."

Now, is there any announcement here that M. Foissac could not have made, after a minute's previous examination, or even from hearing the history of the case?

Did Mlle. Céline learn from M. Foissac that enlarged glands of the neck constituted a "*scrofulous complaint*," or had she this *term* also by direct inspiration?

But, for the proof of her prophecy. The patient died, the body was examined, and three facts were ascertained. *

1st. "The mucous lining of the great end of the stomach almost entirely destroyed;" a simple result of inflammation.

2d. "Scrofulous or enlarged glands in the neck;" this was as well known during lifetime, when one of them was opened.

3d. "Two small cavities full of pus, proceeded from *the tubercles at the top of each of the lungs!*" What! is it possible that the patient had tubercular phthisis, and that Mlle. Céline never saw or mentioned it, because M. Foissac's attention was not drawn to this point by any thing in the history of the case?

From the whole narrative one of two conclusions is necessary: either Mlle. Céline derived her information in some such way as we have pointed out, which is at once simple, natural, and probable; or she obtained it by the new sense, — by special revelation; *and of these conclusions the committee adopt THE LATTER!*

III. *An inquiry into its practical utility*, we had proposed as the third part of our article on Animal Magnetism.

"Le Magnétisme Animal peut bien exister sans être utile, mais il ne peut être utile s'il n'existe pas." Under this plea we might have excused ourselves from saying any thing on this head; but though Animal Magnetism does not exist, there can be no doubt of the extraordinary effects which artifice and imposture may produce on enfeebled intellects and overheated imaginations.† We

* Report, p. 189. As our copy is imperfect, we are here obliged to rely on Mr. Colquhoun's translation, which we hope is correct.

† The results of magnetic treatment have undoubtedly furnished us with new views as to the *extent* of power possessed by the imagination over our organization; but as this is not among the points on which its supporters rest its claims to *utility*, we may be excused entering upon it, particularly as it would lead us into the general consideration of the influence of mind on matter, — a subject so extensive as to require a volume rather than the few lines we could introduce towards the end of an article which has already grown beyond its intended limits.

give four authentic proofs of the practical evils that may result from magnetism in this point of view, and they will be found to represent four distinct stages in its history.

1. The commission of 1784, in addition to their published Report, of which we have already spoken, addressed a private memoir* to the king, setting forth the serious injury to public morals consequent on the employment of Animal Magnetism as a remedial agent. They referred to M. Deslon himself, as admitting that a woman in a high state of magnetic excitement was not mistress of her own actions, and was incapable of resisting any attempts on her modesty.

As to its remedial power they state, and this statement is borne out by the Report† of the Société Royale de Médecine; “Il n’y a point de guérisons réelles; les traitemens sont fort longs et infructueux.”

2. The effects of M. Puységur’s somnambulism we have already noticed.

3. M. Pététin states that he had verified his observations respecting the transposition of the senses on no less than eight cataleptic patients. Now that in a very few years he should have seen so many instances of a complaint, which is so rare that few physicians see even a single case, will appear extraordinary, until we remember with what facility nervous diseases are propagated by imitation, and how readily a delicate person, predisposed to such an affection, would begin to exhibit any wonderful symptom often spoken of, and much dwelt on in her presence. “On peut donc dire que Pététin créa lui-même autour de lui une *épidémie de catalepsie*.”‡

4. To show that magnetism has lost none of its dangerous qualities in the present day, we quote the following from Mr. Russell’s *Tour in Germany*, a book which we always read with renewed pleasure for the accuracy of its facts and the soundness of its observations.

“A melancholy instance of the pernicious results to which this may lead was still the subject of general conversation when I arrived at Berlin. The principal actor in the affair was Dr. W —, the great apostle of the doctrine in Prussia, and moreover a professor in the University. The unfortunate victim was a young lady of very respectable family. She had been led by curiosity to

* Rapport Secret sur le Mesmérisme, rédigé par Bailly, 1784. To be found in Bertrand, Montègre, and other collections of papers relating to magnetism.

† Rapport des Commissaires de la Société de Médecine. Paris, 1784.

‡ Bertrand, du Mag. An.

visit the apartments in which the doctor performs the magnetical process on a number of patients, in presence of each other ; and it is at once a very decisive and intelligible fact, in that science, that females are found to be the most suitable subjects for its exercise."

Several experiments, which it is unnecessary to repeat, were gone through for her satisfaction.

"The lady departed, still in doubt ; but these amusing scenes had so far shaken her original skepticism, that the magician easily prevailed upon her to arrive at certainty, by having the truth displayed in her own person. * * *

"To the poor girl conviction and ruin came together : a miscreant could find little difficulty in abusing the mental imbecility which must always accompany such voluptuous fanaticism. I cannot enter into the details of the miserable and disgusting circumstances which followed. Excess of villany brought the whole affair before a court of justice and the Prussian public. It was clear that what was to become the living witness of their guilt had met with foul play ; and the enraged father preferred against the professor an accusation of a crime which is next to murder, or rather which threatened a double murder. The judges ordered the recipes of certain medicines which the doctor had administered to the lady to be submitted to three medical gentlemen for their opinion. The report of these gentlemen rendered it impossible to convict Dr. W — of having used the drugs directly for his infamous purpose ; but as, in certain circumstances, their indirect operation would lead to the same issue, the professional persons gave it as their opinion that the professor was bound to explain on what grounds he had administered medicines of a most suspicious class, in circumstances where no prudent medical man would have prescribed them. The man did not choose to do himself this justice ; the court did not think there was sufficient evidence to convict him of the direct charges. Professor W — has lost his character, but retains his chair." — Vol. i, p. 102.

Were it not for the occurrence of such scenes as those, we would willingly subscribe to the justice of Mr. Hoffmann's *mot* : "Ceux qui s'acharnent contre le magnétisme ont bien tort ; car, s'il n'est pas vrai, il est au moins bien plaisant."

And with this observation we leave it.

[Abridged from "The Edinburgh Review," No. 117.]

[We should have been glad to find, what we have not met with, a good review of the Letters of Horace Walpole mentioned below, from which many amusing extracts might be strung together. What we have quoted from the Edinburgh is preceded by an elaborate delineation of his character ; but to do this justice re-

quired a more dexterous hand and a lighter touch than that of the reviewer. His coloring is too coarse; and the general effect of his picture is, we think, unjust to that witty, brilliant man, whose writings, with one exception, never weary, whose moral defects were, in great part, those of his age and situation, and who with all his faults, prejudices, and affectations, shows much good sense and right feeling. A man who has a distinctive character among all English authors for a constant play of wit and shrewd remark, without any worse qualities than Horace Walpole, deserved to be treated with more consideration. The reviewer seems indeed in what he has said to his disadvantage to have had his posthumous historical work, his "*Memoires*," more in mind than his other writings; and in defence of this production we have nothing to say. It is, — a marvellous thing considering who was the writer, — it is a dull book, and it is full of spleen and prejudice.

Omitting, for the reasons mentioned, the first part of the review, we give the conclusion of the article, which presents a spirited and entertaining sketch of the characters of different ministers in England, to whose administrations the political notices in Walpole's Letters relate. — [END.]

ART. II. — *Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany.* Now first published from the Originals in the possession of the EARL OF WALDGRAVE. Edited by LORD DOVER. Three Volumes 8vo. London. 1833.*

IN wit and animation the present collection of Walpole's Letters is not superior to those which have preceded it. But it has one great advantage over them all. It forms a connected whole, — a regular journal of what appeared to Walpole the most important transactions of the last twenty years of George the Second's reign. It contains much new information concerning the history of that time, — the portion of English history of which common readers know the least.

The earlier letters contain the most lively and interesting account which we possess of that "great Walpolean battle," to use the words of Junius, which terminated in the retirement of Sir Robert. Horace Walpole entered the House of Commons just in time to witness the last desperate struggle which his father, surrounded by enemies and traitors, maintained with a spirit as brave as that of the column at Fontenoy, first for victory, and then for honorable retreat. Horace was, of course, on the side of his family. Lord Dover seems to have been enthusiastic on the same side, and goes so far as to call Sir Robert "the glory of the Whigs."

Sir Robert deserved this high eulogium, we think, as little as he deserved the abusive epithets which have often been coupled with his name. A fair character of him still remains to be drawn: and, whenever it shall be drawn, it will be equally unlike the portrait by Coxe and the portrait by Smollett.

* Republished by George Dearborn, New-York.

He had, undoubtedly, great talents and great virtues. He was not, indeed, like the leaders of the party which opposed his government, — a brilliant orator. He was not a profound scholar, like Carteret, or a wit and a fine gentleman, like Chesterfield. In all these respects, his deficiencies were remarkable. His literature consisted of a scrap or two of Horace, and an anecdote or two from the end of the Dictionary. His knowledge of history was so limited, that, in the great debate on the Excise Bill, he was forced to ask Attorney-General Yorke who Empson and Dudley were. His manners were a little too coarse and boisterous even for that age of Westerns and Tophalls. When he ceased to talk of politics, he could talk of nothing but women ; and he dilated on his favorite theme with a freedom which shocked even that plain-spoken generation, and which was quite unsuited to his age and station. The noisy revelry of his summer festivities at Houghton gave much scandal to grave people, and annually drove his kinsman and colleague, Lord Townshend, from the neighbouring mansion of Rainham.

But, however ignorant he might be of general history and of general literature, he was better acquainted than any man of his day with what it concerned him most to know, mankind, the English nation, the Court, the House of Commons, and his own office. Of foreign affairs he knew little ; but his judgment was so good, that his little knowledge went very far. He was an excellent parliamentary debater, an excellent parliamentary tactician, an excellent man of business. No man ever brought more industry or more method to the transacting of affairs. No minister in his time did so much ; yet no minister had so much leisure.

He was a good-natured man, who had for thirty years seen nothing but the worst parts of human nature in other men. He was familiar with the malice of kind people, and the perfidy of honorable people. Proud men had licked the dust before him. Patriots had begged him to come up to the price of their puffed and advertised integrity. He said, after his fall, that it was a dangerous thing to be a minister, — that there were few minds which would not be injured by the constant spectacle of meanness and depravity. To his honor, it must be confessed, that few minds have come out of such a trial so little damaged in the most important parts. He retired, after more than twenty years of power, with a temper not soured, with a heart not hardened, with simple tastes, with frank manners, and with a capacity for friendship. No stain of treachery, of ingratitude, or of cruelty, rests on his memory. Factional hatred, while flinging on his name every other foul aspersion, was compelled to own that he was not a man of blood. This would scarcely seem a high eulogium on

a statesman of our times. It was then a rare and honorable distinction. The contests of parties in England had long been carried on with a ferocity unworthy of a civilized people. Sir Robert Walpole was the minister who gave to our government that character of lenity which it has since generally preserved. It was perfectly known to him that many of his opponents had dealings with the Pretender. The lives of some were at his mercy. He wanted neither Whig nor Tory precedents for using his advantage unsparingly. But, with a clemency to which posterity has never done justice, he suffered himself to be thwarted, vilified, and at last overthrown, by a party which included many men whose necks were in his power.

That he practised corruption on a large scale is, we think, indisputable. But whether he deserved all the invectives which have been uttered against him on that account may be questioned. No man ought to be severely censured for not being beyond his age in virtue. To buy the votes of constituents is as immoral as to buy the votes of representatives. The candidate who gives five guineas to the freeman, is as culpable as the man who gives three hundred guineas to the member. Yet we know that, in our own time, no man is thought wicked or dishonorable, — no man is cut, — no man is black-balled, because, under the old system of election, he was returned, in the only way in which he could be returned, for East Retford, for Liverpool, or for Stafford. Walpole governed by corruption, because, in his time, it was impossible to govern otherwise. Corruption was unnecessary to the Tudors; for their Parliaments were feeble. The publicity which has of late years been given to parliamentary proceedings has raised the standard of morality among public men. The power of public opinion is so great, that, even before the reform of the representation, a faint suspicion that a minister had given pecuniary gratifications to members of Parliament in return for their votes, would have been enough to ruin him. But, during the century which followed the Restoration, the House of Commons was in that situation in which assemblies must be managed by corruption, or cannot be managed at all. It was not held in awe, as in the sixteenth century, by the Throne. It was not held in awe, as in the nineteenth century, by the opinion of the people. Its constitution was oligarchical. Its deliberations were secret. Its power in the State was immense. The government had every conceivable motive to offer bribes. Many of the members, if they were not men of strict honor and probity, had no conceivable motive to refuse what the government offered. In the reign of Charles the Second, accordingly, the practice of buying votes in the House of Commons was commenced by the daring

Clifford, and carried to a great extent by the crafty and shameless Danby. The Revolution, great and manifold as were the blessings of which it was directly or remotely the cause, at first aggravated this evil. The importance of the House of Commons was now greater than ever. The prerogatives of the Crown were more strictly limited than ever; and those associations in which, more than in its legal prerogatives, its power had consisted, were completely broken. No prince was ever in so helpless, so distressing a situation, as William the Third. The party which defended his title was, on general grounds, disposed to curtail his prerogative. The party which was, on general grounds, friendly to the prerogative, was adverse to his title. There was no quarter in which both his office and his person could find favor. But while the influence of the House of Commons in the Government was becoming paramount, the influence of the people over the House of Commons was declining. It mattered little in the time of Charles the First whether that House were or were not chosen by the people, — it was certain to act for the people, — because it would have been at the mercy of the Court, but for the support of the people. Now that the Court was at the mercy of the House of Commons, that large body of members who were not returned by popular election had nobody to please but themselves. Even those who were returned by popular election did not live, as now, under a constant sense of responsibility. The constituents were not, as now, daily apprized of the votes and speeches of their representatives. The privileges which had, in old times, been indispensably necessary to the security and efficiency of Parliaments, were now superfluous. But they were still carefully maintained, — by honest legislators, from superstitious veneration, — by dishonest legislators for their own selfish ends. They had been a useful defence to the Commons during a long and doubtful conflict with powerful sovereigns. They were now no longer necessary for that purpose; and they became a defence to the members against their constituents. That secrecy which had been absolutely necessary, in times when the Privy Council was in the habit of sending the leaders of opposition to the Tower, was preserved in times when a vote of the House of Commons was sufficient to hurl the most powerful minister from his post.

The government could not go on unless the Parliament could be kept in order. And how was the Parliament to be kept in order? Three hundred years ago it would have been enough for a statesman to have the support of the Crown. It would now, we hope and believe, be enough for him to enjoy the confidence and approbation of the great body of the middle class. A hun-

dred years ago it would not have been enough to have both Crown and people on his side. The Parliament had shaken off the control of the Royal prerogative. It had not yet fallen under the control of public opinion. A large proportion of the members had absolutely no motive to support any administration except their own interest, and in the lowest sense of the word. Under these circumstances, the country could be governed only by corruption. Bolingbroke, who was the ablest and the most vehement of those who raised the cry of corruption, had no better remedy to propose than that the Royal prerogative should be strengthened. The remedy would no doubt have been efficient. The only question is, whether it would not have been worse than the disease. The fault was in the constitution of the Legislature; and to blame those ministers, who managed the Legislature in the only way in which it could be managed, is gross injustice. They submitted to extortion because they could not help themselves. We might as well accuse the poor Lowland farmers who paid "black mail" to Rob Roy, of corrupting the virtues of the Highlanders, as Sir Robert Walpole of corrupting the virtue of Parliament. His crime was merely this, — that he employed his money more dexterously, and got more support in return for it, than any of those who preceded or followed him.

He was himself incorruptible by money. His dominant passion was the love of power: and the heaviest charge which can be brought against him is, that to this passion he never scrupled to sacrifice the interests of his country.

One of the maxims which, as his son tells us, he was most in the habit of repeating was, *quieta non movere*. It was indeed the maxim by which he generally regulated his public conduct. It is the maxim of a man more solicitous to hold power long than to use it well. It is remarkable that, though he was at the head of affairs during more than twenty years, not one great measure, not one important change for the better or for the worse in any part of our institutions, marks the period of his supremacy. Nor was this because he did not clearly see that many changes were very desirable. He had been brought up in the school of toleration, at the feet of Somers and of Burnet. He disliked the shameful laws against Dissenters. But he never could be induced to bring forward a proposition for repealing them. The sufferers represented to him the injustice with which they were treated, boasted of their firm attachment to the House of Brunswick and to the Whig party, and reminded him of his own repeated declarations of good will to their cause. He listened, assented, promised, and did nothing. At length, the question was brought forward by others; and the Minister, after a hesitating and evasive speech, voted

against it. The truth was, that he remembered to the latest day of his life that terrible explosion of high-church feeling, which the foolish prosecution of a foolish parson had occasioned in the days of Queen Anne. If the Dissenters had been turbulent, he would probably have relieved them; but, while he apprehended no danger from them, he would not run the slightest risk for their sake. He acted in the same manner with respect to other questions. He knew the state of the Scotch Highlands. He was constantly predicting another insurrection in that part of the empire. Yet during his long tenure of power, he never attempted to perform what was then the most obvious and pressing duty of a British statesman, — to break the power of the Chiefs, and to establish the authority of law through the furthest corners of the Island. Nobody knew better than he, that, if this were not done, great mischiefs would follow. But the Highlands were tolerably quiet in his time. He was content to meet daily emergencies by daily expedients; and he left the rest to his successors. They had to conquer the Highlands in the midst of a war with France and Spain, because he had not regulated the Highlands in a time of profound peace.

Sometimes, in spite of all his caution, he found that measures which he had hoped to carry through quietly, had caused great agitation. When this was the case, he generally modified or withdrew them. It was thus that he cancelled Wood's patent in compliance with the absurd outcry of the Irish. It was thus that he frittered away the Porteus Bill to nothing, for fear of exasperating the Scotch. It was thus that he abandoned the Excise Bill, as soon as he found that it was offensive to all the great towns of England. The language which he held about that measure in a subsequent session is eminently characteristic. Pulteney had insinuated that the scheme would be again brought forward. "As to the wicked scheme," said Walpole, "as the gentleman is pleased to call it, which he would persuade gentlemen is not yet laid aside, I, for my part, assure this House, I am not so mad as ever again to engage in any thing that looks like an Excise; though, in my private opinion, I still think it was a scheme that would have tended very much to the interest of the nation."

The conduct of Walpole with regard to the Spanish war is the great blemish of his public life. Archdeacon Coxe imagined that he had discovered one grand principle of action, to which the whole public conduct of his hero ought to be referred. "Did the administration of Walpole," says the biographer, "present any uniform principle which may be traced in every part, and which gave combination and consistency to the whole? Yes, and that principle was, **THE LOVE OF PEACE.**" It would be difficult, we

think, to bestow a higher eulogium on any statesman. But the eulogium is far too high for the merits of Walpole. The great ruling principle of his public conduct was indeed a love of peace, but not in the sense in which Archdeacon Coxe uses the phrase. The peace which Walpole sought was not the peace of the country, but the peace of his own administration. During the greater part of his public life, indeed, the two objects were inseparably connected. At length he was reduced to the necessity of choosing between them,—of plunging the State into hostilities for which there was no just ground, and by which nothing was to be got; or of facing a violent opposition in the country, in Parliament, and even in the royal closet. No person was more thoroughly convinced than he of the absurdity of the cry against Spain. But his darling power was at stake, and his choice was soon made. He preferred an unjust war to a stormy session. It is impossible to say of a Minister who acted thus, that the love of peace was the one grand principle to which his conduct is to be referred. The governing principle of his conduct was neither love of peace nor love of war, but love of power.

The praise to which he is fairly entitled is this, that he understood the true interest of his country better than any of his contemporaries, and that he pursued that interest whenever it was not incompatible with the interests of his own intense and grasping ambition. It was only in matters of public moment that he shrunk from agitation, and had recourse to compromise. In his contests for personal influence there was no timidity, no flinching. He would have all or none. Every member of the government who would not submit to his ascendancy was turned out or forced to resign. Liberal of every thing else, he was avaricious of nothing but power. Cautious every where else, when power was at stake he had all the boldness of Wolsey or Chatham. He might easily have secured his authority, if he could have been induced to divide it with others. But he would not part with one fragment of it to purchase defenders for all the rest. The effect of this policy was, that he had able enemies and feeble allies. His most distinguished coadjutors left him one by one, and joined the ranks of the opposition. He faced the increasing array of his enemies with unbroken spirit, and thought it far better that they should inveigh against his power, than that they should share it.

The opposition was in every sense formidable. At its head were two royal personages,—the exiled head of the House of Stuart, the disgraced heir of the House of Brunswick. One set of members received directions from Avignon. Another set held their consultations and banquets at Norfolk House. The major-

ity of the landed gentry, — the majority of the parochial clergy, — one of the universities, — and a strong party in the City of London, and in the other great towns, were decidedly adverse to the government. Of the men of letters, some were exasperated by the neglect with which the Minister treated them, — a neglect which was the more remarkable, because his predecessors, both Whig and Tory, had paid court with emulous munificence, to the wits and the poets; — others were honestly inflamed by party zeal; almost all lent their aid to the opposition. In truth, all that was alluring to ardent and imaginative minds was on that side; — old associations, — new visions of political improvement, — high-flown theories of loyalty, — high-flown theories of liberty, — the enthusiasm of the cavalier, — the enthusiasm of the roundhead. The Tory gentleman, fed in the common-rooms of Oxford with the doctrines of Filmer and Sacheverell, and proud of the exploits of his great-grandfather, who had charged with Rupert at Marston, — who had held out the old manor-house against Fairfax, and who, after the King's return, had been set down for a Knight of the Royal Oak, — flew to that section of the opposition which, under pretence of assailing the existing administration, was in truth assailing the reigning dynasty. The young republican, fresh from his Livy and his Lucan, and flowing with admiration of Hampden, of Russell, and of Sydney, hastened with equal eagerness to those benches from which eloquent voices thundered nightly against the tyranny and perfidy of courts. So many young politicians were caught by these declarations, that Sir Robert, in one of his best speeches, observed, that the opposition against him consisted of three bodies, — the Tories, the discontented Whigs, who were known by the name of the patriots, and the boys. In fact, every young man of warm temper and lively imagination, whatever his political bias might be, was drawn into the party adverse to the government; and some of the most distinguished among them, — Pitt for example, among public men, and Johnson, among men of letters, — afterwards openly acknowledged their mistake.

The aspect of the opposition, even while it was still a minority in the House of Commons, was very imposing. Among those who, in Parliament or out of Parliament, assailed the administration of Walpole, were Bolingbroke, Carteret, Chesterfield, Argyle, Pulteney, Wyndham, Dodington, Pitt, Lyttleton, Barnard, Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, Fielding, Johnson, Thomson, Akenside, Glover.

The circumstance that the opposition was divided into two parties, diametrically opposed to each other in political opinions, was long the safety of Walpole. It was at last his ruin. The

leaders of the minority knew that it would be difficult for them to bring forward any important measure, without producing an immediate schism in their party. It was with very great difficulty that the Whigs in opposition had been induced to give a sullen and silent vote for the repeal of the Septennial Act. The Tories, on the other hand, could not be induced to support Pulteney's motion for an addition to the income of Prince Frederic. The two parties had cordially joined in calling out for a war with Spain; but they now had their war. Hatred of Walpole was almost the only feeling which was common to them. On this one point, therefore, they concentrated their whole strength. With gross ignorance, or gross dishonesty, they represented the Minister as the main grievance of the state. His dismissal, — his punishment, — would prove the certain cure for all the evils which the nation suffered. What was to be done after his fall, — how misgovernment was to be prevented in future, — were questions to which there were as many answers as there were noisy and ill-informed members of the opposition. The only cry in which all could join was, "Down with Walpole!" So much did they narrow the disputed ground, — so purely personal did they make the question, — that they threw out friendly hints to the other members of the Administration, and declared that they refused quarter to the Prime Minister alone. His tools might keep their heads, their fortunes, even their places, if only the great father of corruption were given up to the just vengeance of the nation.

If the fate of Walpole's colleagues had been inseparably bound up with his, he probably would, even after the unfavorable elections of 1741, have been able to weather the storm. But as soon as it was understood that the attack was directed against him alone, and that, if he were sacrificed, his associates might expect advantageous and honorable terms, the ministerial ranks began to waver, and the murmur of *Sauve qui peut* was heard. That Walpole had foul play is almost certain; but to what extent it is difficult to say. Lord Islay was suspected; the Duke of Newcastle something more than suspected. It would have been strange, indeed, if his grace had been idle when treason was hatching.

"Che Gan fu traditor prima che nato." — "His name," said Sir Robert, "is perfidy."

Never was a battle more manfully fought out than the last struggle of the old statesman. His clear judgment, his long experience, and his fearless spirit, enabled him to maintain a defensive war through half a session. To the last his heart never failed him; and, when at length he yielded, he yielded, not to the

threats of his enemies, but to the intreaties of his dispirited and refractory followers. When he could no longer retain his power, he compounded for honor and security, and retired to his garden and his paintings, leaving to those who had overthrown him, — shame, discord, and ruin.

Every thing was in confusion. It has been said that the confusion was produced by the dexterous policy of Walpole; and, undoubtedly, he did his best to sow dissension amongst his triumphant enemies. But there was little for him to do. Victory had completely dissolved the hollow truce, which the two sections of the opposition had but imperfectly observed, even while the event of the contest was still doubtful. A thousand questions were opened in a moment. A thousand conflicting claims were preferred. It was impossible to follow any line of policy, which would not have been offensive to a large portion of the successful party. It was impossible to find places for a tenth part of those who thought that they had a right to be considered. While the parliamentary leaders were preaching patience and confidence, — while their followers were clamoring for reward, a still louder voice was heard from without, — the terrible cry of a people angry, they hardly knew with whom, — and impatient, they hardly knew for what. The day of retribution had arrived. The opposition reaped what they had sown: inflamed with hatred and cupidity, despairing of success by any ordinary mode of political warfare, and blind to consequences which, though remote, were certain, they had conjured up a devil which they could not lay. They had made the public mind drunk with calumny and declamation. They had raised expectations which it was impossible to satisfy. The downfall of Walpole was to be the beginning of a political millennium; and every enthusiast had figured to himself that millenium according to the fashion of his own wishes. The republican expected that the power of the Crown would be reduced to a mere shadow, — the high Tory that the Stuarts would be restored, — the moderate Tory that the golden days which the Church and the landed interest had enjoyed during the last years of Queen Anne, would immediately return. It would have been impossible to satisfy every body. The conquerors satisfied nobody.

We have no reverence for the memory of those who were then called the patriots. We are for the principles of good government against Walpole; and for Walpole against the opposition. It was most desirable that a purer system should be introduced; but if the old system was to be retained, no man was so fit as Walpole to be at the head of affairs. There were frightful abuses in the government, — abuses more than sufficient to justify a strong

opposition ; but the party opposed to Walpole, while they stimulated the popular fury to the highest point, were at no pains to direct it aright. Indeed, they studiously misdirected it. They misrepresented the evil. They prescribed inefficient and pernicious remedies. They held up a single man as the sole cause of all the vices of a bad system, which had been in full operation before his entrance into public life, and which continued to be in full operation when some of these very bawlers had succeeded to his power. They thwarted his best measures. They drove him into an unjustifiable war against his will. Constantly talking in magnificent language about tyranny, corruption, wicked ministers, servile courtiers, the liberties of Englishmen, the Great Charter, the rights for which our fathers bled, — Timoleon, Brutus, Hampden, Sydney, — they had absolutely nothing to propose which would have been an improvement on our institutions. Instead of directing the public mind to definite reforms, which might have completed the work of the revolution, — which might have brought the legislature into harmony with the nation, and which might have prevented the Crown from doing by influence what it could no longer do by prerogative, — they excited a vague craving for change, by which they profited for a single moment, and of which, as they well deserved, they were soon the victims.

Among the reforms which the state then required, there were two of paramount importance, — two which would alone have remedied almost every abuse, and without which, all other remedies would have been unavailing, — the publicity of parliamentary proceedings, and the abolition of the rotten boroughs. Neither of these was thought of. It seems to us clear, that, if these were not adopted, all other measures would have been illusory. Some of the patriots suggested changes which would, beyond all doubt, have increased the existing evils a hundred fold. These men wished to transfer the disposal of employments, and the command of the army, from the Crown to the Parliament ; and this on the very ground, that the Parliament had long been a grossly corrupt body. The security against corruption was to be, that the members, instead of having a portion of the public plunder doled out to them by a minister, were to help themselves.

The other schemes of which the public mind was full, were less dangerous than this. Some of them were in themselves harmless. But none of them would have done much good, and most of them were extravagantly absurd. What they were we may learn from the instructions which many constituent bodies, immediately after the change of administration, sent up to their representatives. A more deplorable collection of follies can hardly be im-

agined. There is, in the first place, a general cry for Walpole's head. Then there are bitter complaints of the decay of trade, — decay which, in the judgment of these enlightened politicians, was all brought about by Walpole and corruption. They would have been nearer to the truth if they had attributed their sufferings to the war into which they had driven Walpole against his better judgment. He had foretold the effects of his unwilling concession. On the day when hostilities against Spain were proclaimed, when the heralds were attended into the city by the chiefs of the opposition, when the Prince of Wales himself stopped at Temple-Bar to drink success to the English arms, the Minister heard all the steeples of the city jingling with a merry peal, and muttered, "They may ring the bells now: they will be wringing their hands before long."

Another grievance, for which of course Walpole and corruption were answerable, was the great exportation of English wool. In the judgment of the sagacious electors of several large towns, the remedying of this evil was a matter second only in importance to the hanging of Sir Robert. There are also earnest injunctions on the members to vote against standing armies in time of peace, — injunctions which were, to say the least, ridiculously unreasonable in the midst of a war which was likely to last, and which did actually last, as long as the Parliament. The repeal of the Septennial Act, as was to be expected, was strongly pressed. Nothing was more natural than that the voters should wish for a triennial recurrence of their bribes and their ale. We feel firmly convinced that the repeal of the Septennial Act, unaccompanied by a complete reform of the constitution of the elective body, would have been an unmixed curse to the country. The only rational recommendation which we can find in all these instructions is, that the number of placemen in Parliament should be limited, and that pensioners should not be allowed to sit there. It is plain, however, that this reform was far from going to the root of the evil; and that, if it had been adopted, the consequence would probably have been, that secret bribery would have been more practised than ever.

We will give one more instance of the absurd expectations which the declamations of the opposition had raised in the country. Akenside was one of the fiercest and most uncompromising of the young patriots out of Parliament. When he found that the change of administration had produced no change of system, he gave vent to his indignation in the "Epistle to Curio," the best poem that he ever wrote, — a poem, indeed, which seems to indicate, that, if he had left lyric composition to Gray and Collins, and had employed his powers in grave and elevated satire, he might

have disputed the preëminence of Dryden. But whatever be the literary merits of the Epistle, we can say nothing in praise of the political doctrines which it inculcates. The poet, in a rapturous apostrophe to the Spirits of the Great Men of Antiquity, tells us what he expected from Pulteney at the moment of the fall of the tyrant.

“ See private life by wisest arts reclaimed,
See ardent youth to noblest manners framed,
See us achieve whate'er was sought by you,
If Curio — only Curio — will be true.”

It was Pulteney's business, it seems, to abolish faro and masquerades, to stint the young Duke of Marlborough to a bottle of brandy a day, and prevail on Lady Vane to be content with three lovers at a time.

Whatever the people wanted, they certainly got nothing. Walpole retired in safety, and the multitude were defrauded of the expected show on Tower Hill. The Septennial Act was not repealed. The placemen were not turned out of the House of Commons. Wool, we believe, was still exported. “Private life” afforded as much scandal as if the reign of Walpole and corruption had continued; and “ardent youth” fought with watchmen, and betted with blacklegs as much as ever.

The colleagues of Walpole had, after his retreat, admitted some of the chiefs of the opposition into the Government. They soon found themselves compelled to submit to the ascendancy of one of their new allies. This was Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. No public man of that age had greater courage, greater ambition, greater activity, greater talents for debate, or for declamation. No public man had such profound and extensive learning. He was familiar with the ancient writers. His knowledge of modern languages was prodigious. The privy council, when he was present, needed no interpreter. He spoke and wrote French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, even Swedish. He had pushed his researches into the most obscure nooks of literature. He was as familiar with Canonists and Schoolmen as with orators and poets. He had read all that the universities of Saxony and Holland had produced on the most intricate questions of public law. Harte, in the preface to the second edition of the “History of Gustavus Adolphus,” bears a remarkable testimony to the extent and accuracy of Lord Carteret's knowledge. “It was my good fortune or prudence to keep the main body of my army (or in other words my matters of fact) safe and entire. The late Earl of Granville was pleased to declare himself of this opinion; especially when he found that I had made Chemnitius one of my principal guides; for his Lordship was apprehensive I might

not have seen that valuable and authentic book, which is extremely scarce. I thought myself happy to have contented his Lordship even in the lowest degree: for he understood the German and Swedish histories to the highest perfection."

With all this learning, Carteret was far from being a pedant. His was not one of those cold spirits, of which the fire is put out by the fuel. In council, in debate, in society, he was all life and energy. His measures were strong, prompt, and daring; his oratory animated and glowing. His spirits were constantly high. No misfortune, public or private, could depress him. He was at once the most unlucky and the happiest public man of his time.

He had been Secretary of State in Walpole's administration, and had acquired considerable influence over the mind of George the First. The other Ministers could speak no German. The King could speak no English. All the communication that Walpole held with his master was in very bad Latin. Carteret dismayed his colleagues by the volubility with which he addressed his Majesty in German. They listened with envy and terror to the mysterious gutturals which might possibly convey suggestions very little in unison with their wishes.

- Walpole was not a man to endure such a colleague as Carteret. The King was induced to give up his favorite. Carteret joined the opposition, and signalized himself at the head of that party, till, after the retirement of his old rival, he again became Secretary of State.

During some months he was chief Minister, — indeed sole Minister. He gained the confidence and regard of George the Second. He was at the same time in high favor with the Prince of Wales. As a debater in the House of Lords, he had no equal among his colleagues. Among his opponents, Chesterfield alone could be considered as his match. Confident in his talents and in the royal favor, he neglected all those means by which the power of Walpole had been created and maintained. His head was full of treaties and expeditions, of schemes for supporting the Queen of Hungary, and humbling the House of Bourbon. He contemptuously abandoned to others all the drudgery, and, with the drudgery, all the fruits of corruption. The patronage of the Church and the Bar he left to the Pelhams as a trifle unworthy of his care. One of the judges, — Chief Justice Willis, if we remember rightly, — went to him to beg some ecclesiastical preferment for a friend. Carteret said, that he was too much occupied with Continental politics to think about the disposal of places and benefices. "You may rely on it, then," said the Chief Justice, "that people who want places and benefices will go to those who have more leisure." The prediction was accomplished. It would have been a busy

time indeed in which the Pelhams had wanted leisure for jobbing; and to the Pelhams the whole cry of place-hunters and pension-hunters resorted. The parliamentary influence of the two brothers became stronger every day, till at length they were at the head of a decided majority in the House of Commons. Their rival, meanwhile, conscious of his powers, sanguine in his hopes, and proud of the storm which he had conjured up on the Continent, would brook neither superior nor equal. "His rants," says Horace Walpole, "are amazing: so are his parts and his spirits." He encountered the opposition of his colleagues, not with the fierce haughtiness of the first Pitt, or the cold, unbending arrogance of the second, but with a gay vehemence, a good-humored imperiousness, that bore every thing down before it. The period of his ascendancy was known by the name of the "Drunken Administration"; and the expression was not altogether figurative. His habits were extremely convivial, and Champagne probably lent its aid to keep him in that state of joyous excitement in which his life was passed.

That a rash and impetuous man of genius like Carteret should not have been able to maintain his ground in Parliament against the crafty and selfish Pelhams, is not strange. But it is less easy to understand why he should have been generally unpopular throughout the country. His brilliant talents, his bold and open temper, ought, it should seem, to have made him a favorite with the public. But the people had been bitterly disappointed; and he had to face the first burst of their rage. His close connexion with Pulteney, now the most detested man in the nation, was an unfortunate circumstance. He had indeed only three partisans, — Pulteney, the King, and the Prince of Wales, — a most singular assemblage.

He was driven from his office. He shortly after made a bold, indeed a desperate attempt to recover power. The attempt failed. From that time he relinquished all ambitious hopes, and retired laughing to his books and his bottle. No statesman ever enjoyed success with so exquisite a zest, or submitted to defeat with so genuine and unforced a cheerfulness. Ill as he had been used, he did not seem, says Horace Walpole, to have any resentment, or indeed any feeling except thirst.

These letters contain many good stories, — some of them no doubt grossly exaggerated, about Lord Carteret; — how, in the height of his greatness, he fell in love at first sight on a birthday with Lady Sophia Fermor, the handsome daughter of Lord Pomfret; — how he plagued the Cabinet every day with reading to them her ladyship's letters; — how strangely he brought home his bride; — what fine jewels he gave her; — how he fondled her

at Ranelagh ; — and what queen-like state she kept in Arlington Street. Horace Walpole has spoken less bitterly of Carteret than of any public man of that time, Fox, perhaps, excepted ; and this is the more remarkable, because Carteret was one of the most inveterate enemies of Sir Robert. In the “*Memoires*,” Horace Walpole, after passing in review all the great men whom England had produced within his memory, concludes by saying, that in genius none of them equalled Lord Granville. Smollett, in “*Humphrey Clinker*,” pronounces a similar judgment in coarser language. “Since Granville was turned out, there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig.”

He fell ; and the reign of the Pelhams commenced. It was Carteret's misfortune to be raised to power when the public mind was still smarting from recent disappointment. The nation had been duped, and was eager for revenge. A victim was necessary, — and on such occasions, the victims of popular rage are selected like the victim of Jephthah. The first person who comes in the way is made the sacrifice. The wrath of the people had now spent itself, and the unnatural excitement was succeeded by an unnatural calm. To an irrational eagerness for something new, succeeded an equally irrational disposition to acquiesce in every thing established. A few months back the people had been disposed to impute every crime to men in power, and to lend a ready ear to the high professions of men in opposition : they were now disposed to surrender themselves implicitly to the management of ministers, and to look with suspicion and contempt on all who pretended to public spirit. The name of patriot had become a byword of derision. Horace Walpole scarcely exaggerated when he said, that, in those times, the most popular declaration which a candidate could make on the hustings was, that he had never been and never would be a patriot. At this conjuncture took place the rebellion of the Highland clans. The alarm produced by that event quieted the strife of internal factions. The suppression of the insurrection crushed for ever the spirit of the Jacobite party. Room was made in the government for a few Tories. Peace was patched up with France and Spain. Death removed the Prince of Wales, who had contrived to keep together a small portion of that formidable opposition of which he had been the leader in the time of Sir Robert Walpole. Almost every man of weight in the House of Commons was officially connected with the government. The even tenor of the session of Parliament was ruffled only by an occasional harangue from Lord Egmont on the army estimates. For the first time since the accession of the Stuarts there was no op-

position. This singular good fortune, denied to the ablest statesmen, — to Salisbury, to Strafford, to Clarendon, to Walpole, — had been reserved for the Pelhams.

Henry Pelham, it is true, was by no means a contemptible person. His understanding was that of Walpole on a somewhat smaller scale. Though not a brilliant orator, he was, like his master, a good debater, a good parliamentary tactician, a good man of business. Like his master, he distinguished himself by the neatness and clearness of his financial expositions. Here the resemblance ceased. Their characters were altogether dissimilar. Walpole was good-humored, but would have his way: his spirits were high, and his manners frank even to coarseness. The temper of Pelham was yielding, but peevish: his habits were regular, and his deportment strictly decorous. Walpole was constitutionally fearless, Pelham constitutionally timid. Walpole had to face a strong opposition; but no man in the government durst wag a finger against him. Almost all the opposition which Pelham had was from members of the government of which he was the head. His own paymaster spoke against his estimates. His own secretary at war spoke against his Regency Bill. In one day Walpole turned Lord Chesterfield, Lord Burlington, and Lord Clinton, out of the royal household, — dismissed the highest dignitaries of Scotland from their posts, — and took away the regiments of the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham, because he suspected them of having encouraged the resistance to his Excise Bill. He would far rather have contended with a strong minority, under able leaders, than have tolerated mutiny in his own party. It would have gone hard with any of his colleagues who had ventured to divide the House of Commons against him. Pelham, on the other hand, was disposed to bear any thing rather than drive from office any man round whom a new opposition could form. He therefore endured with fretful patience the insubordination of Pitt and Fox. He thought it far better to connive at their occasional infractions of discipline, than to hear them, night after night, thundering against corruption and wicked ministers from the other side of the House.

We wonder that Sir Walter Scott never tried his hand on the Duke of Newcastle. An interview between his Grace and Jeanie Deans would have been delightful, and by no means unnatural. There is scarcely any public man in our history, of whose manners and conversation so many particulars have been preserved. Single stories may be unfounded or exaggerated. But all the stories, whether told by people who were perpetually seeing him in Parliament, and attending his levee in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or by Grub Street writers, who never had more than a glimpse of

his star through the windows of his gilded coach, are of the same character. Horace Walpole and Smollett differed in their tastes and opinions as much as two human beings could differ. They kept quite different society. The one played at cards with countesses, and corresponded with ambassadors. The other passed his life surrounded by a knot of famished scribblers. Yet Walpole's Duke, and Smollett's Duke, are as like as if they were both from one hand. Smollett's Newcastle runs out of his dressing-room, with his face covered with soap-suds, to embrace the Moorish envoy. Walpole's Newcastle pushes his way into 'the Duke of Grafton's sick room to kiss the old nobleman's plasters. No man was ever so unmercifully satirized. But in truth he was himself a satire ready made. All that the art of the satirist does for other ridiculous men, nature had done for him. Whatever was absurd about him stood out with grotesque prominence from the rest of the character. He was a living, moving, talking, caricature. His gait was a shuffling trot; his utterance a rapid stutter; he was always in a hurry; he was never in time; he abounded in fulsome caresses and in hysterical tears. His oratory resembled that of Justice Shallow. It was nonsense effervescent with animal spirits and impertinence. Of his ignorance many anecdotes remain, some well authenticated, some probably invented at coffeehouses, but all exquisitely characteristic. "Oh, — yes, — yes, — to be sure, — Annapolis must be defended, — troops must be sent to Annapolis, — pray where is Annapolis?" — "Cape Breton an island! wonderful, — show it me in the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, — you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island."

And this man was, during nearly thirty years, Secretary of State, — and during nearly ten years, First Lord of the Treasury! His large fortune, his strong hereditary connexion, his great Parliamentary interest, will not alone explain this extraordinary fact. His success is a signal instance of what may be effected by a man who devotes his whole heart and soul without reserve to one object. He was eaten up by ambition. His love of influence and authority resembled the avarice of the old Usurer in the "Fortunes of Nigel." It was so intense a passion, that it supplied the place of talents, that it inspired even fatuity with cunning. "Have no money dealings with my father," says Martha to Lord Glenvarlock; "for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you." It was as dangerous to have any political connexion with Newcastle as to buy and sell with old Trapbois. He was greedy after power with a greediness all his own. He was jealous of all his colleagues, and even of his own brother. Under the

disguise of levity he was false beyond all example of political falsehood. All the able men of his time ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, a child who never knew his own mind for an hour together ; and he overreached them all round.

If the country had remained at peace, it is not impossible that this man would have continued at the head of affairs without admitting any other person to a share of his authority, until the Throne was filled by a new Prince, who brought, with him new maxims of government, new favorites, and a strong will. But the inauspicious commencement of the Seven Years' War brought on a crisis to which Newcastle was altogether unequal. After a calm of fifteen years the spirit of the nation was again stirred to its inmost depths. In a few days the whole aspect of the political world was changed.

But that change is too remarkable an event to be discussed at the end of an article already too long. It is probable that we may, at no remote time, resume the subject.

[From "The Quarterly Review," No. 99.]

[In the commencement of the following review the same individuals are remarked upon as in the preceding article. Our readers may be amused and instructed by comparing the somewhat different manner in which they are exhibited by the one writer and the other. — EDD.]

ART. III. — *Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Honorable Henry Pelham. Collected from the Family Papers and other authentic Documents.* By WILLIAM COXE, M. A., F. R. S., F. S. A., Archdeacon of Wilts. 2 vols. London. 1829.

THIS work, which closed a long series of literary labors, was originally planned by its author as a sequel to his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*. Soon after their completion he had conceived the design of tracing the struggle of parties and the revolutions of the cabinet during the ministry of Walpole's successor and pupil, Mr. Pelham, and had collected materials for that purpose ; but the reluctance of Miss Pelham, daughter of the minister, to communicate some documents, without which the narrative must have been imperfect, caused a temporary abandonment of the undertaking. After an interval of many years, the author's mind was again directed towards it by the appearance of Lord Orford's *Posthumous History*.

which would not be an incumbrance rather than an advantage. It is true he was at that time (1750) occupied with his project for reducing the interest of the national debt (the great achievement of his administration), and naturally dreaded, and opposed with zeal, the agitation of topics likely to disturb that calm in which alone his measures could be accomplished. But he had expressed the same melancholy sentiment in private during the negotiations for peace, with still greater earnestness : —

“ We shall, I fear, be brought to a terrible dilemma,” he said in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, “ but we have no choice. It is the work, or rather no work, of former years, that has brought us to this terrible situation. But what is worse, if any thing can be so, than the situation itself, is to be in it and not to know it. Dear brother, we are conquered, we have little strength of our own, and less of other people’s ; you act with as great spirit and resolution as any man can do, but all that will not change the nature of things.” — *Pelham Administration*, Vol. II. p. 30.

Happily, however, the feeling which prompted such expressions was in him not a weak despondency, but a watchful patriotic care, the parent of wise and active exertion. These merits in Mr. Pelham were acknowledged even by those whom his cautious policy had most thwarted. The Duke of Cumberland (till offended by the arrangements of the Regency Bill in 1751) entertained and expressed a high esteem for him. The king, on the conclusion of the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, declared him to be “ the most able and willing minister that had ever directed the affairs of his government ; ” and at his death pronounced upon him a still more emphatic eulogy, seasoned indeed with no little bitterness towards survivors : — “ Now I shall have no more peace.” Mr. Coxe observes, that “ he may be ranked among the few ministers who enjoyed at once the esteem of the sovereign, the confidence of the parliament, the respect of the opposition, and the love of the people ; ” and that Horace Walpole is almost the only author who has treated him with obloquy.* But the portraiture of him in Walpole’s *Memoirs* (Vol. I. pp. 145 – 199 – 321) is a cloud of epigrams, and antitheses, and riddles, in which it is often difficult, we do not merely say to ascertain a truth, but to lay hold of an assertion ; and the motives which led that patriotic and disinterested historian, in the year 1751, to take steps for informing posterity that the Pelhams were

* Glover coarsely abuses him in his *Memoirs*. In the lyrics of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams he is both flattered and lampooned ; but (supposing the verses in each instance to be really Sir Charles’s) the “ fugitive pieces ” of much better poets have put one another out of countenance when caught and confronted.

but “phantoms either of honesty or abilities,” have been sufficiently discussed in a former volume of this Review.* Even Walpole, however, winds up Mr. Pelham’s character with the acknowledgment, “he lived without abusing his power, and died poor.”

Of the solid practical ability which distinguished Mr. Pelham’s speeches and writings the present work affords many satisfactory specimens. They display candor, moderation, and good sense, a studious regard to the national welfare without any selfish eagerness for popularity, a loyal fidelity to the king, and at the same time a manly steadiness in withstanding the sovereign’s personal wishes and partialities when opposed to the public prosperity; a zeal for useful reforms, unaccompanied by any contempt for institutions; liberality, in the older sense of that term, when it did not yet imply being without principles and without attachments; and an observance of public opinion without any disposition to raise up a licentious and uncontrollable tyranny, under the name of “the people.”

It is agreed by his contemporaries, that he entirely wanted the brilliant parts of oratory. Walpole indeed affirms, that “he was obscure upon the most trivial occurrences, perplexed even when he had but one idea, and whenever he spoke well it was owing to his being heated: he must lose his temper before he could exert his reason.” † Lord Waldegrave, on the other hand, says that, “without being an orator, or having the finest parts, no man in the House of Commons argued with more weight, or was heard with greater attention.” According to Lord Chesterfield, though “a very inelegant speaker in parliament, he spoke with a certain candor and openness, that made him be well heard and generally believed.” ‡ And Walpole, in retouching the portrait of Mr. Pelham, at the period of his death, allows that “his eloquence cleared up and shone with much greater force after his power was established. He laid aside his doubling plausibility, which at once raised and depreciated him, and assumed a spirit and authority that became him well.” Of his deportment on ordinary occasions, Chesterfield, no inconsiderable authority, says that “he had a gentlemanlike frankness in his behaviour.” While very young

* See Quarterly Review, Vol. xxvii., Article, Walpole’s Memoires.

† One of the occasions to which Walpole alludes, may be the debate in 1744 on the report of the committee of supply respecting the Hanover troops, (*Pelham Administration*, Vol. I., p. 130,) when Mr. Pelham opposed Pitt with a more than usual warmth, but with great judgment, vigor, and success.

‡ Characters by Lord Chesterfield, published in his *Miscellaneous Works*, 4to, by Maty.

he had served a campaign against the rebels of 1715, and signalized himself in the affair of Preston; and a respectable contemporary writer * observed, or fancied, that he retained to the end of his life the openness of demeanor which belongs to the military profession. According to the small talk of his day, he had the infirmity of betraying emotion by his countenance when conversation touched on points which were uneasy to him. Hume Campbell (Earl of Marchmont), in his *Diary* published by Sir George Rose in the *Marchmont Papers*, even accuses him of the uncourtierlike vice of blushing. Though not unsusceptible of anger, he was naturally gifted with a calmness and moderation of temper, which suited well, and no doubt prompted on some occasions, his policy in public affairs. It is he who is reported to have said, when some one recommended an exertion of privilege to restrain the newspapers from publishing the debates of the House of Commons, "Let them alone; they make better speeches for us than we can for ourselves." † Mr. Coxe gives an example of the same mildness of disposition, evinced by him on a more trifling occasion.

"A traditional anecdote preserved in the family, and communicated by the present Duke of Newcastle, will afford a pleasing instance of the easy and kind condescension with which Mr. Pelham behaved to his domestics. He had sent for his coachman to give him some orders. Whilst he was speaking, the man suddenly drew out his watch, and glancing a look at it, abruptly broke off the conversation by exclaiming, 'Sir, it is my time, and I must go and drive *my* children in the carriage.' 'Richard,' said Mr. Pelham, 'the *time* and the carriage may be yours, and so may the horses and other things; but, my good Richard, do let the children be *my* own.'" — *Pelham Administration*, Vol. II. p. 304, *note*.

The severest trials of Mr. Pelham's temper and fortitude arose from the infirmities of his brother and colleague in government. There are few characters in history more generally known by their little and ludicrous points than that of the Duke of Newcastle. Mr. Coxe, in a masterly though indulgent delineation of this celebrated Whig leader, has drawn attention to the comelier features, which in so many representations of him are alto-

* Dr. Birch, writing under the name of Tindal.

† *Pelham Administration*, Vol. I. p. 355. A similar answer (though in a matter where self-love was less concerned) is related of George II. "Being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious (King's) speech, he answered that he hoped the man's punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own." — *Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 28.

gether disguised or caricatured. There was much in him which it is impossible to respect, but he possessed many qualities which it is equally impossible to despise. Considering the ascendancy which he so long maintained, in a court where the sovereign never cordially regarded him, and where ambitious, strong, and favored competitors, watched eagerly, and strove without scruple, to wrest from him the prize of power, it seems extravagant to pronounce with Horace Walpole that he was a mere "phantom of abilities." It may be true, that (according to the exquisitely descriptive saying of Lord Wilmington) "he always lost half an hour in the morning, and was running after it all day without being able to overtake it;" but experience, zeal, activity, and, in foreign affairs at least, extensive knowledge, compensated, as far as such qualities could compensate, for the want of method and of well-directed energy. It is said that many of the first draughts of his letters still extant, some of them very long, and of a nature requiring order and arrangement, are remarkable for their perspicuity, and have scarcely a single erasure. Those in the present collection, though not equal in manliness and sense to Mr. Pelham's, betray neither want of talent nor perplexity of thought. "Hear him speak in parliament," says Lord Waldegrave, "his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time he labors through all the confusion of a debate, without the least distrust of his own abilities, fights boldly in the dark, never gives up the cause, nor is he ever at a loss either for words or argument." This picture conveys no exalted notion of the statesman, but there have been times when such a man might be considered no contemptible *debater*.

His most characteristic failing, and that which made the condition of all associated with him in business uneasy and insecure, was a morbid restlessness of mind, a perpetual recurrence of that distrust, the too ordinary effect of which is to render him who entertains it himself fickle and unsteady. Lord Waldegrave, writing of him in his lifetime, says, "Ambition, fear, and jealousy are his prevailing passions:" a jealousy which "could not be carried to a higher pitch if every political friend was a favorite mistress." His correspondence in the present work abounds with the indications of this unquiet temper; suspicions, complaints, counterplottings on the mere surmises of a plot, confidences made to one friend with injunctions to withhold them from another, and tormenting apprehensions of a similar conduct towards himself.

"I beg of you," says Mr. Pelham in one of his letters, (1752,) "do not so often call upon me to act in concert, and to act as one; I have never done otherwise. If we differ in opinion *totò cælo*, we cannot act together in what we differ; but where that

has not been notoriously so, and known by yourself to be so, before you engaged in them, I do not know an instance wherein either confidence or concert has been wanting on my part." — *Pelham Administration*, Vol. II. p. 462.

Scarcely, indeed, had Mr. Pelham been appointed first lord of the treasury, when the Duke complained in a letter to Lord Hardwicke, that his brother was falling into "Lord Orford's old method of being the first person upon all occasions." These feelings, it may be supposed, were watched and turned to advantage by interested observers, and there was address as well as malice in the taunt which Lady Yarmouth is said to have levelled at the Duke, that he was "bred up in the fear of his brother." It appears from some curious passages in the correspondence now published,* that in the latter part of Mr. Pelham's life, the king formed (or intimated in Hanover that he had formed) the plan of "cajoling and managing" that minister, and, as the Duke expressed it, "playing off" the Pelhams against each other. But this, whether seriously contemplated or not, was a scheme which no man had hitherto accomplished or was likely to undertake with success. The clouds of displeasure which arose between the brothers, whether from the difference of their opinions on some political subjects, or from the sensitive and busy jealousy of the Duke, were transient, though often recurring: their fraternal affection and their concord as ministers on the most essential points, if occasionally shaken, could never be subverted; their quarrels (to use the Duke's own observation) were *amantium iræ*, and were ever followed by an increase of cordiality. The Duke, if he was the most irritable, was also the most placable of men. Mr. Coxe† furnishes, from one of his letters to Lord Hardwicke, a striking instance of the frankness and good grace with which he could yield to remonstrance, and acknowledge himself in error. The following characteristic passages form part of a letter to Mr. Pelham, from Hanover, in 1748, when, after some acrimony between the brothers on the subject of the negotiations for peace then depending, the Duke unexpectedly learned that Mr. Pelham had had a severe fit of illness:—

"Believe me I am the more touched on this occasion as I am sensible the situation of affairs, and possibly the part I may have had in them, or at least some warmth I have used in justifying them, has been in a great measure the cause of the continuance, if not of your original illness. This good effect it has had, that you shall never more have one disagreeable word from me." — Vol. II. p. 27.

* Vol. II. p. 455, &c.

† Vol. I. p. 6.

After stating the general anxiety at the court of Hanover on Mr. Pelham's account, and that the king, "who is a bit of a doctor," had desired to know every particular of his illness, he concludes: —

"For God's sake, dear brother, make yourself as easy as you can about our foreign affairs. If they are not as well as we could wish, I hope they are better than you fear. I will do more than is possible to conclude. My heart is set upon it, for my country's service, for my own honor, to recommend myself to the king, and, believe me I speak truth, to remove the only possible point of difference that can ever be between you and me. I love you, I esteem you; and I pray God grant good news of you by the messenger I expect. I can say no more." — *Ibid.* p. 29.

The following extract from a letter to the chancellor, on Mr. Pelham's projected reduction of the interest on the national debt, is equally descriptive of the writer: —

"It is a great and glorious design worthy of him; and I have told the king and every body I speak to that no man is, or I verily believe ever was, so willing and so able to do this great service to his country as my brother is. I will assure him two things, that this will make my happiness in public affairs complete; and, secondly, that all I can possibly do to contribute towards it shall be done, by never proposing any measure that does not appear to me to be absolutely necessary, that can in any way delay the execution of this great design. And, lastly, I never will hear anybody talk who will pretend to let anybody else share in the merit." — Vol. II. p. 45.

Considering the restless and variable temper of the Duke of Newcastle, his openness to flattery, and the foible which Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters, imputes to him, of loving to have a favorite, it cannot be observed without surprise, how little if any part of his conduct can be traced to the influence of unworthy counsellors, and how uniformly his confidence was reposed in two of the wisest and best friends whom a statesman of that day could have selected, — his brother and Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. And if it cannot be ascribed to him as a merit, it deserves at least to be commemorated as his happiness, that three of the most eminent persons of the last century, Pitt, Murray, and Yorke, (two of them numbered by *Walpole* in his list of the five "great men" within his memory,) were among those who owed early advancement to the favor of the Duke of Newcastle.

Distinguished, from the outset of his life, as a warm supporter of the house of Brunswick, and ever zealous for what he termed "the old and great system" of combination against the ambitious views of France, he was not unnaturally led, on some occasions,

to concur, against the wish of Mr. Pelham, in the scheme of foreign policy espoused by the King and the Duke of Cumberland. It was, indeed, very difficult for a statesman once admitted to the cabinet of George the Second, more especially if he attended him abroad, to remain wholly uninfected with Hanover politics, which were the degeneracy of that "old and great system" so gloriously upheld by King William and the Duke of Marlborough. Never, perhaps, was that system brought to a point so nearly bordering on burlesque as when England was intriguing and subsidizing to secure the election of King of the Romans in favor of the Archduke Joseph, unaided and at last baffled by Austria herself, who a few years afterwards obtained the desired object without any foreign assistance. Times were indeed to come when the old antigallican system should be wielded by stronger hands and with nobler results. But those days also have gone by; and we have lived to be taught by modern Whigs, that the true policy of England is to combine with, and not against, France, — virtuous, liberal, easy, unambitious France!

The love of power and the official jealousies which characterized the Duke were entirely free from any mercenary taint.* In pecuniary affairs he was disinterested and magnificent; politics were his expense, not his gain. Lord Chesterfield, who, as he himself observes, had been "sometimes well and sometimes ill" with the Duke, makes this eulogy upon him at his decease: —

"My old kinsman and contemporary is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next, but because I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean, if that were possible, — for, after all the great offices which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding!" — *Chesterfield's Miscellaneous Works*, Vol. II. p. 564, 4to.

* "I come now to speak to you of the affair of the Duke of Newcastle; but absolutely on considering it much myself, and on talking of it with your brother, we are both against your attempting any such thing. In the first place, I never heard a suspicion of the Duke's taking presents, and should think he would rather be affronted: in the next place, my dear child, though you are fond of that coffee-pot, it would be thought nothing among such wardrobes as he has, of the finest wrought plate: why he has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any side-board in the Arabian tales: and as to Benvenuto Cellini, if the Duke could take it for his, people in England understand all work too well to be deceived." "As to Stone" (the duke's secretary), "if any thing was done, to be sure, it should be to him: though I really can't advise even that." — *Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann*, Jan. 6, 1743.

In no circumstance were the Pelhams more fortunate than in the steady friendship of that great lawyer and sagacious politician, Lord Hardwicke. By his influence their dissensions were calmed, — in their most anxious deliberations his counsel was decisive. Walpole seldom errs so grossly as when he says of this nobleman that he was despised in the cabinet.* Lord Waldegrave estimates him more justly when, speaking of his resignation in 1756, he observes, that, as a statesman, Lord Hardwicke had been the chief support of the Duke of Newcastle's administration. The documents in Mr. Coxe's work bear a continual testimony to the respect entertained for Lord Hardwicke by the brother ministers, and the high value they placed upon his services. The Duke, in a letter to Mr. Pelham (in 1745), says, "I am sure you will not think unreasonable what I now propose, that every thing, as far as possible, should be first talked over by you and me before it is either flung out in the closet or communicated to *any* of our brethren; I always except the chancellor, who I know is a third brother." — (*Pelham Administration*, Vol. i. p. 206.) On another occasion, when apprehensive that the chancellor intended to withdraw from the discussions of the cabinet, and devote himself wholly to the judicial business of his office, the Duke says (addressing Lord Hardwicke), — "I must beg you will consider in what situation you will leave me. My brother has all the prudence, knowledge, experience, and good intention that I can wish or hope in a man, but it will or may be difficult for us alone to stem that which, with your weight, authority, and character, would not be twice mentioned. *Besides, my brother and I may differ in opinion; in which case, I am sure yours would determine both.*" — Vol. i. p. 40.

In the struggle which ended by the removal of Lord Granville from the administration in 1744, Lord Hardwicke's wisdom and address contributed materially to the success of his friends. The Duke wrote to him when the contest was approaching its crisis, — "Perhaps nobody but you can carry us through, and you can." The chapter which relates this transaction is one of the most interesting in Mr. Coxe's volumes. The veteran statesman, Lord Orford, was at length summoned from his retirement to be the umpire in this important conflict; and the final exertion of that influence which he still retained with the king, and almost the last act of his life, was to confirm the ascendancy of the Pelhams by recommending the dismissal of Lord Granville. He decided well for the king and for the country. That Lord Granville should have acted cordially with these colleagues was impossible. The

* *Memoires*, Vol. I. p. 139.

appointment of Mr. Pelham, in 1743, to be first lord of the treasury, in preference to Lord Bath, whose pretensions Granville supported,* was a defeat not easily to be endured by a sanguine and arrogant favorite, presuming upon the confidential station which he held as the king's attendant and adviser on the scene of war, and at that time exulting with a half-military vanity in the unfruitful glories of Dettingen. His address to the new prime minister, from Mentz, was sufficiently frank, but gave little prospect of future good understanding:—

“If I had not stood by Lord Bath, who can (could) ever value my friendship? and you must have despised me. However, as the affair is decided in your favor by his Majesty, I wish you joy of it, and I will endeavour to support you as much as I can, having really a most cordial affection for your brother and you, which nothing can dissolve but yourselves, which I don't apprehend will be the case. I have no jealousies of either of you, and I believe that you love me; but if you will have jealousies of me without foundation, it will disgust me to such a degree that I shall not be able to bear it; and as I mean to cement an union with you, I speak thus plainly.” — Vol. i. p. 85.

As might have been expected from the tone of this declaration, his colleagues found him, in his subsequent conduct, self-willed and contemptuous; his official communications from abroad were dry and unsatisfactory,† and he cared little to conceal that he neither reposed confidence in his partners in administration, nor expected it from them. Too sensible of his great superiority in genius and acquirements, he held cheap those sober qualities of prudence and good sense in which he was himself infinitely excelled by Mr. Pelham. With his characteristic rashness, which defied difficulties without preparing to encounter them, he flattered and urged on the king in that unprofitable course of foreign policy, which was daily becoming more unpopular, and exposing his administration to increased embarrassments. To arrest the course of these mischiefs was a necessary, but a difficult and un-

* The interest which Lord Orford took in this appointment is very strikingly displayed by his cordial, manly, and sagacious letters to Mr. Pelham, while it was depending.—*Pelham Administration*, Chapter I. One of them concludes thus,—“Dear Harry, I am very personal and very free, and put myself in your power. Remember me kindly to my Lord Duke. Yours, &c.” Yet Horace Walpole would have it believed that Mr. Pelham had lately been the Duke's accomplice in betraying Lord Orford.—*Memoires*, Vol. I. p. 145; and he says elsewhere (p. 205), that Lord Orford was betrayed “without being deceived.”

† “He corresponded with them but seldom, and then chiefly on points which the next Gazette might have informed them of as fully as his despatches.” Introduction to Mr. Yorke's *Parliamentary Journal*, *Pelham Administration*, Vol. I., p. 478.

gracious task. It was said by near observers, that "if the king liked anybody, it was Lord Granville." * His politics, his manners, his knowledge of foreign courts, and (the circumstance deserves remark) his being the only minister who could converse with the king in his own language,† gave him an influence over the royal mind which was not dispelled by his removal from office. The unsuccessful attempt of George II., on his quarrel with the Pelhams in 1746, to form a new administration under Lord Granville and Lord Bath, gave rise to one of the most extraordinary political scenes of that reign. Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, and their friends anticipated the design of their master, by a sudden and general resignation; and it became afterwards a favorite theme of party obloquy that they had contumaciously thrown up their offices "in the height of a rebellion." The accusation is futile. Had they indeed renounced their employments with any design of aggravating civil discord, that they might use it as an engine against their adversaries, they would have justly deserved the brand of perpetual infamy. But the rebellion, at that time, (February, 1746,) though not extinguished, had long ceased to be formidable.‡ If any thing could have revived the languishing spirit of Jacobitism, the accession to power of so unpopular a statesman as Lord Bath, and so Hanoverian a

* Lord Marchmont's Diary, Marchmont Papers, Vol. I., p. 197.

† It is singular that this acquirement should have been so rare in a court which had been ruled by two successive German sovereigns. Mr. Pelham, it appears, knew little even of French. Sir Robert Walpole had neither German nor French, and talked with George I. in Latin. It may be suspected that their conferences would sometimes (as Milton says)

"have made Quintilian stare and gasp."

‡ "I was very uneasy," says Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, in a letter of February 7th, "at finding you still remained in the same anxiety about the rebellion, when it had so long ceased to be formidable with us." In his next letter, Feb. 14, after describing the attempted change in the cabinet, and the return of the Pelhams to office, he says, "The Duke and his name are pursuing the scattered rebels into their very mountains, determined to root out sedition entirely. It is believed, and we expect to hear, that the Young Pretender is embarked and gone." "After describing two revolutions, and announcing the termination of a rebellion, it would be below the dignity of my letter to talk of any thing of less moment." — Vol. II. p. 194–5. So little were the northern Jacobites, at that time, an object of dread to politicians in London, if we believe Sir Horace Mann's correspondent. Let us now turn to Horace Walpole the historian, writing "*pour ne frustrer la postérité.*" "Will it be credited, if it is told? The period they" (the Pelhams) "chose for this unwarrantable insult" (their resignation) "*was the height of a rebellion; the king was to be forced into compliance with their views, or their allegiance was in a manner ready to be offered to the competitor for his crown, then actually wrestling for it in the heart of his kingdom.*" — *Memoires*, Vol. I. p. 149.

politician as Lord Granville, would most probably have had that effect. Their overthrow, accomplished safely and constitutionally by the well-concerted resignation of their opponents, was a pledge of the public tranquillity. The whole history of the event shows that the measures taken by the Pelhams were safe, wise, and decisive. "Forty-eight hours, three quarters, seven minutes, and eleven seconds" (according to a satirical paper of the day) was the term of the new administration: the king found that he had raised a fabric of sand, and that nothing remained but to disperse it as quietly as possible. "Lord Bath" (says Walpole in his *Memoires*) "slipped down the back stairs, leaving Lord Carlisle in the outward room expecting to be called in to kiss hands for the privy seal." "Lord Granville left St. James's laughing," and met a friend who wondered that he had held office so long. Jovial and grandiloquent as ever, he made light of the adventure, and in no long time slid into a subordinate post, (that of President of the Council,) which he continued to hold in the reign of George III. The king, discontented, but taking patience perforce, like the "gruff papa" of a comedy, became gradually reconciled to the Pelhams, who returned to office strengthened and advanced in public estimation. Pitt, whose pretensions to the office of Secretary of State had been a proximate cause of the late rupture, obtained a place in the government, but not that to which the Pelhams had been anxious to raise him; the king's personal dislike was an obstacle not yet to be overcome; nor was it until after the lapse of several years, when he at length "took the cabinet by storm," that his genius obtained scope for those bold and vast exertions by which the close of George II.'s reign became one of the most illustrious periods of English history.

In dismissing this posthumous work of an author who labored so long and so honorably for the advancement of historical knowledge, it will not be complained of by our readers that we should avail ourselves of some private materials at our disposal, and offer a few details of his life and literary career. Mr. Coxe was born in London in 1747. Of his parentage he himself, after some experience of society, wrote thus: —

"Among the principal blessings of the Almighty, I consider this as one of the greatest, that I was born of a family who were neither of a high nor low birth, and that my parents were such, that were I to come into the world again, and had the power of choosing them, I would fix upon those whom Providence has given me."

His father was Dr. William Coxe, physician to the king's household, and grandson of Dr. Coxe, who gave evidence for Lord William Russell on his trial for high treason. His mother was

the daughter of Paul d'Aranda, a merchant and a friend of John Locke. She was a person of distinguished good sense and sweetness of disposition, and her son ever regarded her as his dearest and most intimate friend.

After passing some time at a private school, Mr. Coxe was sent to Eton, and was there, on his own petition, indulged with the assistance of a tutor, Mr. Sumner, afterwards Master of Harrow. The teacher was remembered by Mr. Coxe with admiration at a late period of his life; but the pupil, if his own confession may be literally taken, did not very zealously second his exertions. He was a boy of great spirits and volatile disposition, and much addicted to fives and cricket; and in his progress through the school he merely kept above the middling rank of his companions. When he was fourteen years old, his father, who was then just rising into professional distinction, died, leaving six children very moderately provided for. In order that he might continue at Eton, Mr. Coxe was placed on the foundation, and in 1765 he was elected to King's College Cambridge.

He came to the University a tolerable Greek and Latin scholar, but in other respects, according to his own report, very imperfectly educated. He shot, fished, and loitered away his first year of residence, forming no settled plan of improvement; but about the end of this period he was fortunately introduced into the society of some students of Peterhouse, a college which possessed at that time, among its younger inmates, several men of more than common talent and acquirements. Mr. Coxe had as yet lived chiefly with members of his own college, and had been contented with the portion of classical scholarship which he had brought from school; but the conversation of his new friends at once disclosed to him the insufficiency of his own attainments, and awakened in his mind that thirst of knowledge and honorable love of distinction which characterized him to the end of his life. Without abandoning his former studies he applied himself diligently to mathematical science, natural philosophy, modern languages, and, above all, history. His intercourse with the friends to whom he now attached himself was a kind of literary brotherhood; they rather lived together than exchanged visits, and their correspondence during the periods of separation gave an unrestrained flow to all the thoughts and feelings of men enjoying literature and the world with the first ardor of youth.

The closest intimacy which Mr. Coxe formed at this period was with Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, whose father, the Bishop of Carlisle, was then Master of Peterhouse: the son entered the University a little later than Mr. Coxe. In a paper written for the amusement of his chosen friends, Mr. Coxe drew the characters of four conspicuous members of their society, among

whom were Mr. Le Blanc (in after years a distinguished ornament of the bench over which Lord Ellenborough presided) and Mr. Law, then at the age of four and twenty. This latter portrait, though traced by an inexperienced hand, has touches that will strike those who remember the original in the height of his attainments and honors.

“Philotes bears the first rank in this our society. Of a warm and generous disposition, he breathes all the animation of youth and the spirit of freedom. His thoughts and conceptions are uncommonly great and striking; his language and expressions are strong and nervous, and partake of the color of his sentiments. As all his views are honest and his intentions direct, he scorns to disguise his feelings or palliate his sentiments. This disposition has been productive of uneasiness to himself and to his friends, for his open and unsuspecting temper leads him to use a warmth of expression which sometimes assumes the appearance of *fierté*. This has frequently disgusted his acquaintance, but his friends know the goodness of his heart, and pardon a foible that arises from the candor and openness of his temper; and indeed he never fails, when the heat of conversation is over, and his mind becomes cool and dispassionate, to acknowledge this error of his nature, and, like the Roman Catholic, claims an absolution for future as well as past transgressions. Active and enterprising, he pursues with eagerness whatever strikes him the most forcibly. His studies resemble the warmth of his disposition: struck with the great and the sublime, his taste, though elegant and refined, prefers the glowing and animated conceptions of a Tacitus to the softer and more delicate graces of a Tully. He is charmed with the style of Bolingbroke, though not with his opinions. In poetry, Virgil and Milton are his favorites.”

The warmth of friendship which runs through this description was imparted as well as felt. In a letter written to Mr. Coxe, at a later period, adverting to their past days of intimacy, Mr. Law spoke of him as one “whose presence gave a quicker relish to every amusement, and who improved or brought with him happiness wherever he came.” They looked upon each other as men pressing forward to distinction, but with the feeling rather of partners than of competitors in honor. The mind of Mr. Law was already filled with that ardent and unrelaxing ambition which accompanies the consciousness of great powers, and seems implanted, where they exist, for the purpose of bringing them into action. He blamed the reflection of Johnson, that “riches, authority, and praise lose all their influence when they are considered as riches, which to-morrow shall be bestowed on another; authority, which shall this night expire; and praise, which, however merited and however sincere, shall after a few minutes be heard no more.” “Considerations of this kind,” said Mr. Law,

“may be carried much too far, and while they unnerve the arm of impatience, may slacken the sinews of industry, and destroy hope, emulation, and honest ambition, the strongest motives to every thing worthy, great, and noble.” “Of all things in the world,” he once observed, “I abominate a novel that ends unhappily.” Impressed with the efficacy of temporal rewards as incentives to exertion, his mind revolted even at a work of fiction which kept these motives out of sight.

The more advanced scholarship of Mr. Coxe was of material service to his friend in the acquaintance which he was now forming with ancient and modern classics, and the taste of both was improved by an interchange of criticisms. Mr. Law’s were judicious, blunt, lively, and full of a strong and often characteristic feeling. His favorite writers at that time have been already mentioned. He resented with a just warmth the weak exuberances of Lucan. In reading Sophocles’s Ajax, he scorned the “thick-skulled” (we may add, the unsuccessful) “hero.” Nothing in English literature delighted him more than “Absalom and Achitophel”; and his judgment in this instance appears to have been unbiassed by any political sympathy with the poet, for in speaking of Hume he declared, in the broadest terms, his displeasure at the lenity of that historian to James II. He defended, on the most defensible points, the then recent publication of Lord Chesterfield’s Letters. Mr. Coxe attacked them without reserve, and wrote a “saucy parody” on the assiduous promptings and circumstantial admonitions of the courtly father. Mr. Law conceived, but did not follow up, the happy idea of an answer from young Stanhope, acknowledging his various difficulties and distresses, and lamenting his failures with *la petite Blot*.

It could hardly have been expected that a friendship grounded on so much mutual esteem, and so close an agreement of opinions and feelings, would, after few years, expire as if by a natural decay. Such, however, was the event. Perhaps, on one hand, the cares of an anxious and absorbing profession, and, on the other, frequent absences from England, may have brought on some decline of the former intimacy, and slight causes might increase an estrangement once grown perceptible between men of sensitive tempers, and impatient alike of neglect and the imputation of negligence. It must be owned too, that although the attachments of school and college are in general the most permanent, there are minds which appear congenial only during retirement, and betray the principle of disunion when they are exposed to the full blaze and heat of the world; like the shades of the future Cæsar and Pompey in Virgil’s Elysium, —

“Concordes animæ nunc et dum nocte premuntur.”

But the cessation of friendship did not, in this instance, give rise to opposite feelings ; and, in the decline of his years, Mr. Coxe delighted to look back at an intercourse which, as he expressed it, " had once formed the solace of his life."

In 1770, Mr. Coxe first tasted of literary distinction by gaining the bachelor's prize for Latin prose, and he again obtained a similar success in 1771. In the latter year he was admitted to deacon's orders by Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London ; and the thesis which he wrote on this occasion was so masterly, that the bishop paid him the unusual compliment of exempting him from examination for priest's orders. He was appointed to the curacy of Denham, near Uxbridge, but had not long filled that station when he was selected by the late Duke of Marlborough to undertake the tuition of his son, the Marquis of Blandford, then very young. The recommendation of Mr. Coxe to this charge had proceeded from the learned Jacob Bryant, who at this time knew him only by reputation, but who became and always continued his zealous friend, and labored with characteristic energy, both by advice and by active exertion, to promote his welfare.

About the same time, Mr. Law began his education in the Temple as a special pleader ; and we may be pardoned for adverting once more to this distinguished man, to introduce a specimen of the reflections with which he cheered his friend and himself on their, as yet, humble destinies : —

" June 18, 1773, — Temple, Friday night.

" After holding a pen most of the day in the service of my profession, I will use it a few minutes longer in that of friendship. I thank you, my dearest friend, for this and every proof of confidence and affection, — let us cheerfully push our ways in our different lines ; the path of neither of us is strewed with roses, but they both terminate in happiness and honor. I cannot, however, now and then help sighing when I think how inglorious an apprenticeship we both of us serve to ambition, while you teach a child his rudiments, and I drudge at the pen for attorneys. But if knowledge and a respectable situation are to be purchased only on these terms, I for my part can readily say, — *hac mercede placet*. Do not, however, commend my industry too soon : application wears for me at present the charms of novelty ; upon a longer acquaintance I may grow tired of it."

While Mr. Coxe was at King's, he had been urged by a senior member of his college to employ himself on some literary undertaking. The advice found a willing listener, and Mr. Coxe, after leaving the university, occupied himself in planning a course of essays, in which he was to be assisted by some of his Cambridge friends. The name selected for this work was *The Mirror*, a

title adopted under more fortunate auspices a few years afterwards, by the accomplished Henry Mackenzie and his literary associates in Edinburgh. The present Mirror took its name from a magic glass supposed to be in the editor's possession, and reflecting in a visible form the characters of those who looked into it. The idea was that of a young author, and the resources which it offered were likely to be soon exhausted. Of the manner in which Mr. Coxe worked upon it some notion may be formed from the criticism of one of his friends. — "Your characters have humor, particularly the man who had, as the vulgar say, no soul, and could gain no reflection from the glass. Sir Godfrey Kneller made a hit of the same kind when he refused to paint a fellow who had no expression in his countenance: — 'Sir,' says the artist, 'you have no face.'"

The "Mirror" was in time abandoned, and Mr. Coxe's next attempt in authorship was a *Life of Petrarch*, a work which he also left unaccomplished, and which our literature still wants. His attention was probably drawn to this subject by his conversations with Gray the poet, whose acquaintance he casually made at Cambridge, at a quiet coffee-house near Pembroke, which they both frequented. Gray, as his natural shyness wore off, "unrolled" to Mr. Coxe the "ample page" of his ancient and modern learning; and among the books which our historian recollected long afterwards as having been recommended to him by the poet, was the *Life of Petrarch*, by the Abbé de Sade. Another was the *Memoirs of Laporte*, valet de chambre of Louis XIV.*

Mr. Coxe employed himself on his *Life of Petrarch* in the intervals of his attendance on Lord Blandford. At this early period of his literary life he was fortunately led by some trifling domestic incident into a correspondence with Mr. Melmoth, the translator of Pliny's and Cicero's *Epistles*, and author of *Fitzosborne's Letters*. Mr. Melmoth was his godfather, and had been his father's schoolfellow; and Mr. Coxe found in him a warm friend and valuable counsellor. He was a strict disciplinarian in composition, and candidly acknowledged that he was in his own practice apt to be too nice in the manner of arranging and expressing his ideas. The scruples of such a monitor were, it may be supposed, frequently perplexing and mortifying, and Mr. Coxe was almost led to believe himself incapable of attaining the true standard of elegance and perspicuity. But he received with docility the lessons which, though rigorous, were kindly bestowed; and

* Characterized by Gibbon, in his *Miscellanies*, as "the honest *Memoirs of Laporte*."

to them probably may be ascribed the clear, the accurate, the somewhat perhaps too chastened style of Mr. Coxe's historical compositions.

The infirmity of his health, which had interrupted his attendance on Lord Blandford, induced him, at the end of two years, to relinquish that charge altogether, and he quitted it, to use his own expression, "with the fluttering alacrity of a bird escaped from its cage;" but he did not lose by this step the favor and confidence of the noble family to which he had been temporarily attached.

In 1775 he accepted the office of tutor to Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, and made a tour with that young nobleman, which, among other parts of Europe, included Switzerland. A country so romantic, both in its physical and moral aspect, excited the peculiar attention of a traveller ardent in his admiration of the sublime and graceful in nature, but, at the same time, accustomed already to contemplate society with the views of a philosopher and politician. From his first entrance into Switzerland he preserved and arranged the results of his observation: he was equally indefatigable in exploring scenery, investigating antiquities, and unravelling the intricacies of provincial government and legislation; and he carefully and successfully cultivated the society of the persons most eminent in literature and science, among whom were Bonnet, De Saussure, Mallet, De Luc, Solomon Gesner, Haller, and Lavater. His own name acquired, during his several visits to Switzerland (for he travelled through that country four times between 1776 and 1787), a celebrity which did not fade away during the long exclusion of Englishmen from the Continent by the revolutionary war. His "Travels in Switzerland," the first, and one of the most deservedly popular of his published writings, appeared originally, in 1778, in the form of letters, which were addressed to Mr. Melmoth, and dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke. The work gradually expanded as new materials were acquired, till, in 1801, when the last edition was published, Mr. Coxe sat down, "with a heart full of sorrow," to record the violent and perfidious subjugation of a country which he had so often seen prosperous, contented, and independent.

While Lord Herbert was at Geneva, Mr. Coxe indulged his enthusiasm for Petrarch by making a pilgrimage to Vacluse. He had, some months before, introduced himself by letter to the Abbé de Sade, the descendant of Laura, and biographer of the poet, and had received a very courteous invitation to pass a few days with the Abbé, "*more philosophico*," as he said, at his hermitage, near Avignon. Mr. Coxe, indeed, possessed a claim to the Abbé's favorable regard which could not be advanced by

every tourist : he had diligently read through the voluminous and learned "Life of Petrarch," and compared it with the original authorities as far as they were accessible. He approached the "hermitage" with some feelings of awe and timidity, but was received with a frankness which immediately set him at ease, and justified the subacid encomium of Gibbon, that "the Abbé, though a priest, was a gentleman." Vacluse was about a league distant, and the ardent traveller longed already to pay his orisons at the poetic fountain ; but delays intervened, and it was not until the following day that, availing himself of his host's afternoon nap, he hurried to the classic scene which had so long haunted his imagination, — the solemn valley of the Sorgue, and the rocks and streams which, to mortals whose "ears are true," still murmur the name of Laura. During three days of his residence with the Abbé, Mr. Coxe, with the superfluous anxiety of a novice, suppressed the fact that he was himself engaged in the biography of Petrarch. On his making this communication, the Abbé freely placed his manuscript collections at the disposal of his visitor ; and Mr. Coxe addressed himself to the task of selecting and compiling, with the zealous application which characterized him in all his literary undertakings, — though in this instance it was destined to produce no apparent fruit. Such labors, however, are not always thrown away, because they miss their completion : a task ineffectually pursued may discipline and strengthen the intellect for more fortunate enterprises ; and the early history of literary men often resembles that of the youths in the old fable, who were directed by their father's will to dig in certain grounds for a hidden treasure, and, after laboring many days, discovered that, although they could come at no gold, they had made an excellent vineyard.

Lord Herbert extended his tour to the northern kingdoms of Europe, and Mr. Coxe accompanied him to Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, availing himself indefatigably of the opportunities afforded him to investigate the history, literature, and social and political condition of the countries through which he passed. Nor were such researches uninteresting even in these remote realms, when the traveller could converse with Müller on northern history and antiquities, and with Pallas on science, and collect information from persons who remembered Peter the Great and Charles the Twelfth. At Warsaw, Mr. Coxe was admitted to a familiar and confidential intercourse by the accomplished and ill-fated Stanislaus Augustus. In a conversation on some proposed improvement in the laws and government of his own kingdom, — "Happy Englishmen !" exclaimed Stanislaus, "your house is raised, and mine is yet to

build." At St. Petersburg, the travellers were presented to the Empress Catherine II. ; and that sovereign, doubtless not unwilling to make the best impression on a literary Englishman, encouraged the researches of Mr. Coxe into the state and administration of the Russian prisons, — a subject on which, while at Vienna, he had conversed with the celebrated Howard, and received from that illustrious man suggestions for the guidance of his inquiries. The empress permitted Mr. Coxe to propose to a member of her government a series of written questions on this subject, and to some she herself dictated the answers, which were for the most part direct and candid. One of them had a good deal of *naïveté*. The question was, — "Are the prisoners permitted to purchase spirituous liquors, and do the jailers sell them?" The empress answered, — "Every species of food is sold in the prisons, but the jailer cannot sell spirituous liquors, and that for two reasons : first, because spirituous liquors can only be sold by those who farm the right of vending them from the crown ; secondly, which is very extraordinary, there are no jailers to any of the prisons, although the laws make mention of them." *

Soon after his return from this tour, (which lasted about four years,) Mr. Coxe published his "Account of the Russian Discoveries in the Seas between Asia and America," — a work of great merit and utility, and fortunate to its author, since it was the origin of a friendship with the accomplished and excellent Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, which Mr. Coxe esteemed one of the most honorable as well as advantageous occurrences of his life. The incident which led to this acquaintance shows both parties in a very amiable light, and we are enabled to tell it in Mr. Coxe's own words : —

"The first origin of my acquaintance with him arose from the accidental circumstance of my friend Mr. Cadell introducing me to him in his shop, as one literary man to another, soon after my first return from abroad. When I was about to publish my "Russian Discoveries," I formed an opinion concerning the two continents of Asia and America very different from that which Dr. Douglas had shown in his Preface to Cook's First Voyage, and I thought it necessary to controvert his sentiments. But as I did not wish to do it without acquainting him with my intention in the least offensive manner, I desired my friend and bookseller, Mr. Cadell, to mention my intention, and express my hope that he would not take it amiss if I ventured to dissent from so respectable an authority. Mr. Cadell brought me a very liberal answer from Dr. Douglas, as might have been expected from a man of his character. Soon after this he met me himself in the street, and taking

* "The prisoners are guarded by soldiers." — Coxe.

me aside, mentioned the application of Mr. Cadell; and, while he expressed his thanks for my attention, begged, with that humility which distinguished his character, 'that I would let him down as gently as possible.' I now felt my own extreme inferiority, and was quite ashamed to oppose the opinion of so respectable a man on points so problematical, and consequently renounced my intention. Fortunately I did so, for the bishop was right and I wrong. This procedure occasioned a more intimate acquaintance. I frequently dined with him both at Windsor and in London, and received many literary favors from him."

About the same period, Mr. Coxe formed, or renewed, an acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, whom he frequently met at Mr. Thrale's. When his host presented him to Johnson, "I know him," said the great man courteously, "and I know his Switzerland." Mr. Coxe felt a just pride in learning that Johnson was accustomed to praise and recommend his works; and the venerable critic proved the sincerity of his approbation by urging Mr. Coxe to continue writing. He suggested as a subject, Poland, a country, he said, not quite civilized nor quite uncivilized, and but little known to us. At one of the evening parties at Streatham, Mr. Coxe was discoursing, perhaps not very considerately, on the happiness of retiring from the world. Johnson cautioned him against indulging such fancies. "Exert your talents," said he, "and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire." The admonition was gentle and complimentary; but Johnson did not always use the *patte de velours* when upon this subject. According to Mrs. Piozzi, he once said to some one who complained of the neglect shown to Jeremiah Markland,—"He is a scholar undoubtedly, Sir; but remember he would run from the world, and it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark." *

* We must not cite this anecdote without referring to a very satisfactory note upon it, in Mr. Croker's "Boswell," Vol. IV. p. 376, where justice is done, both to the eminent scholar "tossed and gored" on this occasion, and to Johnson, who in reality entertained for him the esteem due to his learning and character. "Jeremiah Markland," says his descendant, the learned editor of the Chester Mysteries, "was no growler: he sought for, because he loved, retirement; and rejected all the honors and rewards which were liberally offered to him. During a long life he devoted himself unceasingly to those pursuits for which he was best fitted, collating the classics, and illustrating the Scriptures." On the 2d October, 1782, we find Johnson urging Nicholls to obtain some record of the life of Markland, whom, with Jortin and Thirlby, he calls "three contemporaries of great eminence."—See also *Quart. Review*, Vol. VII. p. 442.

Mr. Coxe now passed the greatest portion of his time at Cambridge, occupied in preparing his "Northern Travels" for the press, but in other respects uncertain as to his future course of life. Porson was at this time residing in the university, (having taken his bachelor's degree and become fellow of Trinity,) and was already enjoying the celebrity which his great talents deserved. Mr. Coxe visited and formed an acquaintance with him :—

"I was at first greatly struck," he says in one of his manuscript papers, "with the acuteness of his understanding, and his multifarious acquaintance with every branch of polite literature and classical attainment. I also found him extremely modest and humble, and not vain-glorious of his astonishing erudition and capacity. I was not less struck with his memory. Taking tea one afternoon in his company at Dockerell's coffee-house, I read a pamphlet written by Ritson against Tom Warton. I was pleased with the work, and after I had read it I gave it to Porson, who began it, and I left him perusing it. On the ensuing day he drank tea with me, with several other friends, and the conversation happened to turn on Ritson's pamphlet. I alluded to one particular part about Shakspeare which had greatly interested me, adding, to those who had not read it, 'I wish I could convey to you a specific idea of the remainder.' Porson repeated a page and a half word for word. I expressed my surprise, and said, 'I suppose you studied the whole evening at the coffee-house, and got it by heart.' 'Not at all; I do assure you that I only read it once.'"

Porson's favorite project at this period was to publish an edition of *Æschylus*, and Mr. Coxe endeavoured, with his usual active benevolence, to procure him the necessary patronage. With this view he introduced him to Jacob Bryant, who exerted himself, but unsuccessfully, to procure subscriptions. Their efforts were not much seconded by Porson. Poor Mr. Bryant seems to have found him as stiff-necked as Prometheus himself.

"I have tried a great deal to serve him," said he in one of his letters, "on account of his uncommon learning, but cannot obtain the least encouragement. He cannot carry on the scheme he has formed without assiduity and solicitation, and a proper respect to those from whom there is any expectation. But he visits nobody, and omits every necessary regard. A handsome gratuity from me shall certainly be ready when demanded, but I find a total disinclination in others."

In 1784 Mr. Coxe published his *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark*. This work confirmed the literary reputation of its author; and from the time of its first appearance it has been esteemed one of the most valuable sources of knowledge on the subject of Northern Europe. Some of the earlier portions

were submitted to Dr. Robertson, the historian, who carefully revised them, and whose suggestions were gratefully adopted.

Soon after the publication of this work Mr. Coxe again undertook the office of a travelling tutor, having for his pupil the late Mr. Whitbread. They began their journey with the northern kingdoms, and in the subsequent part of it made a hasty passage through Italy. It was expected that Mr. Coxe would publish his travels in this latter country; but although "charmed and astonished," as he expressed himself, by the classical scenes of the south, and though laboring under the *res angusta* which so often prompts men to inauspicious literary attempts, he yet felt that the limited opportunities he had possessed of observing and inquiring could not qualify him to perform the task satisfactorily, and he wisely and honestly forbore to undertake it.

He returned to England in 1786. In the nine following years he made another tour on the Continent and in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, with Mr. Portman, (eldest son of Mr. Portman of Bryanston,) and again travelled with Lord Brome, eldest son of the Marquis Cornwallis. During the same period he succeeded to the college living of Kingston-upon-Thames, but resigned it on being presented by Lord Pembroke (in 1788) to the rectory of Bemerton, which he held during the remainder of his life. Lord Cornwallis also appointed him chaplain of the Tower. In the intervals of travelling Mr. Coxe augmented and improved his works on Switzerland and the North of Europe, which went through several editions. His mind now took a decided bent towards that department of literary labor from which his subsequent reputation as an author was principally derived. In 1792 he circulated a prospectus of an Historical and Political State of Europe, in which he proposed to give a separate account of the principal kingdoms and states, treating of each country under two heads, historical and statistical. No person could have been found so well qualified for this undertaking; for to the talent, industry, and integrity of which his former works had given proof, Mr. Coxe united a personal knowledge of almost all the countries to be described, (Spain and Portugal, and Turkey, were the principal exceptions,) and an extensive acquaintance with men of letters, science, rank, and political influence in each. But the French Revolution, — the end and the beginning of so many things, — compelled him to abandon this project. The sources of information became closed or difficult of access; it was a waste of labor in that time of subversion and change to describe institutions, and trace the outline of territories; and the past occurrences of modern European history, compared with the portentous scenes which then occupied men's minds, appeared small and obscure, like events of distant antiquity.

While engaged on this work, Mr. Coxe had passed several months in examining and arranging the voluminous correspondence of Horatio, Lord Walpole, (brother of Sir Robert,) during his embassies in France and Holland; and, on discontinuing his State of Europe, he proposed, under the sanction of Lord Walpole, (son of the ambassador,) who had encouraged and assisted his researches, to publish a selection from these papers. In the progress of his new undertaking the transactions and correspondence of Sir Robert necessarily engaged much of his attention, and the history of that minister became gradually the chief subject of his inquiries, which were warmly patronized by Horace, Lord Orford. He placed all that remained in his possession of his father's papers at Mr. Coxe's command, and related in conversation many facts which no other person could authenticate, adding this observation, "You will remember that I am the son of Sir Robert Walpole, and therefore must be prejudiced in his favor. Facts I will not misrepresent or disguise: but my opinions and reflections on those facts you will receive with caution, and adopt or reject at your discretion." The papers of Sir Robert's brother-in-law, Lord Townshend, (in the possession of his grandson the Marquis Townshend,) were another important source of information, to which Mr. Coxe obtained access with some difficulty, and by the aid of kind and powerful intercessors. On receiving the long-desired permission, he lost not a day in presenting himself at Rainham, the seat of the Marquis, in Norfolk, overjoyed at the acquisition about to be placed within his reach, yet feeling, with the natural delicacy of a well-constituted mind, the anomalous situation of a visitor, who, in the mere character of a literary man, establishes himself in a nobleman's house for the purpose of examining its archives. His reception, however, banished uneasy feelings, and his researches were abundantly rewarded.

No man ever appreciated more justly or requited more faithfully than Mr. Coxe the confidence reposed in an author by intrusting him with family papers. There are some things, perhaps, in every such collection which the writer who makes use of it must consider sacred from public curiosity; but it requires great delicacy and judgment to apprehend, and great self-denial to observe, this obligation in its full extent. That truth be not violated, whether by suppression or addition, is the plain rule of every historical work; but when that law is satisfied, — when the question is only of illustrating, enlivening, enriching, — of an anecdote, a saying, a characteristic word or gesture, — of all, in short, that most captivates the merely inquisitive reader, it will often become a perplexing and uneasy task to the privileged compiler to decide how much may be allowed to his literary interest

and ambition on the one hand, and how much is justly exacted by respect and gratitude on the other. In calculating the forbearance required of him, he must estimate feelings with which the public have little sympathy. To them, representing that large and indefinite posterity, for which, professedly, so much is said and acted, the great names of a former age are important only as they are connected with events ; but descendants, the true and natural posterity, have a domestic as well as historical interest in the fame of an ancestor ; they may shrink from a ridicule, or resent a misconception, which the world would deem harmless and trivial ; and they must always be liable to some uneasiness in reflecting, that an indiscretion of the author whom they have indulged may expose themselves to reproach for committing the records of their house to the callous hand of a stranger.

The access which Mr. Coxe now enjoyed, not only to the Walpole, Orford, and Townshend papers, but to the manuscript collections of the Hardwicke, Grantham, Waldegrave, and other distinguished families, induced him to suspend the undertaking he had commenced, and apply himself to one of a wider scope and higher interest, the “*Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole*,” which he first published in 1798. A more judicious and instructive biographical work, or one more satisfactory to every rational desire of knowledge, is not found in English literature. It combines in a remarkable degree the exact and dispassionate inquiry which forms the great merit of compiled history, with the lively circumstantial illustration which belongs to contemporary narrative, or that drawn from recent tradition. But this latter source of knowledge is never approached without the strictest caution. He was enabled, as he states in his preface, “to elucidate many parts of secret history, either totally unknown or wholly misrepresented ;” but he adds, that in collecting political information, he always considered and allowed for the connexions and principles of those from whom he derived it, and that, in taking up anecdotes from tradition, he scrupulously confined himself to the narrowest limits, and “never once adopted the hearsay of a hearsay.” It would be superfluous to dwell longer on a book, with which no accurate reader of English history can permit himself to be unacquainted. The *Memoirs of Lord Walpole*, which for a time had given place to those of Sir Robert, were published four years afterwards.

An excursion which he accidentally made in the autumn of 1798, with his friend Sir Richard Colt Hoare, suggested to Mr. Coxe the design of one of his most agreeable works, “*An Historical Tour in Monmouthshire*.” He passed several months of 1799 in exploring, with his accustomed enthusiasm and active

curiosity, the antiquities and natural beauties of that delightful country, which, in its miniature mountain scenery, contained some sequestered spots that reminded him of his beloved Switzerland, and were then as little or less known to English travellers. The Tour, with prints from the drawings of Sir Richard Hoare, was published in 1801, and may be ranked among the most elegant and interesting publications extant on British topography.

In 1803, Mr. Coxe married Eleonora, daughter of Walter Shairp, Esq., consul-general of Russia, and widow of Thomas Yeldham, Esq., a lady whom he had long known and esteemed, and whose society, through the remaining twenty-five years of his life, was the chief source of his happiness. He was now, by the aid of friends, to whom his talents had made him known, and his worth had endeared him, raised above uneasiness with respect to pecuniary fortune. Sir Richard Hoare had given him the rectory of Stourhead, which he afterwards resigned, on being presented by Lord Pembroke to that of Fovant. Bishop Douglas conferred on him a valuable prebend, and the archdeaconry of Wilts; and, by the influence chiefly of the same good patron, he was elected a canon-residentiary of Salisbury.

In the grave but not melancholy retirement of his parsonage at Bemerton, situate a mile from Salisbury, and commemorated by Walton as the residence of the saintly George Herbert, the Archdeacon passed the residue of his life, devoting himself to literature, and to the duties of his sacred office. In the absences occasionally rendered necessary by his literary undertakings, or by other causes, his mind always returned with fondness and longing to Bemerton, the home where his affections most dwelt, and the haven granted him by Providence from many wanderings and many anxieties. It was also the scene of labors which he loved more than other men love rest or the enjoyment of fortune. "His habits of literary composition" (we borrow the language of a gentleman well acquainted with them *) "were so confirmed, that they were almost essential to his health. No sooner had he completed one great work, than he laid the foundation for another. He could not, as he expressed it, rest '*les bras croisés*.' In earlier life his application was so incessant, that it encroached on the hours requisite for healthful amusement, and even dinner would sometimes be forgotten till nine in the evening. In later years his hours of study were from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, a period seldom interrupted by any accident, for visitors of whatever rank knew and observed the rule of non-

* Mr. Rylance, who succeeded Mr. Hatcher in the arduous and confidential office of secretary and amanuensis to Mr. Coxe.

intercourse." At other times all were cheerfully received. "Five hours might seem a long time to devote to sedentary occupation, but it was not sedentary, it was active : making due allowances, there was almost as much walking about, and as little rest, as if the employment had been some animating field-sport." His strong memory and extensive knowledge, his long-established habits of study and great practice in composition, enabled him to refer, to collate, to arrange, and to dictate, with a wonderful rapidity and precision ; and these advantages, with his untameable ardor and activity of disposition, carried him through a series of literary undertakings, after the fifty-sixth year of his age, which to most men would appear ample occupation for a life.

A train of reflections, which first rose in his mind on visiting the ruined castle of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, in the canton of Bern, seems gradually to have matured into the design of a History of the House of Austria, which Mr. Coxe at length published in 1807. He had contemplated in that great dynasty "a family rapidly rising from the possession of dominions which form scarcely a speck in the map of Europe, to a stupendous height of power and splendor ; becoming the barrier, under Providence, which arrested the progress of the Mahometan hordes into Christendom ; afterwards preëminent as the ally of the Catholic church in her struggle against religious truth and civil liberty ; but again, in later times, the great bulwark of public freedom, the main counterpoise to the power of France, and the centre on which the vast machine of European politics had invariably revolved." *

To this magnificent subject a considerable part of his studies and researches had for many years been directed ; he had pursued it during several visits to Vienna, among the rich historical stores of the Imperial library, and had kept it in his view while examining the various documentary collections which were opened to him when preparing his Memoirs of the Walpoles. On none of his former works was so much time and industry bestowed ; and his exertion was rewarded, not only by public approbation, but by a compliment of less ordinary occurrence. The Archdukes, John and Louis, in their journey through England in 1817, paid a visit to the Canonry-House at Salisbury, for the purpose of conversing with the historian of their illustrious family. They warmly commended his accuracy and impartiality, and flattered him in a point which, with a writer on state affairs, is always a sensible one, by expressing surprise at his knowledge of some facts with which they had supposed none but their own family were acquainted. The visit was not a mere formal condescension, for

* Preface to the History of the House of Austria.

these enlightened princes afterwards rendered the Archdeacon an important assistance in the preparation of his *Life of Marlborough*, by furnishing him with documents from Vienna.

In 1813, he published "*Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from 1700 to 1788*," a portion of European history familiar to him from his previous researches. He appropriately dedicated it to the Marquis Wellington, who was at that time accomplishing the glorious deliverance of Spain from the usurpers of the Bourbon sceptre.

On the completion of this work his indefatigable mind soon found for itself a new task of higher interest, but of far greater labor; and at the age of sixty-nine, Mr. Coxe began his *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*. As yet, no satisfactory life of that great warrior and politician had appeared in England. The duchess, Marlborough's widow, left a thousand pounds for the writer or writers who should complete such a work; but Glover and Mallet, the authors chosen by her for the task, did not even enter upon it. A mightier personage, though not of a more imperious soul, the Emperor Napoleon, willed that a life of Marlborough should be written in France; and the decree was executed by a M. Madgett (assisted, it is said, by the well-known Abbé Dutens), with as good success as could be expected from an author who had no access to the best sources of information. The Archdeacon undertook his work under much happier auspices. The inestimable collection of private and state papers at Blenheim, arranged with great care and accuracy by the late Duke, was freely opened by that nobleman to one whose former connexion with the family, added to his other and stronger claims, gave a peculiar propriety to his desire of becoming their historiographer. Lord Hardwicke, and other possessors of original documents, were on this, as on former occasions, liberal and unreserved in confiding them to him; and his good and justly-respected friend, Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, and ever distinguished by zeal in the cause of literature, gave him access to the State Paper Office. The *Life* appeared in three successive volumes, and was completed in 1819. The testimony of this *Journal* has been long since given to its merits.* As a memoir illustrative of public transactions, it richly augmented the materials of English and European history; and as a work of biography, it rendered justice to the character of Marlborough, by diffusing a full, clear, and unambiguous light over the events of his astonishing career. Its narrative, authentic and circumstantial, at once satisfies the desire of knowledge and ministers to the love

* See *Quarterly Review*, Vol. XXIII.

of amusement ; and the confidential and animated correspondence with which it is interspersed gives to some parts of it almost the liveliness of those works of fiction where the principal personages, by a series of letters, at once tell the story and develope their own characters and feelings.

While engaged on the Life of Marlborough, Mr. Coxe began to experience that visitation which he pathetically alludes to in his Preface to the Pelham Memoirs, — the failure of sight. The intense labor of a work, in the course of which it is said that he inspected about *thirty thousand* manuscript letters, gave a confirmed ascendancy to the disease, and it terminated in a few years in total blindness. It was not without bitter feelings that a man, to whom study had for fifty years been the chief business of life, perceived the sure approach of this catastrophe ; but if reading had not armed him with philosophy, religion had taught him resignation, and with this powerful support the natural energy and vivacity of his mind soon triumphed over the calamity. Nay, so “sweet are the uses of adversity,” it is said that the social qualities of his mind expanded, and his conversation became more uniformly cheerful and engaging, as the decay of sight obliged him to gain his ideas from the interchange of speech instead of the solitary exercise of the eye. But his literary occupations were not laid aside ; with the aid which his infirmity rendered indispensable, he was still able to pursue his long-accustomed labors, and he followed them with his wonted alacrity and confidence. In 1821, he published the “Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury,” illustrated and connected by historical and biographical narratives ; and the remaining years of his life, during which his sight became wholly extinguished, were employed upon the Memoirs of the Pelham Administration. It is said by those who assisted him in these labors, that “his memory, originally retentive, seemed to improve after his loss of sight ; and the attention being less withdrawn to external objects, could be more uninterruptedly fixed upon whatever was the immediate object of research.” His power of mental calculation was, from the same cause, rather improved than impaired. The readiness with which he could explain names and reconcile facts and dates became the more admirable, when he could no longer depend on written helps to his memory. He would occasionally detect an error in numbers which escaped those about him ; and in referring to authorities for statistical or historical details, it appeared to them that he rather guided than received guidance ;

ὑφηγητῆρος οὐδενὸς φίλων,
 Ἄλλ' αὐτὸς ἡμῖν πᾶσιν ἐξηγούμενος.

Soph. Œd. Colon.

The close of this long, virtuous, and useful life was easy. In his eighty-first year, till which time he had enjoyed almost uninterrupted health, he was attacked by a disorder, not alarming at first, but which soon showed itself to be the forerunner of death. With a calm but not presumptuous spirit he composed himself to obey the awful citation ; and, if man may so pronounce of his fellow-mortal, his last end was that of the righteous.

Few have ever left life more rich in "all that should accompany old age," public approbation, the affection and reverence of friends and kindred, the esteem of great men and the gratitude of humble ones. It would be no common eulogy to say of so long and active a career, that it was accomplished without reproach ; but this negative praise would ill express the fervid and generous quality of virtues that were not merely active, but had in them something of enthusiasm. An impatient aversion to base and disingenuous vices, and an ardent and indefatigable benevolence, were the strongest features of his character. The most vindictive man never followed up an injury more keenly than he pursued a scheme of kindness. Not only his pecuniary means, but his time, his labor, and his influence, were devoted to the offices of charity or friendship with a frankness, and singleness of heart, which disclosed at once the most ingenuous mind and the warmest affections. If, as has been observed, he contributed but slightly to literature as a divine, he greatly adorned life as a Christian. Trained up from infancy in the faith and principles which that name implies, and not forgetful of them in his youth, he embraced them with a still firmer attachment when, by assuming the clerical office, he became bound not only to cultivate them in himself, but inculcate them upon others ; and there were found after his decease some scattered memorials of his most secret thoughts, which proved that even Herbert, his pious predecessor at Bemerton, scarcely entered upon the sacred ministry with deeper awe or more anxious self-examination.

The vigor of constitution and the lively spirit, which enabled him to go through so many and such various labors, appeared in his person and movements, — in an upright stature, lightsome gait, and ruddy but clear complexion, till a very late period of his life. His countenance was strongly marked, indicative of much sense and shrewdness, and readily assuming the expression of playful humor or the most animated benevolence. No one could be long in his society without perceiving that he was a man highly endowed by nature and education, and experienced in the world : but there was an occasional eccentricity in his manner which it is impossible to describe adequately, though any picture of him would be imperfect in which it was wholly omitted. As

far as it can be expressed by words, it seemed to be a struggle between the fastidious and shy humor, commonly ascribed to Englishmen, — of which he had a more than ordinary portion, — and the warmth of heart and impetuosity of temperament by which he was no less distinguished. Something of that wilful singularity in trifles, usually said to be characteristic of old bachelors, appears to have been natural to him even in early youth. About the time of his first leaving college, he passed a few weeks at Margate. After his return, a lady, hearing him speak with enthusiasm of chess, observed that he ought to have been at Margate lately, for there was a melancholy gentleman there who used to play chess by himself in the public library, for hours at a time. Mr. Coxe asked if she knew his face. — “No, indeed,” was the answer; “but I am sure I should remember his back.” Mr. Coxe placed himself in the attitude of the chess-player, and was immediately recognised as the melancholy gentleman of the Margate library.

According to the custom of subjoining an autograph to a portrait, we must add that the worthy Archdeacon’s handwriting was not the least striking of his peculiarities. It was a cipher of which few, even among those accustomed to it, were wholly masters. His correspondents, who valued all his words (for they were those of wisdom and kindness), were sometimes tantalized by the total impossibility of extricating them from the tangled black skein that ran along his paper. The infirmity or bad habit which occasioned this defect began early in his life, and established itself in spite of expostulation. Mr. Melmoth remonstrated in round and plaintive periods, but in vain: —

“I am much obliged to you,” writes Lord Ellenborough to Coxe when at Strasburgh, “for the entertainment three very agreeable letters have afforded me; they have paid me richly for the trouble I had in deciphering them, for, *entre nous*, they were written in so very *fine* a character, I could scarcely conjecture what they meant to convey; and had not my mind been very congenial to your own, I should never have made it out. Pray, my dear friend, write legibly to your great folks, for it would be melancholy to lose all the effect of the many good things I am sure you send them, by the carelessness of packing them up. For my own part, I continually regret having paid so little attention to so very necessary an art; and as it is now somewhat too late to aim at the graces of writing, I stick fast to what is only in my power, a good, plain, stiff, legible character.”

Jacob Bryant, with his homely humor, professed that he thought Buckinger wrote a better *foot*. “But,” he added, “be your hand or foot what it may, your letters, like a mystic talisman, however secret the characters, will always have a pleasing in-

fluence with me." Another friendly and more dignified monitor, the late venerable Bishop Barrington, once addressed him on the same subject, in a letter which, if the most gentle and courteous remonstrance could subdue an inveterate bad habit, might have brought that wonder to pass.

" Mongewell, Jan. 8th, 1798.

" Dear Sir, — A Frenchman of high rank under the Monarchy, answering a letter which he had received from a person of similar rank, expressed himself thus :— *Par respect, Monsieur, je vous écris de ma propre main ; mais, pour faciliter la lecture, je vous envoie une copie de ma lettre.* I will in future forgive the want of respect, if you will have the goodness to follow this Frenchman's example. I wish to comply with your request, — for so far I can decipher, that there is a request, — but I must beg to know from your amanuensis what it is.

" I am, dear Sir, with much regard,

" Your faithful servant,

" S. DUNELM."

Of Mr. Coxe's literary character, we have said much in the foregoing pages ; — a few words only remain to be added. Utility was the great aim of all his works. In all of them, even from the earliest, we recognise a predominating good sense and good temper, sound moral and religious principles, and a hearty and honest determination, neither relaxed by indolence nor disturbed by any idle ambition, to do that justice to his subject which shall satisfy a rationally inquisitive reader. If, as a biographer, he sometimes took the tone of an advocate (a failing not easily avoided), the materials were always at hand, supplied by his integrity and diligence, from which, if his own judgment were faulty, the reader might form a more accurate opinion for himself. As a writer on English history, he was acute, moderate, extensively informed, firmly attached to the well-balanced constitution which this country in his time enjoyed, and a warm friend of that genuine, social liberty, which is but another name for the highest and most comprehensive justice. He combined with a sincere love of truth, an unbounded ardor of research. To his industry nothing seemed impracticable ; the works of which we have made some mention are but a part of the labors he achieved, and only the smaller portion of those which he projected.* But his zeal for the ex-

* Among the publications which we have not enumerated, are "The Life and Select Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet;" "Lives of Handel and Smith;" a "Vindication of the Celts;" "Tracts on the Prisons and Hospitals of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark;" a "Letter on the Secret Tribunal of Westphalia;" "Lives of Corregio and Parmegiano;" Sermons preached at the Assizes at Salisbury, and at the Anniversary of the Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy; Tracts on the Church Catechism and on

tension of knowledge was controlled by an undeviating discretion ; and in availing himself of the vast series of original and private documents from which he drew the substance of his biographical and historical writings, he never transgressed against the sacred laws of propriety and good faith. To this perfect rectitude of conduct, more even than to his literary celebrity, may be attributed the success of Mr. Coxe, in obtaining, from the representatives of so many distinguished families, the treasures of documentary illustration with which, beyond the example of any former writer, he has enriched English history : and his works, considered in this point of view, are a monument not more of his talents as an author, than of his pure and upright character as a man. “Hoc non solùm ingenii ac literarum, verum etiam naturæ atque virtutis fuit.” *

[The following account of Pellico's tragedy, *Gismonda da Mendrisio*, is from an article in the 24th number of “The Foreign Quarterly Review” upon his *Opere inedite* (2 vols. Turin. 1830.) and his *Tre Nuove Tragedie* (Turin. 1832.) It is the only one of his tragedies reviewed, from which any extracts are given. — EDD.]

ART. IV. — PELLICO'S GISMONDA DA MENDRISIO.

THIS play possesses an additional interest from the circumstances attending its representation and subsequent interdiction at Turin, in consequence of the interference of the Austrian ambassador, which were mentioned in a late number.

The time is the twelfth century ; — the scene is Italy : the subject, a house divided against itself by political differences, and still farther alienated by private jealousies. The Count Mendrisio and his son Ermano are attached to the party of the Imperialists ; his other son, Ariberto, has espoused the cause of the Milanese against Barbarossa. A remnant of parental affection still exists in the heart of the father towards Ariberto, but in that of Ermano the feelings of nature have been entirely overpowered by the fierce hostilities of party. He regards his brother only as a rebel and a traitor. Far different are the feelings of Ariberto. Towards his father and brother his heart yearns ; all the stormy scenes of warfare have not erased from his mind the recollections and attachments of youth. To this separation, produced by political differences, is added a more secret source of discord. Ari-

Confirmation ; and a Commentary on the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, published since his decease by his brother.

* Cicero, pro Archia poetâ.

berto had been originally betrothed to Gismonda, afterwards the wife of Ermano ; — but, feeling that he could not regard her with attachment, he had broken off the engagement. In the first moments of indignation and wounded feeling she had accepted the hand of his brother ; but without being able to give her heart in return. That still remains devoted to Ariberto, though in her impassioned temperament love and hatred are strangely blended, and continue to struggle for the mastery. The latter assumes the ascendancy, when she hears that Ariberto has since married Gabriella, the daughter of Jacopo della Torre, the most formidable opponent of the imperial power ; — “ all her fond love at once she blows to heaven ; ” and when she hears that Milan has been destroyed and razed to the ground, she revels in ferocious exultation at the thought that the man who had been false both to her and to his country has found his grave among its ruins.

But such is not the case. Ariberto, after manfully sustaining the contest to the last, has escaped from the blazing city, and in the commencement of the second act, makes his appearance in the neighbourhood of his father's castle as a fugitive, attended by his wife, disguised in male attire, and his infant child. He has determined to throw himself at his father's feet, and to solicit from him an asylum, if not for himself, at least for his family. Fatigue and mental conflict at the sight of a spot so dear to him, and the recollection it awakens, almost overpower his strength. He leans on his wife for assistance.

ACT II. — SCENE I.

ARIBERTO.

Support me, Gabriella ; my soul sinks
Beneath the weight of its emotions ; here
Thine Ariberto grew ; these rugged trunks
Have shaded me in childhood ; to their tops
A thousand times I've climbed, now eagerly
Seeking some airy nest, and now in play
Hid in their branches from my brother's sight, —
Who, anxiously, beneath their drooping boughs
Would leap, and call, and weep until I came.
O how we loved each other then ! O how
Our parents' hearts would bound, when lovingly
Linked in each other's arms we wandered home.
When one was hurt, the other ever wept
Louder than he who suffered. — Happy days
Of infancy, of innocence ! — Can love
Like this have faded from a brother's breast ?

GABRIELLA.

Calm thee, thy wounds are green, — thyself art weary
And travel-sick, and thou hast need of rest.

O how the sight of every place around
Disturbs thee!

ARIBERTO.

Yonder is the seat, — O joy! —
The seat where oft at eve my mother sate; —
And while she waited for our sire's return
From hunting, or with eager glances watched
The messenger's arrival, who in war
Brought tidings of his safety, she would gaze
Upon our infant sports, now checking them
With mild rebuke, now placing us beside her,
(I, as the elder born, upon her right,
And on the left Ermano,) and there tell us
Strange tales of high and holy enterprise
Of ancient knights, — or woful accidents; —
Oft have our boyish tears with hers been blended
Over the sufferings of th' oppressed; — and then,
Her arms around us clasping, she would say,
"When I am gone, my dearest sons, remember
These evenings, — be ye generous, loving, brave,
And I in heaven shall joy to be your mother." —
O plenteous may thy joys be in that heaven!
But this at least thy children have denied thee; —
Brave they have been, — and generous enough,
Generous to many, — but to one another
Foes, — bitter foes!

GABRIELLA.

Her eye can read *thy* heart
And see that it is guiltless. Her bright spirit
Watched o'er thy fortunes, guarded thee in battle,
And guides thee to thy sire and brother back.
'T will stir the sense of pity in their hearts.
Come, comfort thee, — we are almost arrived.
Come forward boldly.

ARIBERTO.

But a moment, — stay.
My father loved me, — but Ermano's arts
Hardened his heart; when envy seized my brother's,
My errors were proclaimed aloud; each virtue
Turned to a crime; — another serpent too
Added her venom to my brother's, — ah!
Thou dost not know Gismonda yet, — thou know'st not
That once . . . But I am wandering . . . Let us go.

GABRIELLA.

You tremble.

ARIBERTO.

Yes! In war I trembled not.
But I *do* tremble on my father's threshold.

O could I meet *him* only. I would fall
 Prostrate before his knees; to him I could
 Confess that I was guilty, — yes, most guilty
 Of harsh ingratitude, when angrily
 I left his home, and dared to stigmatize,
 As weak and base submission, his adherence
 To the imperial ensigns. — A son's mouth
 Should never so have spoken of the banner
 That seemed so sacred in his father's eyes.
 I know his heart would melt, he would give ear
 To my defence, and find me far less guilty
 Than he had deemed. But should Ermano meet me
 With him, — should he with daring tongue assail me,
 How should I check my fury, how submit
 To humble me before my sire, — while he
 Stands by to see and mock my miseries?
 Hope brought me hither, — now that I am here
 It leaves me all at once, — and I could fly.
 Wer't not for thee and this dear child, for whom
 Duty demands the sacrifice of pride, —
 I'd rather wander o'er the face of earth,
 And beg at any door, — than at my father's!

GABRIELLA.

Beloved but hapless husband, I will follow thee,
 Go where thou wilt, — but for a child 't is sweet
 To sacrifice our pride. Within that castle
 He yet may sit as lord. Deprive him not
 Of the chance to do so.

ARIBERTO.

Who comes here, — a woman, —
 It is . . . Gismonda . . . Stay.

GABRIELLA.

Within her aspect
 The trace of sorrow sits, and she who knows
 What sorrow is, must sure know pity too.
 Let us approach.

The appeal to Gismonda, to whom Gabriella introduces herself as a messenger bearing the news of Ariberto's death, proves vain, as might be expected; but the old Count appears, and to him she addresses herself with more effect. By a feigned tale of the death of his son, and of his dying message to his father, she ascertains that in his mind the feelings of a parent had never been eradicated, even by all the alienation of warfare and political differences. He melts into tears. He promises an asylum to the widow and child of his son. And then Gabriella, no longer able to control her feelings, discloses her name, and reveals the joyful

tidings that his son is yet alive ; and on Ariberto advancing, he throws himself into his arms. While the father and son are mingling their embraces, Gismonda enters, and perceives with surprise and indignation the reconciliation. All the feelings of insulted pride and female jealousy revive in her bosom at the sight of her former lover and her rival, and she hurries out to brood over the vengeance which she anticipates on the return of Ermano.

Ermano arrives ; his feelings of hatred towards his brother have been increased by the representations of his wife. His father vainly endeavours to effect a reconciliation ; fierce and unyielding, he loads his brother with reproaches, — he even vents his rancour on his father. As he stops short, on seeing Ariberto, his father exclaims, —

Stop not, Ermano ! strive not to escape
My grasp. Be reconciled. Embrace thy brother.

ARIBERTO.

Wilt thou repulse me ? Is my brother's heart
So different from my father's ? Scarce his eye
Beheld me, ere the fount of old affection
Stream'd forth anew. He laid not to my charge
The woes and sufferings of the days gone by.
No blame of ours, my brother, — but the force,
The unalterable force of circumstance
Impell'd us on our paths in life. Each fought
Devoted to the cause he held as holy.
If mine was doom'd to fail, and I to seek
A fugitive's asylum in your arms,
I bring a name at least unstained by guilt.
Tell me, — when tidings of my fortunes reached thee,
Did ever rumor brand me with a crime ?

THE COUNT.

Never ! thy father can attest : — thy father
Who, even while venting curses on thy head,
Felt his heart bound with joy to hear thee called
Brave in the field, and piteous to the vanquished.

ARIBERTO.

And I, too, heard with joy how, 'midst the noblest
Of Barbarossa's heroes in renown,
My father and my brother shone, and oft
Looked to a day of pity and of pardon,
When each to each the well-earned meed might render
Of love and praise. Couldst thou but know, Ermano,
How, when my prisoners would repeat to me
Thy words, my heart hath swelled with pride to hear
That thou hadst called me foremost in the ranks

Of Milan ! Couldst thou know, how oft disgusted
 With democratic discord, I had entered
 The field with sinking heart and nerveless arm,
 But that the memory of my sire and brother
 Revived and spurred me on to deeds of honor !

ERMANO.

What arts have bound my father in thy spells
 I know not, but in me thine insolence
 Rouses no feeling save of wrath. The memory
 Of sire and brother, say'st thou, spurred thee on
 To deeds of honor, — thee, who wert to both
 A foe unwearied and implacable !
 'T was honorable, doubtless, to direct
 Thy steel against their breasts : a noble cause,
 Whose triumph could be purchased at the price
 But of a father's or a brother's blood !

ARIBERTO.

Yes, it *was* honorable to lament
 And not to share their error ; and constrained
 By conscience to uplift mine arm against them,
 To prove me worthy of their love by deeds
 Of warlike virtue.

ERMANO.

The high deeds of war
 Are virtuous only when the cause is so.
 In him who is the champion of treason
 I hate — I brand them with the name of crimes.

ARIBERTO.

Of treason, say'st thou ? — nay, provoke me not
 To arguments, whose issue could not prove
 To thine advantage, and which I avoid
 Only through reverence to the best of fathers.
 Who's traitor to the Emperor ? — the brave souls
 Who ventured to oppose his wrath, — or they
 Who flattered him, who stirred his pride to madness,
 And turned a noble mind into a monster ?
 I blame ye not, I look to your intent,
 And that I know was pure and honorable.
 And yet that honorable zeal impelled you
 To league with tiger-spirits, and to work
 Woe to the hapless land that gave us birth ;
 And victory, though 't is yours, is dyed so deep
 In blood, 't were savage to rejoice at it.

ERMANO.

If ever victory be glorious
 'T is when the extinction of a nest of traitors
 Has saved the empire.

ARIBERTO.

Ah! for you the empire
Is German. It depends upon the nod
Of Barbarossa. In my eyes the empire
Is that of Justice. I have shed my blood
T' uphold and to restore it.

THE COUNT.

O my children!
What boots contention as to right. Each party
Shouts "God is on our side!" Each boasts th' alliance
Of Roman pontiffs, and each brands the other
With every charge of perfidy and crime.
Posterity must judge their cause, — perchance
The sentence must be to condemn them both.

ARIBERTO.

And pity both.

THE COUNT.

Ay, and in both confess
A mingled web of virtues and of crimes.

ERMANO.

But God *hath* judged: Milan is in the dust.

ARIBERTO.

And God can rear it from the dust again.

This angry dialogue is interrupted by the sudden blast of a trumpet, which announces the arrival of the Margrave of Augsb-
burg at the head of a body of the Imperial troops. He has heard
of the return of Ariberto, and demands of the Count that the
Emperor's enemy shall be surrendered to him. The Count reso-
lutely refuses; the Margrave departs, in order to enforce his ap-
plication by arms: and the Count and Ariberto to prepare for the
defence of the castle. Gabriella and Gismonda are left alone.

GABRIELLA.

Gismonda, fly not, — lend an ear. I saw thee
Moved for an instant, when the father strove
To draw his children to each other's arms.

GISMONDA.

I moved!

GABRIELLA.

Even so. And when my Aribert
Asked if a crime had ever stained his name,
And the Count answered No, — No seemed to burst
From thy lips too, — and from thy flashing eyes.

GISMONDA.

Thou ravest. — Hate sparkled in Gismonda's eye.

GABRIELLA.

It was not hate, — oh no, — that in that moment
 Thy glance betrayed. I fixed mine eye upon thee
 When Aribert exclaimed, "Knowest thou not, brother,
 How, when my prisoners have repeated to me
 Thy words, my heart has swelled to hear that thou
 Hadst called me foremost in the ranks of Milan."
 Gismonda, 't was no error. I beheld
 Thy face grow pale with pity. Secretly
 Thy bosom heaved, thy lips appeared to utter, —
 "Why does not my Ermano yield?" I saw it,
 And in my heart a cheering hope arose,
 Thou wouldst inspire him with a milder feeling.
 Thou seest the danger, — O bestow thine efforts
 To meet and to avert it.

GISMONDA.

And what then?

GABRIELLA.

Ermano may appease the German leader,
 May obtain the Emperor's clemency, and peace,
 Fraternal peace, reign in this happy home; —
 And unto thee, shall father, brothers, I,
 I and my children, owe a debt, —

GISMONDA (*interrupting her.*)

Thy children!

Thy children, — Ariberto's children!

GABRIELLA.

Heavens!

What means this sudden burst, — what have I done?

GISMONDA.

What hast thou done? (*Hurries out.*)

GABRIELLA.

What can this mean? — Her breast
 Heaves with loud sobs. I'll follow her.

Ermano, in the commencement of the fourth act, reveals to Gismonda a plan which he has arranged for secretly introducing the Germans under the Margrave into the castle, and seizing his brother ere he has time to prepare for defence. Though a prey to the most tumultuous and conflicting feelings towards Ariberto, her generous mind revolts against this treachery, and she in vain endeavours to dissuade her husband from his resolution. He retires to carry it into execution, and the child of Ariberto enters. Gismonda fixes her eyes upon him and exclaims, —

There is his son. How beautiful, how like
 His father! — Hither child, whom dost thou seek?

CHILD.

My mother.

GISMONDA (*taking him in her arms.*)

I will be thy mother, child.

O enviable lot ! O tender joy !

A mother to the sons of Aribert !

Oh ! how I should have loved these sons. I shudder

To think another should have given them birth.

And yet the sight of him allays my pangs.

He is the son, — of Aribert, — of Aribert !

GABRIELLA *enters.*

My child encircled in thine arms ! But why

So quickly lay him down ? 'T is sweet to see thee

Touched by his soft and innocent endearments.

I knew thou wert not of that savage nature

To cherish endless enmity. Thou start'st,

Thou weep'st, — why weepest thou ?

Ah ! sure within

Thy breast resentment struggles with the thought

That this poor child is offspring of an outcast.

Unhappy son, born to receive the curse

Of an offended grandsire, — and that fate

Frowns fearful both on father and on child.

She proceeds in a strain of anxious eloquence to entreat her interference with her husband. Gismonda appears to be on the point of yielding, but another sudden revulsion of feeling comes over her, and in the passionate exclamations which she utters, Gabriella discovers some glimpses of the truth. Her suspicions are confirmed by Ariberto, who reveals to her his early engagement to Gismonda, and proposes that they should seek a refuge with the Veronese. As they go out, Gismonda enters unobserved, and watching them as they retire, exclaims, —

I wander on from room to room. For what ?

To look upon him ! I have seen him now,

And what avails it. She is by his side.

His loving arm enfolds her and supports her.

O jealousy incurable ! My longing,

My only longing is for woes and crimes,

Fierce, fearful crimes. When lately to my bosom

I pressed that child, my very heart was melted

To tenderness, — and now my hands could tear him

Piecemeal asunder. Yes, — a step, — an atom

Of dust divides me from a damning crime.

Me miserable ! I am lone upon the earth ;

Have none to speak me comfort, cannot weep

Within a mother's or a sister's arms !

All that were dear to me are in the grave
 Long, long ago. And who hath sent them thither?
 O fearful thought, which every instant wakes
 Within my mind! Who slew them? The vile bands
 With whom the man who once his faith had plighted
 To me hath leagued himself. In vain, in vain
 I do remember this. I love him still,
 And I will save him. Treacherous Ermano,
 He shall not be thy victim. But the time
 Presses. It must be done.

The Count and Ariberto enter. Gismonda confesses the plot to surprise the castle and seize on Ariberto, but concealing the treachery of her husband, accuses herself as the sole person who had been guilty. At this instant the cry "To arms!" announces that the Germans have made their way into the castle, and the fourth act closes as the conflict commences.

The fifth act is full of business and bustle. We can make room, however, only for the close, from which its general nature will be sufficiently understood. Gabriella, understanding that her husband is in danger, has resumed the warlike weapons, with the use of which she had been familiar in her youth, and hurries out, like another Britomart, to his assistance. The Count, Gismonda, and the child, remain looking out from the tower upon the eddying current of the battle below, where brother is arrayed against brother.

THE COUNT (*looking out upon the battle.*)
 Who conquers? Wretched that I am, — for here
 Brother divided against brother fights.
 O brethren, are ye blind, insane? Unite,
 Unite, and drive these robbers from our hold.
 What did I say? Have I forgot how late
 I gave up all for these imperial banners,
 And thrust my son from his paternal home,
 For that he hated them, — and now, because
 I am the sufferer, have they changed their nature?
 Justice, what art thou? Oft we know not what.
 Why did I blame thee, Aribert, if that
 Seemed just to thee which was not so to me?
 These fierce fraternal discords, and the blood
 Which dyes our thresholds, are they not the fruit
 Of my intolerance?

GISMONDA.

Alas, the foe
 Gains ground, — their lances press on Aribert.
 Defend him, Gabriella, and may'st thou
 Live long and happy by his side, encircled
 By sons the valiant image of their sire;

While by my tomb the wandering traveller
 Shall pass with scorn, and even my very name
 Be never heard by Aribert or thee
 But with a shudder. O may Heaven reward thee!
 See, father! — she hath saved him, — she hath scattered
 The bands that hemmed him in.

COUNT.

I bless her, and
 Fain would I bless Gismonda too, whose heart
 Pours forth this stream of warm and generous feeling.
 See there! — the Margrave's down, — Ermano flies.
 Hold! hold! and slay him not; he is my son;
 He hurries hither. Could he only reach
 The staircase, — could he find a shelter here! —
 Slay him not, cruel men, he is my son. (*Hurries out.*)

GISMONDA AND THE CHILD.

O should he fall! — my husband, — should I be
 His murderer! I shudder at the thought.
 And yet 't was duty dictated the step
 That led me to reveal thy treacherous plan,
 And save thy brother and thy father. Hark!
 What sounds were those I heard? what groans? — Who
 comes?

Ermano! (ERMANO, *wounded, supported by the COUNT,*
RICCIARDO, and others.)

COUNT.

O my son, my hapless son,
 What fatal madness drove thee to this end?

ERMANO.

Hide me, I pray. Let me not look upon
 The victor's face. Ah! he is here.

(ARIBERTO, GABRIELLA, *and the others.*)

ARIBERTO.

O sight
 Of horror!

THE COUNT (*to ARIBERTO*).

Ay! look there, barbarian!
 This is thy work.

ARIBERTO.

No, by yon sacred heaven!
 I call Ermano's self to witness. Thrice
 He called me coward, when I turned away
 To shun the fearful chance of fratricide,
 And thrice I bore the insult.

ERMANO.

'T is the truth!
 I did provoke him, and he shunned the contest.

God punished me by other swords. O father!
O brother! pardon all my envious rage.

COUNT.

God pardon thee, my son, as I do.

ARIBERTO.

Brother,
Thou wert my foe, but I was never thine.

Ermano dies, revealing to his father the secret that it was by his means that the Germans had been introduced into the castle, and that Gismonda was innocent of this treacherous scheme.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine," No. 155.]

ART. V.—INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

No. II.—PETER JENKINS, THE POULTERER.

As I prophesied, so it fell out: Mr. Stephen Lane became parish-officer of Sunham. I did not, however, foresee that the matter would be so easily and so speedily settled; neither did he. Mr. Jacob Jones, the ex-ruler of that respectable hamlet, was a cleverer person than we took him for; and, instead of staying to be beaten, sagely preferred to "evacuate Flanders," and leave the enemy in undisputed possession of the field of battle. He did not even make his appearance at the vestry, nor did any of his partisans. Stephen had it all his own way; was appointed overseer, and found himself, to his great astonishment, carrying all his points, sweeping away, cutting down, turning out, retrenching, and reforming so as never reformer did before;—for in the good town of B——, although eventually triumphant, and pretty generally successful in most of his operations, he had been accustomed to play the part, not of a minister who originates, but of a leader of opposition who demolishes measures; in short, he had been a sort of check, a balance-wheel in the borough machinery, and never dreamt of being turned into a main-spring; so that, when called upon to propose his own plans, his success disconcerted him not a little. It was so unexpected, and he himself so unprepared for a catastrophe which took from him his own dear fault-finding ground, and placed him in the situation of a reviewer who should be required to write a better book than the one under dissection, in the place of cutting it up.

Our good butcher was fairly posed, and, what was worse, his adversary knew it. Mr. Jacob Jones felt his advantage, returned

with all his forces (consisting of three individuals, like "a three-tailed bashaw") to the field which he had abandoned, and commenced a series of skirmishing guerrilla warfare, affairs of posts, as it were, which went near to make his ponderous, and hitherto victorious enemy, in spite of the weight of his artillery and the number and discipline of his troops, withdraw in his turn from the position which he found it so painful and so difficult to maintain. Mr. Jacob Jones was a great man at a quibble. He could not knock down like Stephen Lane, but he had a real talent for that sort of pulling to pieces, which, to judge from the manner in which all children, before they are taught better, exercise their little mischievous fingers upon flowers, would seem to be instinctive in human nature. Never did a spoilt urchin of three years old demolish a carnation more completely than Mr. Jacob Jones picked to bits Mr. Lane's several propositions. On the broad question, the principle of the thing proposed, our good ex-butcher was pretty sure to be victorious; but in the detail, the clauses of the different measures, Mr. Jacob Jones, who had a wonderful turn for perplexing and puzzling whatever question he took in hand, a real genius for confusion, generally contrived (for the gentleman was a "word-catcher who lived on syllables") by expunging half a sentence in one place, and smuggling in two or three words in another, by alterations that were any thing but amendments, and amendments that overset all that had gone before, to produce such a mass of contradictions and nonsense, that the most intricate piece of special pleading that ever went before the Lord Chancellor, or the most addle-headed bill that ever passed through a Committee of the whole House, would have been common sense and plain English in the comparison. The man had eminent qualities for a debater, too, especially a debater of that order,—incorrigible pertness, intolerable pertinacity, and a noble contempt of right and wrong. Even in that matter which is most completely open to proof, a question of figures, he was wholly inaccessible to conviction; show him the fact fifty times over, and still he returned to the charge,—still was his shrill squeaking treble heard above and between the deep sonorous bass of Stephen,—still did his small narrow person whisk and flitter around the "huge rotundity" of that ponderous and excellent parish-officer, buzzing and stinging like some active hornet or slim dragon-fly about the head of one of his own oxen. There was no putting down Jacob Jones.

Our good butcher fretted and fumed, and lifted his hat from his head, and smoothed down his shining hair, and wiped his honest face, and stormed, and thundered, and vowed vengeance against Jacob Jones, and finally threatened not only to secede with his whole party from the vestry, but to return to the Butter-market at B——, and leave the management of Sunham, work-house, poor-rates, highways, and all, to his nimble competitor. One of his most trusty adherents indeed, a certain wealthy yeoman of the

name of Alsop, well acquainted with his character, suggested that a very little flattery on the part of Mr. Lane, or even a few well-directed bribes, would not fail to dulcify and even to silence the worthy in question; but Stephen had never flattered any body in his life; it is very doubtful if he knew how; and held bribery of any sort in a real honest abhorrence, very unusual for one who had so much to do with contested elections;—and to bribe and flatter Jacob Jones! Jacob, whom the honest butcher came nearer to hating than ever he had to hating any body! His very soul revolted against it. So he appointed Farmer Alsop, who understood the management of “the chap,” as he was wont to call his small opponent, deputy overseer, and betook himself to his private concerns in the conduct of his own grazing-farm, in overseeing the great shop in the Butter-market, in attending his old clubs, and mingling with his old associates in B —; and, above all, in sitting in his sunny summer-house during the sultry evenings of July and August, enveloped in the fumes of his own pipe and clouds of dust from the high-road, — which was his manner of enjoying the pleasures of the country.

Towards autumn, a new and a different interest presented itself to the mind of Stephen Lane in the shape of the troubles of one of his most intimate friends and most faithful and loyal adherents in the borough of B —.

Peter Jenkins, the poulterer, his next door neighbour in the Butter-market, formed exactly that sort of contrast in mind and body to the gigantic and energetic butcher, which we so often find amongst persons strongly attached to each other. Each was equally good and kind, and honest and true; but strength was the distinguishing characteristic of the one man, and weakness of the other. Peter, much younger than his friend and neighbour, was pale and fair, and slender and delicate, with very light hair, very light eyes, a shy, timid manner, a small voice, and a general helplessness of aspect. “Poor fellow!” was the internal exclamation, the unspoken thought of every body that conversed with him; there was something so pitiful in his look and accent; and yet Peter was one of the richest men in B —, having inherited the hoards of three or four miserly uncles, and succeeded to the well-customed poultry-shop in the Butter-market, a high narrow tenement, literally stuffed with geese, ducks, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, and game of all sorts, which lined the doors and windows, and dangled from the ceiling, and lay ranged upon the counter in every possible state, dead or alive, plucked or unplucked, crowding the dark, old-fashioned shop, and forming the strongest possible contrast to the wide, ample repository next door, spacious as a market, where Stephen’s calves, and sheep, and oxen, in their several forms of veal, and beef, and mutton, hung in whole carcasses from the walls, or adorned in separate joints the open windows, or filled huge trays, or lay scattered on mighty blocks, or swung in enormous scales, strong enough to have weighed Stephen

Lane himself in the balance. Even that stupendous flesh bazaar did not give greater or truer assurance of affluence than the high, narrow, crowded menagerie of dead fowl next door.

Yet still was Peter justly called "Poor fellow!" In the first place, because he was, for a man, far over-gentle, much too like the inhabitants of his own feathery den, — was not only "pigeon-livered and lacked gall," but was actually chicken-hearted; — in the next, because he was, so to say, chicken-pecked, and, although a stranger to the comforts of matrimony, was comfortably under petticoat government, being completely domineered over by a maiden sister.

Miss Judith Jenkins was a single woman of an uncertain age, lean, skinny, red-haired, exceedingly prim and upright, slow and formal in her manner, and, to all but Peter, remarkably smooth-spoken. To him her accent was invariably sharp, and sour, and peevish, and contradictory. She lectured him when at home, and rated him for going abroad. The very way in which she called him, though the poor man flew to obey her summons, the method after which she pronounced the innocent dissyllable "Peter," was a sort of taking to task. Having been his elder sister, (although nothing now was less palatable to her than any allusion to her right of primogeniture,) and his mother having died whilst he was an infant, she had been accustomed to exercise over him, from the time that he was in leading-strings, all the privileges of a nurse and gouvernante, and still called him to account for his savings and spendings, his comings and goings, much as she used to do when he was an urchin in short coats. Poor Peter never dreamt of rebellion; he listened and he endured; and every year, as it passed over their heads, seemed to increase her power and his submission. The uncivil world, always too apt to attribute any faults of temper in an old maid to the mere fact of her old-maidism (whereas there really are some single women who are not more ill-humored than their married neighbours), used to attribute this acidity towards poor Peter, of which, under all her guarded upper manner, they caught occasional glimpses, to her maiden condition. I, for my part, believe in the converse reason. I hold that, which seemed to them the effect of her single state, to have been, in reality, its main cause. And nobody, who had happened to observe the change in Miss Judith Jenkins' face, at no time over-beautiful, when, from the silent, modest, curtseying, shopwoman-like civility with which she had been receiving an order for a fine turkey poult, a sort of "butter won't melt in her mouth" expression was turned at once into a "cheese won't choke her" look and voice, as she delivered the order to her unlucky brother, could be much astonished that any of the race of bachelors should shrink from the danger of encountering such a look in his own person. Add to this, that the damsel had no worldly goods and chattels, except what she might have saved in Peter's house, and, to do her justice, she was, I believe, a strictly honest woman; that the red hair was

accompanied by red eye-brows and eye-lashes, and eyes that, especially when talking to Peter, almost seemed red too ; that her face was usually freckled ; and that, from her exceeding meagreness, her very fairness (if mere whiteness may be called such) told against her by giving the look of bones starting through the skin ; and it will be admitted that there was no immediate chance of the unfortunate poulterer's getting rid, by the pleasant and safe means called matrimony, of an encumbrance under which he groaned and bent, like Sinbad the Sailor when bestridden by that he-tormentor the Old Man of the Sea.

Thus circumstanced, Peter's only refuge and consolation was in the friendship and protection of his powerful neighbour, before whose strength and firmness of manner and character (to say nothing of his bodily prowess, which, although it can never be exerted against them, does yet insensibly influence all women) the prim maiden quailed amain. With Stephen to back him, Peter dared attend public meetings and private clubs ; and when sorely put to it by Judith's lectures, would slip through the back way into Mrs. Lane's parlor, basking in the repose of her gentleness, or excited by her good husband's merriment, until all the evils of his home were fairly forgotten. Of course, the kind butcher and his sweet wife loved the kind and harmless creature whom they, and they alone, had the power of raising into comfort and happiness ; and he repaid their affection by the most true and faithful devotion to Stephen in all affairs, whether election contests or squabbles of the corporation or the vestry. Never had leader of a party a more devoted adherent ; and abating his one fault of weakness, a fault which brought its own punishment, he was a partisan who would have done honor to any cause, — honest, open, true, and generous, — and one who would have been thoroughly hospitable, if his sister would but have let him.

As it was, he was a good fellow when she was out of the way, and had, like the renowned Jerry Sneak, his own moments of half-afraid enjoyment, on club-nights, and at Christmas parties ; when, like the illustrious pinmaker, he sang his song and told his story with the best of them, and laughed, and rubbed his hands, and cracked his joke, and would have been quite happy, but for the clinging thought of his reception at home, where sat his awful sister, for she would sit up for him,

“ Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.”

However, Stephen generally saw him in, and broke the first fury of the tempest, and sometimes laughed it off altogether. With Stephen to back him he was not so much afraid. He even, when unusually elevated with punch, his favorite liquor, would declare that he did not mind her at all ; what harm could a woman's scolding do ? And though his courage would ooze out somewhat as he approached his own door, and ascended the three steep steps, and listened to her sharp, angry tread in the passage, (for

her very footsteps were to Peter's practised ear the precursors of the coming lecture,) yet, on the whole, whilst shielded by his champion and protector, the jolly butcher, he got on pretty well, and was perhaps as happy as a man linked to a domineering woman can well expect to be.

Mr. Lane's removal was a terrible stroke to Peter. The distance, it was true, was only half a mile; but the every-day friend, the next-door neighbour, was gone; and the poor poulterer fretted and pined, and gave up his club and his parish-meetings, grew thinner and thinner, and paler and paler, and seemed dwindling away into nothing. He avoided his old friend during his frequent visits to the Butter-market, and even refused Mrs. Lane's kind and pressing invitations to come and see them at Sunham. His sister's absence or presence had ceased to make any difference in him; his spirits were altogether gone, and his very heart seemed breaking.

Affairs were in this posture, when, one fine afternoon in the beginning of October, Stephen was returning across Sunham Common from a walk that he had been taking over some of his pastures, which lay at a little distance from his house. He was quite unaccompanied, unless, indeed, his pet dog, Smoker, might be termed his companion,—an animal of high blood and great sagacity, but so disguised by his insupportable fatness, that I myself, who have generally a tolerable eye when a greyhound is in question, took him for some new-fangled quadruped from foreign parts,—some monstrous mastiff from the Anthropophagi, or Brobdignagian pointer. Smoker and his master were marching leisurely up Sunham Common, under the shade of a noble avenue of oaks, terminating at one end by a spacious open grove of the same majestic tree; the sun at one side of them, just sinking beneath the horizon, not making his usual “golden set,” but presenting to the eye a ball of ruddy light; whilst the vapory clouds on the east were suffused with a soft and delicate blush, like the reflection of roses on an alabaster vase;—the bolls of the trees stood out in an almost brassy brightness, and large portions of the foliage of the lower branches were bathed, as it were, in gold; whilst the upper boughs retained the rich russet brown of the season;—the green turf beneath was pleasant to the eye and to the tread, fragrant with thyme and aromatic herbs, and dotted here and there with the many-colored fungi of autumn;—the rooks were returning to their old abode in the oak-tops; children of all ages were gathering acorns underneath; and the light smoke was curling from the picturesque cottages, with their islets of gardens, which, intermingled with straggling horses, cows, and sheep, and intersected by irregular pools of water, dotted the surface of the village green.

It was a scene in which a poet or a painter would have delighted. Our good friend Stephen was neither. He paced along, supporting himself on a tall, stout hoe, called a paddle, which,

since he had turned farmer, he had assumed instead of his usual walking-stick, for the purpose of eradicating docks and thistles; — now beheading a weed, — now giving a jerk amongst a drift of fallen leaves, and sending them dancing on the calm autumnal air; — now catching on the end of his paddle an acorn, as it fell from the tree, and sending it back amongst the branches like a shuttlecock; — now giving a rough, but hearty caress to his faithful attendant Smoker, as the affectionate creature poked his long nose into his hand; — now whistling the beginning of one tune, now humming the end of another; whilst a train of thoughts, — pleasant and unpleasant, merry and sad, — went whirling along his brain. Who can describe or remember the visions of half an hour, — the recollections of half a mile? First Stephen began gravely to calculate the profits of those upland pastures called and known by the name of the Sunham crofts; the number of tons of hay contained in the ricks, the value of the grazing, and the deductions to be made for labor, manure, tithe, and poor-rate; — the land-tax, thought Stephen to himself, being redeemed; — then poor little Dinah Keep crossed his path, and dropped her modest curtsey, and brought to mind her bedridden father, and his night-mare, Jacob Jones, who had refused to make this poor cripple the proper allowance; and Stephen cursed Jacob in his heart, and resolved to send Dinah a bit of mutton that very evening; — then Smoker went beating about in a patch of furze by the side of the avenue, and Stephen diverged from his path to help him, in hopes of a hare; — then, when that hope was fairly gone, and Stephen and Smoker had resumed their usual grave and steady pace, a sow, browsing among the acorns, with her young family, caught his notice and Smoker's, who had like to have had an affair with her in defence of one of the little pigs, whilst his master stopped to guess her weight. "Full fourteen score," thought Stephen, "as she stands; what would it be if fatted? — twenty, at least. A wonderful fine animal! I should like one of the breed." Then he recollected how fond Peter Jenkins used to be of roast pig; — then he wondered what was the matter with poor Peter; — and just at that point of his cogitations he heard a faint voice cry "Stephen!" and turning round to ascertain to whom the voice belonged, found himself in front of Peter himself, looking more shadowy than ever in the deepening twilight.

Greetings, kind and hearty, passed between the sometime neighbours, and Smoker was by no means behindhand in expressing his pleasure at the sight of an old friend. They sat down on a bank of turf, and moss, and thyme, formed by a water-channel, which had been cut to drain the avenue in winter; and the poor poulterer poured his griefs into the sympathizing ear of his indignant friend.

"And now she's worse than ever," quoth Peter; "I think soon that she'll want the key of the till. She won't let me go to the club, or the vestry, or the mayor's dinner: and now the Tories

have got hold of her, and if there should happen to be an election, she won't let me vote."

"Marry, and get rid of her, man! — that 's my advice," shouted Stephen. "Dang it! if I'd be managed by any woman that ever was born. Marry, and turn her out of doors!" vociferated Stephen Lane, striking his paddle into the bank with such vehemence, that that useful implement broke in the effort to pull it out again. "Marry, I say!" shouted Stephen.

"How can I?" rejoined the meek man of chickens; "she won't let me."

"Won't let him!" ejaculated the ex-butcher, with something like contempt. "Won't let him! Afore I'd let any woman dare to hinder me, — Howsomever, men are not all alike. Some are as vicious as a herd of wild bulls, and some as quiet as a flock of sheep. Every man to his nature. Is there any lass whom you could fancy, Peter, provided a body could manage this virago of a sister of yours? Does any pretty damsel run in your head?"

"Why, I can't but say," replied Peter, (and, doubtless, if there had been light enough to see him, Peter, whilst saying it, blushed like a young girl,) "I can't but confess," said the man of the dove-cot, "that there is a little maiden — Did you ever see Lucy Clements?"

"What!" rejoined the hero of the cleaver, "Lucy Clements! Did I ever see her! Lucy Clements, — the dear little girl that, when her father first broke, and then died broken-hearted, refused to go and live in ease and plenty in Sir John's family here, (and I always respected my lady for making her the offer,) as nursery governess, because she would not leave her sick grandmother, and who has stayed with her ever since, waiting on the poor old woman, and rearing poultry —"

"She 's the best fattener of turkeys in the country," interrupted Peter.

"Rearing poultry," proceeded Stephen, "and looking after the garden by day, and sitting up half the night at needlework! Lucy Clements, — the prettiest girl within ten miles, and the best! Lucy Clements, — whom my mistress (and she's no bad judge of a young woman) loves as if she was her own daughter. Lucy Clements! — dang it, man! you shall have her. But does Lucy like you?"

"I don't think she dislikes me," answered Peter modestly. "We've had a deal of talk when I have been cheapening her poultry, — buying, I should say; for God knows, even if I had not liked her as I do, I could never have had the heart to bate her down. And I'm a great favorite with her good grandmother; and you know what a pleasure it would be to take care of her, poor old lady, as long as she lives, and how comfortably we could all live together in the Butter-market. — Only Judith —"

"Hang Judith! — you shall have the girl, man!" again ejacu-

lated Stephen, thumping the broken paddle against the ground, —
“ You shall have her, I say ! ”

“ But think of Judith ! And then since Jacob Jones has got hold of her —— ”

“ Jacob Jones ! ” exclaimed Stephen, in breathless astonishment.

“ Yes. Did not I tell you that she was converted to the Tories ? Jacob Jones has got hold of her ; and he and she both say that I ’m in a consumption, and want me to quarrel with you, and to make my will, and leave all to her, and make him executor ; and then I do believe they would worry me out of my life, and marry before I was cold in my coffin, and dance over my grave,” sighed Poor Peter.

“ Jacob Jones ! ” muttered Stephen to himself, in soliloquy ;
“ Jacob Jones ! ” And then, after ten minutes’ hard musing, during which he pulled off his hat, and wiped his face, and smoothed down his shining hair, and broke the remains of his huge paddle to pieces, as if it had been a willow twig, he rubbed his hands with a mighty chuckle, and cried, with the voice of a Stentor, “ Dang it, I have it ! ”

“ Hark’ye, man ! ” continued he, addressing Peter, who had sat pensively on one side of his friend, whilst Smoker reposed on the other, — “ Hark’ye, man ! you shall quarrel with me, and you shall make your will. Send Lawyer Davis to me to night ; for we must see that it shall be only a will, and not a conveyance or a deed of gift ; and you shall also take to your bed. Send Thomson, the apothecary, along with Davis : they ’re good fellows, both ; and will rejoice in humbugging Miss Judith. And then you shall insist on Jacob’s marrying Judith, and shall give her five hundred pounds down, — that ’s a fair fortune, as times go ; I don’t want to cheat the woman ; — besides, it ’s worth any thing to be quit of her ; — and then they shall marry. Marriages are made in heaven, as my mistress says ; and if that couple don’t torment each other’s heart out, my name ’s not Stephen. And when they are fairly gone off on their bridal excursion, — to Windsor, maybe ; ay, Mistress Judith used to want to see the Castle, — off with them to Windsor from the church door ; — and then for another will, and another wedding, — hey, Peter ! — and a handsome marriage-settlement upon little Lucy. We ’ll get her and her grandmother to my house to-morrow, and my wife will see to the finery. Off with you, man ! Don’t stand there, between laughing and crying ; but get home, and set about it. And mind you don’t forget to send Thomson and Lawyer Davis to me this very evening.”

And home went Stephen, chuckling ; and, as he said, it was done, ay, within a fortnight from that very day ; and the two couples were severally as happy and as unhappy as their several qualities could make them, — Mr. and Mrs. Jones finding so much employment in plaguing each other, that the good poulterer and his pretty wife, and Stephen, and the hamlet of Sunham, were rid of them altogether.

ART. VI. — PRUDENTIUS.

THE number of "The Gentleman's Magazine" for September contains an article on the Christian poet, Prudentius; being one of a series "On Sacred Poetry," written by the Rev. John Mitford, editor of Gray's Works, and of the edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," a beautiful reprint of which has just been issued by Messrs. Hilliard, Gray, & Co., Boston. We notice the article on account of a translation of the first of his Hymns, relating to his own life. In this there is a pensive character and something out of the common run of expression and thought, which seems to us striking and agreeable. We prefix a few notices of his life as given by Mr. Mitford.

"Prudentius was born in the year 348, in the consulship of Salia, in Spain. He frequented as a youth the schools of the rhetoricians, where eloquence and extempore speaking were taught. He was brought up to the law; became an advocate; afterwards was appointed a judge, or *præses* over two cities; and then was promoted to a high *civil* appointment at court, where he remained till the death of Theodosius; when it is probable he retired, if not into absolute solitude and seclusion, yet into such a separation from the world, as was suitable to the melancholy and meditation of his advancing life. He calls himself (Hymn iv. 514) "*Rusticus Poeta*." He kept the religious fasts which were in use at the time; abstained entirely from meat; and never neglected the prayers at stated hours. The habit of his life approached closely to the forms of monastic institutions. He was suddenly called from this retirement to attend the Emperor Honorius in his journey from Ravenna, and commanded to meet him at Rome. Prudentius in his way stopt at the tomb of a favorite saint, whom he celebrated in his Hymns, and he invoked the tutelary protection of the martyr Cassianus. He devoted the time which he spent at Rome, not to the contemplation of the monuments of art, or in admiring its almost celestial forms of sculpture or of painting; but in visiting the cemeteries where the ashes of the holy martyrs reposed, in penetrating into the gloomy and awful galleries of the catacombs, and in discovering every place, however neglected or obscure, that had been consecrated to the purposes of religion. Prudentius was to be seen within the church of Mola, kneeling before the tomb of the holy Cassian or the sainted Hippolytus.

'Innumeros cineres sanctorum Romula in urbe
Vidimus, O Christi Valeriane sacer.'

Yet we lose the weakness of his superstition in the voice of genuine humanity, when we find him supplicating the Emperor to abolish the cruel and sanguinary exhibitions of the gladiators. It was at the mature age of fifty-seven, that he addicted himself seri-

ously to Poetry, though he had written amatory verses in his youth. We have no means of ascertaining the time of his death."

The following is the translation above referred to.

"Twice thirty years along the moving sky
Have flown, scarce less, since I
Drank the sweet vital air, the solar beam ;
And was my life a dream,
A blank and useless void unmarked by good ?
Since first a child I stood
Beneath the master's chastening rod, or when,
Mixing a man with men,
I took the youthful toga, and the boon
Of boundless freedom, — soon —
Ah ! sullyng soon the modest cheek of youth,
Its innocence and truth.
Then, mixing in the Forum, and the war
Of words, made worse appear
The better reason, arguing for a lie,
The pleader's sophistry.
Thence soon removed, glad change ! and far away
O'er many a goodly city, sway
I held of Præfect, tempering the law discreet,
Evil and good to meet ;
Till now advanced (so did the Prince's eye
My weak deserts espie)
Second in rank, I stood by Cæsar's throne !
Ah, me ! for life had flown
Swiftly the while, and silent, of the speed
Of Time not taking heed,
Or how far back the lengthening annals date
Of Salia's consulate,
Stamp of my birth, — these scattered locks declare
How many a season fair,
Fresh with the vernal rose, the summer bloom,
I've seen ; anon the tomb
Shall level all my glory, — all shall be
Erewhile alike to me.
Therefore, mature in wisdom, now be heard
My monitory word,
'The world thou lovest, surely thou shalt lose.'
Unwisely didst thou choose,
And let the sinful soul at the dying day
(Its follies past away)
Fly to the Lord, forgiveness seek, his name
With song and praise proclaim.
The lord Jehovah, — let thine anger strike
The heretic alike,

And heathen superstition. — Let thy voice
 With tidings glad rejoice
 Through Rome, — while the brute gods and idols lie
 Scattered in dust. A cry
 Lift up to heaven, hymning with harp and psalms,
 The robes, the waving palms,
 The wreaths of glory round the Apostle's brows,
 And her the Virgin Spouse.
 So (wrapt my soul in penitence and praise)
 Gladly my mortal days
 Would I shake off, — and *where* my dying tongue
 And faltering speech have hung
 E'en to its latest accents, — *there*, in heaven
 May I be found, — forgiven ! ”

Several other translations from him are given, but none of equal interest.

ART. VII. — POETRY.

[From “ Friendship's Offering,” for 1834.]

TO MY CHILD.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THEY say thou art not fair to others' eyes,
 Thou who dost seem so beautiful in mine !
 The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks
 What name, what home, what parentage are thine ;
 But carelessly, as though it were by chance,
 Bestows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful ? — To me it seems
 As though the blue veins in thy temples fair, —
 The crimson in thy full and innocent lips, —
 The light that falls upon thy shining hair, —
 The varying color in thy rounded cheek, —
 Must all of nature's endless beauty speak !

The very pillow which thy head hath prest
 Through the past night, a picture brings to me
 Of rest so holy, calm, and exquisite,
 That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee ;
 And I repeat, beneath the morning's light,
 The mother's lingering gaze, and long good night !

Yea, even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,
 (When we two roam beneath the setting sun,)
 Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,
 A something bright and fair to gaze upon ;

I press thy little eager hand the while,
And do not even turn to see thee smile !

Art thou not beautiful ? — I hear thy voice, —
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden mirth, —
And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring-earth.
Yet no gaze follows thee but mine. I fear
Love hath bewitched mine eyes, — my only dear !

Beauty is that which dazzles, — that which strikes, —
That which doth paralyse the gazer's tongue,
Till he hath found some rapturous word of praise
To bear his proud and swelling thoughts along ;
Sunbeams are beautiful, — and gilded halls, —
Wide terraces, — and showery waterfalls.

Yet are there things which through the gazing eye
Reach the full soul, and thrill it into love,
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise,
Yet prized, perchance, the brightest things above ;
A nook that was our childhood's resting-place, —
A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress ;
And what it could not say was *beautiful*,
Yet gained the dearer term of *loveliness*.
The *loved* are *lovely* : — so art thou to me,
Child, in whose face strange eyes no beauty see !

[From the " Asiatic Journal," No. 47.]

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

OH, chide her not, oh, chide her not,
Although the child has err'd ;
Nor bring the tears into her eyes
By one ungentle word.

Nay, chide her not, — six months ago,
In summer's balmy pride,
A sister's arm was round her neck,
A brother at her side !

But now her heart is sad ; alone
She wanders by each flowery bed !
That sister's clasping arm is gone,
That brother's voice is dead.

And sometimes when, beside my knee,
She sits with face so pale and meek,
And eyes sent o'er her book, I see
The tears upon her cheek.

Then chide her not, oh, chide her not ;
Her trespass be forgiven ; —
How canst thou frown on that pale face ? —
She is the *Last of Seven* !

[From "The Metropolitan Magazine," No. 31.]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met, — and we parted for ever.
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long past to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence, — our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling ;
We vowed we would never, — no, never forget, —
And those vows at the time were consoling :
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine
Are cold as that lonely river ;
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full to weeping ;
Each *star* is to me as a *sealed book*,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, — we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river ;
But the color and bloom of those by-gone years
Shall hang round its waters for ever.

[As the following version is accompanied in "The Asiatic Journal" by the original of Hafiz, we presume it is intended to be faithful ; and it is one of the most spirited which we have seen from the

Persian. In the lines from the fifth to the tenth inclusive, the reader will be struck by the coincidence between the expressions, and those used by Christ in speaking of the dissensions which would be produced by the preaching of his religion ; “ The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father ; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother.”]

[From “ The Asiatic Journal,” No. 41.]

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

WHAT curse has fallen upon the earth,
That each revolving moon gives birth
To crimes, — to violence ? I see
No corner from this pest is free.

Fraternal hearts no longer beat
In kindred concord, pure and sweet ;
Daughters against their mothers wage
A ceaseless strife, with fiendish rage ;
And the son’s breast is all on fire
With evil thoughts against his sire.

The proud, majestic Arab steed —
His sides with galling panniers bleed ;
The stupid, stubborn ass has got
A golden bridle, and what not !

For brainless fools’ and idiots’ food,
Ambrosia, — nectar, — nought ’s too good :
The sage, the wit, must thankful live
On — what his bleeding heart can give !

The good look on, with anxious eyes,
Expecting better days to rise ;
When, lo ! the mystery darkens still,
For *worse* alone succeeds to *ill* !

Yet, though desponding doubts may brood,
Thus Hafiz counsels : “ Go, do good ! ”
This heaven-taught lesson far outvies
The fleeting wealth the world supplies.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

[Principally from "The Monthly Review" for August, 1833.]

ART. I. — *Memoirs of the Court of King Charles the First.* By LUCY AIKIN. In 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1833.

THE historical works of Miss Aikin are among the most valuable. They give a striking view of the morals, manners, and intellect of the times to which they relate. They are histories of the state of society existing in England at different periods, particularly as connected with and modified by the character of the Court.

Thus in the present work the condition of that country at the date of the accession of Charles the First is made the theme of a curious and instructive description. By a concurrence of many auspicious circumstances during the reign of James the First, the kingdom became possessed of some new elements of national improvement. The union of the crowns of Scotland and England, and the protracted duration of peace, were productive of the highest advantages to the country, both directly and collaterally. The total abandonment of the principal of foreign war, which characterized the reign of James, drove the ardent spirits of the time into other and less criminal enterprises, and then was it that the useful, though not always disinterested, race of British commercial adventurers carried up their victories to the utmost pitch. Voyages of discovery and intercourse with remote regions had indeed been already begun with success in the time of Elizabeth, when, according to the learned Hackluyt, the British nation had for the first time her banners floating in the Caspian Sea, had obtained important commercial privileges from the Emperor of Persia, had her agent in the stately porch of the Grand Seignior at Constantinople, and her consuls at Tripolis, in Syria, at Aleppo, Babylon, Balsara, and Goa. "What English ships," asks Hackluyt, still adverting to Elizabeth's time, "what English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate; pass and repass the unpassable, in former opinion, strait of Magellan; range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the bankside of Nova Hispania, further than any Christian ever passed; traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea; land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy; enter into alliance, amity, and traffic, with the prince of the Moluccas and the isle of Java; double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza; arrive at the isle of Santa Helena; and, last of all, return home most richly laden with the commodities of China; as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done?"

During the reign of James, the markets of the world were still more frequented by British ships, and the woollen goods of England were exchanged for the raw silk of Persia; whilst the jealousy of

Portugal, then the great naval power, was in every part of the ocean excited in consequence of the energy and activity of our seamen. Now, too, was it, that the attempts at colonization began to wear a promising aspect; for the unsuccessful results of the first of these efforts, though conducted by the ability and ingenuity of a Raleigh, were particularly calculated to damp the national ardor. Prosperous plantations began to rise up in various points of the northern coast of the great continent of America; but during the whole period of James's reign the spirit of colonization was confined merely to private individuals, to those who emigrated either in the hope of gain, or in consequence of religious persecution; and the government went no farther in encouraging the practice than by granting letters patent to the parties who chose the western world for their ultimate destiny. James, indeed, was most negligent of his own and the country's best interests, in abstaining from giving protection to the naval adventurers who braved the seas with so much fortitude, and so many promises of general benefit to the nation; and from this blind forbearance it followed, that the Barbary pirates were able to come to our very shores, plunder our well-freighted vessels, and either massacre the officers and crew, or consign them to the condition of galley-slaves. In short, the credit of the British navy had never in any period of our history been degraded to so humble a condition as during the reign of James the First, although the advantages of extended commercial intercourse still continued to manifest themselves in the progress of luxury of every sort in England. The king set the example of this extravagance, and it was usual for noblemen to spend nearly the whole of their incomes in mere show, in order to gratify the royal taste. Magnificent services of plate, court suits on the scale of the rich costume of the Duke of Buckingham, which, on one occasion, was valued at no less than 80,000*l.*; an affectation of elaborate and complicated cookery and confectionary, which led to the extensive consumption of the most precious spices from the east, — all these sources of expenditure were readily adopted by the courtiers, whilst the independent portion of the nobility remained in their castles, still keeping up the shadow of that feudal empire which gave its splendor to the former condition of the barons of England. Foreign artists were generally patronized at this era, and in every mansion of which the possessor had the ambition to be a member of the ton, the interior was profusely ornamented with gilt carvings, with furniture of the most costly workmanship, with state beds of gold and silver tissue, embroidered velvet and silk damask fringed with gold, silk carpets from Persia, toilets covered with ornamental pieces of dressing-plate, together with enormous cabinets delicately carved in ebony. The first collections of paintings began to be formed at this time, and the genius and taste of Inigo Jones, who had returned from Rome, having his mind fully charged with an admiration of all the beauty, purity, and grace of the Greek and Roman styles of architecture, had no small influence in keeping up the general spirit of extravagance.

By the indefatigable zeal and munificent expenditure of the Earl of Arundel, who was imitated in his splendid purposes by Buckingham, collections of the remains of ancient art were brought to England: British ambassadors and consuls abroad became an organized body of collectors for their patrons at home, and specimens were sent to England from every Greek city where the national jealousy of the inhabitants could be made to yield to the influence of money. To this taste was added a still more general and ardent one for the literature of the Greeks and Romans. A thirst for general information appeared to seize the whole of the civilized orders of the state. Hence it was affirmed, that very few new works appeared in any foreign language, which were not speedily presented to the British public in their own; and the versions of voyages and travels which had been published in this country, were scarcely sufficiently abundant to meet the public avidity for them. Several individuals, natives of England, also rendered themselves eminent at this period by their works, such as Sandys, Knowles, Camden, Speed, Daniel, and others. The study of antiquities was pursued with ability and learning; the time was adorned with a Spelman, a Sir Robert Cotton, a Selden, and an Usher, whilst a Bacon stood forth the apostle of a new philosophy. From the whole survey of the commerce, arts, luxury, education, and manners of England, on the accession of Charles, it certainly would appear that the state of the country was highly prosperous, and rapidly improving; nevertheless some relics of the former ferocity of the people still lingered amongst them.

"It was still the custom," says Miss Aikin, "for gentlemen to go constantly armed; and in what manner they often exercised their weapons, we may learn from what is said in *Microcosmography* of 'a sergeant or catchpole.'—'The common way to run from him is to run *thorough* him, which is often attempted and achieved, and no man is more beaten out of charity. He is one makes the streets more dangerous than the highways, and men go better provided in their walks than their journey. He is the first handsel of the young rapiers of the Templers, and they are as proud of his repulse as an Hungarian of killing a Turk.' That even the ladies bore the 'household sceptre' somewhat rudely, may be inferred from the same book; where it is said of a 'she-precise hypocrite,' 'She overflows so with the Bible that she spills it upon every occasion, and will not *cudgel her maids* without Scripture.' It was a considerable point gained, that everything fierce or boisterous was now banished from the diversions of the court. These chiefly consisted of plays, masques, revels, and balls, followed by splendid banquets. Something of a romantic spirit they still retained, a last memory of chivalry, but pomp and luxury were their principal characteristics. The cruel combats of the cock-pit, prohibited by Elizabeth, were indeed revived and diligently frequented by her successor; but the ruder, if not more inhuman sports of the bear-garden, appear to have been no longer patronized by the court, nor often witnessed by the ladies. Even the chace, though passionately followed by James himself, and by most of the rural gentry, was no longer an object of paramount or universal interest to the highest class of society, which now comprised many individuals whose manners were refined, and their leisure occupied by literature and the elegant arts; many also whose attention was largely shared by the pursuits of politics and the pleasures of the town."

The new king's reign was ushered in by a fresh breaking out of the plague, as was before the case on James's accession. The superstitious fears of the people considerably augmented the evils of the visitation; for they concluded, that it was a punishment on the nation for the marriage of the king with a papist and idolater, in the person of a princess of Spain. Whitlocke's description of the ravages of the pestilence are truly impressive: — "The plague," he says, "still raged in London, so that in one week there died 5000 persons; it was also spread in many places in the country. In some families, both master and mistress, children and servants, were all swept away. For fear of infection, many persons who were to pay money did first put it in a tub of water, and then it was taken out by the party that was to receive it. When the plague was somewhat assuaged, and there died in London but 2500 in a week, it fell to Judge Whitlocke's turn to go to Westminster Hall, to adjourn Michaelmas term from thence to Reading; and accordingly he went from his house in Buckinghamshire, to Horton near Colnbrook, and the next morning to Hyde Park Corner, where he and his retinue dined on the ground, with such meat and drink as they brought in the coach with them; and afterwards he drove fast through the streets, which were empty of people and overgrown with grass, to Westminster Hall; where the officers were ready, and the judge and his company went straight to the King's Bench, adjourned the court, returned to his coach, and drove away presently out of town."

We are under the necessity of passing over the chief public events which employ the pen of Miss Aikin, for a considerable portion of the first volume, as they belong to that portion of the history of the period which is familiar to most of our readers. In the same way we are obliged to dismiss the description of Felton's assassination of Buckingham, as no new light appears to be shed on that well known transaction. From the pains which Miss Aikin has taken to exhibit the part adopted by the queen of Charles the First, it would appear that her majesty had a much greater share than history usually assigns to her, in the overthrow of her husband's dynasty. The folly with which she supported her religious views, obnoxious as they were to every party in the country, at once marks her out as being a deserving object of public dislike, and we shall have an accurate criterion whereby to estimate the arrogant contempt of the nation's opinion, which must have been entertained by the government, when it sanctioned the stupid whim of the queen in ostentatiously laying the first stone of her own chapel in a court in Somerset House. Her majesty, says the record of this most impolitic transaction, "with her own hands helped to lay the two first corner-stones, with a silver plate of equal dimensions between them, — which stones, in the presence of 2000 people at least, they consecrated with great ceremony, having caused to be engraven upon the upper part of that plate, the pictures of their majesties as founders, and on the lower side, of the capuchins as consecrators."

But even in her amusements this woman gave to the nation fresh provocation against her ; and when a dramatic pastoral was written by a favorite poet, Walter Montague, to be performed at court, the queen volunteered to play a female part. The characters of women in theatrical exhibitions had till this time been personated by boys ; so that the example of the queen, in the existing state of manners, produced alarm and disgust. It is well known how this affair subsequently affected William Prynne. This individual was the author of a famous invective called "*Histriomastix, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedy.*" In this performance the author designated women actors by a name too coarsely opprobrious to be repeated in decent society ; and though it was published long before the indelicate conduct of the queen, still the intrigues and influence of Laud brought upon Prynne all the consequences of having written a malicious libel on her majesty. Of this extraordinary production it is said,

"The *Histriomastix*, as its title indicates, is an invective, consisting of no less than 1000 closely printed quarto pages. Of the mode in which theatrical amusements were in his own time conducted, and their practical effects upon morals, the author was little qualified by personal knowledge to speak ; for he informs his readers, that having once in his life been drawn by the importunity of his companions to the theatre, the compliance appeared to him so exceedingly sinful, that he sat during the whole performance with his hat plucked over his eyes, groaning in spirit, and wondering what amusement any person could possibly find in these exhibitions. His information on his subject appears nevertheless to have been full and correct ; and the work has gained an artificial value with posterity from the curious notices which it preserves of the manners and fashions of the times, which have been culled with profane diligence from the mass, and employed to illustrate various obscure points in the early history of the English drama."

Miss Aikin very properly describes the body of the work as a vast farrago of texts of Scripture, decisions of synods and councils, — which it is to be remarked, that the Puritans of those days cited with as much reverence as their prelatial or even their Romish adversaries, — quotations from Christian Fathers, from divines, ancient and modern, Catholic and Protestant ; from acts of parliament, statutes of universities, and even from heathen poets, philosophers, and historians, all tending to show, according to the title-page, "That popular stage-plays (the very pomps of the devil, which we renounce in public baptism if we believe the Fathers,) are simply heathenish, leud, ungodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruptions ; condemned in all ages as intolerable mischiefs to churches, to republics, to the manners, minds, and souls of men."

The history of Laud's infamous practices are then followed up by Miss Aikin, who, we perceive, has very justly acquitted herself of the duty which most other historians treating of those times have so strangely neglected. We allude to the attempt which Laud made to revive a power which, in a former age, had been so abused as to provoke the interference of the legislature to extirpate it.

The circumstances under which this wicked effort was conceived were as follow :— The cathedral of St. Paul had been allowed to fall into a state little short of ruin. In James's time money had been raised for repairing it, but nothing was done, and the money in all probability was directed to some less useful and creditable purpose. When Laud was translated to the See of London, an event which took place in the early part of Charles's reign, one of his most favorite projects was to rescue the venerable edifice from decay. The purpose cannot possibly be objected to; the motive was most just, but the means of bringing about the end were worthy of the deepest reprobation. Amongst other instruments employed by Laud for the purpose of raising money, he caused a commission under the great seal to be promulgated, declaring that the judges of the Prerogative Courts, and all officials throughout the kingdom, should be excited when persons died intestate, "to remember this church out of what was proper to be given to pious uses." It is scarcely necessary to remind the learned reader, that at a period long anterior to that of Charles, the goods of intestate persons fell to the crown, and were principally employed by the ordinaries in what were called pious uses; but the abuses to which the power gave rise were so intolerable, that it was condemned by the general voice, and an express law of the 31st of Edward III. completely put it down. Nevertheless it was revived by the fiat of Laud, who, when he found, that these and other congenial instruments proved ineffectual, absolutely contrived to have the High Commission and the Star Chamber armed with the power of levying fines for the purpose of increasing the funds for his cathedral. Miss Aikin follows up the developement of the strange character of Laud by an account of two other characteristic specimens of his arbitrary disposition :

"The king's printers, in an edition of the Bible, had committed the awkward error of omitting the word *not* in the seventh commandment: the bishop, not content with ordering the impression to be called in for correction, caused the High Commission to inflict on the involuntary culprits an exorbitant fine, with part of which he directed fine Greek types to be provided, for publishing such ancient manuscripts as should be brought to light. Sherfield, recorder of Sarum, having, by direction of a vestry, and in obedience to both statutes and canons, commanding the destruction of monuments of idolatry, ordered a disgusting representation of God the Father in the window of his parish church to be taken down and broken to pieces, Laud caused him to be prosecuted in the Star Chamber for what he pretended to be a lay usurpation on the jurisdiction of the bishop, or on that of his majesty, as head of the church. Here, 'he did not only aggravate the crime as much as he could, in reference to the dangerous consequences which might follow on it, — amongst which he mentioned that of deterring moderate Catholics from attending the church,' but defended the use itself of 'painted images, in the way of ornament and the remembrance.' In conclusion, after warm debates, in which some members of the court ventured to express their jealousy of the bishop's leaning towards popery, the majority concurred in sentencing the accused, by a judgment comparatively lenient, to pay 500*l.* to the king, — to lose his office of recorder,

and be bound to his good behaviour; 'as also to make a public acknowledgment of his offence, not only in the parish church of St. Edmonds, where it was committed, but in the cathedral church itself; that the bishop, in contempt of whose authority he had played this pageant, might have reparation.'

"This act, by the confession of his biographer, drew upon Laud 'such a clamor as not only followed him to his death, but hath since been continued in sundry pamphlets.' In fact, a more flagrant breach of every principle by which civil society is held together, cannot easily be conceived: and it is impossible to reflect without a kind of wonder at the guilty boldness of this ecclesiastic, who, in his efforts to re-assert the most arrogant assumptions of his order, had taken means to render it more penal for an Englishman to give effect to the laws of his country than to violate them. That such proceedings should have obtained the sanction of any proportion of the lay judges in the Star Chamber, — those prime counsellors of the nation, — is an equal reproach to their wisdom and their integrity. If once the power of the church were thus enabled to erect itself above the authority of the law, it signified little whether that power were to be wielded by a pope or a patriarch; for not only the spirit of the Reformation was gone, but that of the English nation itself, and of its venerable and free constitution." — Vol. 1. pp. 325, 326.

Amongst the records of the University of Oxford, to which we turn with a sense of humiliation, shame, and disgust, we mark out as worthy of particular condemnation, the mean sycophancy of which it was guilty to the person of Laud. In the epistles of this body addressed to him in the popish dialect of the Latin tongue, they styled him *Sanctitas tua*, "Your Holiness," — *Summus Pontifex*, "Chief Pontiff"; "Filled to overflowing with the Holy Ghost," &c. &c.

The portion of this volume which the authoress has devoted to the ill-fated Strafford, is by no means the least interesting. This nobleman, at the period when he sojourned in Ireland as its lord deputy, like other considerable men of his time who were engaged in places distant from the court, had his private correspondent in London, who regularly furnished him with all the scandal of the hour. The picture of the corruption of the court, and the facility with which it lent itself to every corrupt monopoly in the lowest walks of trade, are graphically revealed by the earl's *intelligencer*, as he was called. His name was Garrard, and he was a clergyman of the established church. A few paragraphs from his letters will, we have no doubt, prove interesting:

"Here are two commissions a-foot which are attended diligently, which will bring, as it is conceived, a great sum of money to his majesty. The first, concerning the licensing of those who shall have a lease for life to sell tobacco in and about London, and so in all the boroughs and villages in England; fifteen pounds fine, and as much rent by the year. The other is for buildings in and about London since a proclamation in the thirteenth of King James.' 'T is said that the vintners within the city will give 6000*l.* to the king to dress meat as they did before; and the suburbs will yield somewhat.' 'My lords of Dorset and Holland have obtained a beneficial suit of the king, worth better than 1000*l.* a-year a-piece to them, for sea-coal exported to Dunkirk and other places in the late archduchess's

country. They found so great a benefit of our coal, which they took by way of prize in the late difference between us and Spain, that they are contented to give four shillings upon the chaldron to have them brought to them.' 'Here is one Captain Baily, he hath been a sea captain, but now lives on the land about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected according to his ability some four hackney coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day long they may be had. Other hackney men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, so that they and others are to be had anywhere.' In two months after this plan had been established, which 'pleased every one,' from the great reduction it effected in the rates of coach hire, we find mention of 'a proclamation coming forth, about the reformation of hackney coaches, and ordering of other coaches about London; 1900 was the number of hackney coaches of London, base lean jades, unworthy to be seen in so brave a city, or to stand about a king's court.' If the numbers here given be correct, the progress of luxury in this article had been surprisingly rapid. Rushworth records, that in the first year of King Charles, there were not above twenty coaches to be had for hire in and about London. 'The grave judges of the law constantly rid on horseback in all weathers to Westminster.'" — pp. 401 – 404.

The principal events of the reign of Charles, including the various schemes of extortion employed by him, whether in his political, civil, or religious capacity, are successively detailed by Miss Aikin, with a boldness of impartiality, and at the same time with a determination to vindicate the truth, which give to her view of these transactions a very high degree of authenticity. The first volume brings down the history of the reign to the year 1638.

Notwithstanding the want of judgment and right principle displayed by Charles in his official capacity, yet there are many facts connected with his reign which prove that he had a genuine love for learning and the arts. At his instigation, shortly after he ascended the throne, the House of Lords appointed a committee, for the express purpose of inquiring into the state of public schools, and the method of education pursued in them. The labors of this committee terminated in a plan for founding an academy, which was called Museum Minervæ. The edifice was built; a regent, in the person of Sir Francis Kynaston, was nominated, together with professors, who were to give courses of instruction in philosophy, geometry, astronomy, medicine, music, the languages, painting, architecture, riding, fortification, antiquities, and the study of medals. The college was fitted up with splendid apparatus, and no student was admissible except those who could prove themselves gentlemen by birth; but the institution was strangled in its cradle; for the state of the king's affairs rendered it impossible for him to pay attention to any other subjects than those which involved the very safety of his existence. In 1663, the doctrine of Descartes, then a famous and popular philosopher of France, began to be espoused in England. This individual himself was specially invited

to England by Sir Charles Cavendish, brother to the Earl of Newcastle; and the invitation having been seconded by the king, who promised Descartes a lucrative employment, the philosopher was only prevented from finally settling in this country by the bursting forth of the civil war which ensued. Miss Aikin continues her account of the moral state of society at this period, and gives some very curious particulars of the effect which the writings of Hobbes and other persons, remarkable for their abilities in those days, had on the public mind. At this period, she observes, when the zeal for philosophical inquiry which had been awakened was not yet guided by true judgment or sound knowledge, the society of the Rosicrucians, — into the pretensions of which, mystical and even absurd as was the account given of them, Descartes himself had not disdained to examine, — served to supply a name, if nothing more, to a crowd of enthusiasts or deceivers, who were able to pass themselves upon more than the vulgar for the depositories of high and awful sciences. The head of this very equivocal sect in England was Dr. Robert Fludd, who died in 1637. It was apparently during his travels on the continent, in several countries of which, but especially in its native Germany, the Rosicrucian imposture was much more successful than in England, that Fludd imbibed its spirit, or its language. On his return, becoming a fellow of the College of Physicians, he commenced practice in London, where “his enthusiastic piety, and the apparent profundity of his scientific knowledge, veiled under a mysterious jargon, inspired much admiration, and raised him to temporary fame.” He also became an exceedingly voluminous author, in physics and metaphysics. “Compounding into one mass all the incomprehensible dreams of the Cabalists and Paracelsians, he formed a new physical system, of wonderful mystery and absurdity. He imagined two universal principles, — the northern, or condensing power; and the southern, or rarefying. Over these he placed innumerable intelligences, or geniuses, and he called together troops of spirits from the four winds, to whom he committed the charge of diseases.” It is worthy of remark, that, notwithstanding the utter futility and baselessness of his notions, the respect supposed to be due to gravity and the show of learning, obtained for Fludd the notice of several of the most distinguished votaries of true science: Kepler, Mersenne, and Gassendi, all honored him with refutations.

But these were not the only proofs which subsisted in those times showing the prevalence of delusions respecting the objects and means of science. Astrology was generally believed. William Lilly, its most noted professor, a cheat, as his own autobiography proves, was looked up to with general deference. Alchymists, conjurors, and empirics abounded. It is curious and instructive to know, that men of enlarged minds, of learning and sagacity, were led to join the multitude in submitting their faith to the most monstrous assumption of spiritual power. Sir Kenelm Digby attended on the incantations of a conjurer, in the hope of seeing an apparition

raised ; Judge Holborn had his nativity cast ; Lilly was employed to prognosticate in a sickness of Bulstrode Whitlock's ; and he and another adept used the divining-rods to search for buried treasure in Westminster Abbey, under the sanction of the dean, Bishop Williams.

The various momentous events, which follow each other in a rapid train during the succeeding years of Charles's reign, are presented to us in a bold and skilful outline by Miss Aikin. She traces with judgment and care, throughout the whole course of their development, the elements of that unhappy discord between the king and his parliament which drew down so many calamities on the nation. Among the scenes most graphically and powerfully described in this volume, we may particularly mention the trial of Strafford and the gatherings of the Scotch covenanters. The breaking out of the civil war, and the various actions to which it gave rise between the royal and the parliament forces, are depicted with great accuracy and spirit. Nothing, however, in the whole of the volumes, is better than the exposition which Miss Aikin gives of the ingenuity of the Scotch in taking advantage of the fortunate accident which placed the person of Charles in their hands. It was in 1646, when the king found that the royal cause was completely lost in the west, that he thought it the most prudent and safe course to surrender himself up to the Scotch army. This purpose he effected ; and the king was ultimately placed in the hands of the Scotch. An attempt, however, was made by him to escape, and, in consequence, an agreement was entered into, whereby his majesty was compelled to take up his residence at Holmby, distant about ten miles from Althorpe. At this place the king was to continue under the care of the Scotch until they and the parliament of England had settled their disputes. Here his majesty had proper attendants, and his tables were well furnished. No chaplains of his own church were, however, allowed him, and he declined the services of the Presbyterian ministers who were appointed to attend him in their spiritual capacity. On Sundays, his majesty sequestered himself to his private devotions, and generally spent several hours in reading and other pious exercises ; at other periods of the week, he played at chess, or walked out for health ; and as he could not gratify his propensity for bowling at Holmby, he would ride to Althorpe to Lord Vaux's residence, where a bowling-green was fully at his command. During all his movements, he was closely watched by the members of the commissions which were appointed for the purpose by the parliament of England and of Scotland. During the interval of Charles's seclusion in Holmby, the disputes between the contending parties grew more violent, until at last the representatives of the army, or their hidden prompters, resolved upon depriving their antagonists of the advantages which they enjoyed in being in possession of his majesty's person. The execution of the plan by which this determination was carried into effect, is well described by Miss Aikin :

"Whilst the king, on the afternoon of June the 2nd, was bowling on the green at Althorpe, two miles from his abode, it began to be whispered among the commissioners that 'a party of horse, obscurely commanded, was marching towards Holmby; and for no good it was presumed,' since neither the commissioners, Colonel Graves who kept guard at Holmby, nor any of their attendants, had received any notice of it. Charles, on hearing the circumstance, returned home; the commissioners resolved to stand on their guard, and the soldiers who attended them, under the command of General Browne, promised to stand by them and protect the king's person. About midnight the party of horse arrived, drew up in good order before the house, and set guards at the avenues, and the commanding officer alighting demanded admission. Being asked by Graves and Browne his name and business, he announced himself as Joyce, a cornet in Whalley's regiment, come to speak with the king.

"'From whom?' he was asked. 'From myself.' They laughed. 'It is no laughing matter,' said Joyce. The officers advised him to draw off his men, and in the morning he should speak with the commissioners. 'I came not hither to be advised by you,' said he, 'nor have I any business with the commissioners; my errand is to the king, and speak with him I must and will presently.' Browne and Graves commanded their soldiers to stand to their arms; but the men had already come to an understanding with their old comrades, and, forgetful of their promise, opened the gates to them and bade them welcome. Having placed guards on the commissioners' chamber-doors, Joyce, with a cocked pistol in his hand, announcing himself as one authorized, not by the commissioners, but by those who 'feared them not,' demanded admittance to the king in peremptory terms, which was as resolutely denied by the four gentlemen of his bedchamber; and the king himself, learning the cause of the altercation, refused to speak with the cornet till morning, at which he chafed, but finally submitted. On the morrow, early, his majesty sent for Joyce, "who, with no less confidence than if he had been a supreme officer, approached the king, and acquainted him with the commands he had concerning his removal. Charles desired that the commissioners might be sent for, and these orders communicated to them. The cornet replied, that they were to go back to the parliament. 'By whose appointment?' No answer. 'By your favor, Sir,' said the king, 'let them have their liberty, and give me a sight of your instructions.' 'That,' said Joyce, 'you shall see presently;' and he went and drew up his troops in the inner court close to the king, who, taking a good survey of them, and finding them proper men, and well mounted and armed, smiled, and told the cornet his instructions were written in fair characters, legible without spelling." — Vol. II. pp. 523, 525.

The king declining to go with Joyce, unless accompanied by his commissioners, the latter consented to follow him. His majesty was then conducted to Hinchinbrook, and next to Woburn, where he wrote, with his own hand, a solemn declaration respecting the church property. The document was given to his own favorite clergyman, named Sheldon, who delivered it up on the Restoration, with an attestation, to the effect that it was a true copy of the king's vow, and that he (Sheldon) had preserved it for thirteen years under ground. The following are the terms of the vow :

"'I do hereby promise and solemnly vow, in the presence and for the service of Almighty God, and if it shall please the Divine Majesty, of his

infinite goodness, to restore me to my just kingly rights, and to reestablish me in my throne, I will wholly give back to his church all those impropriations which are now held by the crown; and what lands soever I do now or should enjoy, which have been taken away either from any episcopal see or any cathedral or collegiate church, from any abbey or other religious house. I likewise promise from hereafter to hold them from the church under such reasonable fines and rents as shall be set down by some conscientious person, whom I propose to choose, with all uprightness of heart, to direct me in this particular. And I most humbly beseech God to accept of this my vow, and to bless me in the design I have now in hand, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. — Charles R.’” — Vol. II. pp. 528, 529.

The king was afterwards finally conducted to Hampton-court. — Miss Aikin next invites us to the ever memorable scenes which took place at Carisbrook Castle, where Charles, a prisoner, still showed that fatal partiality to bad faith which mainly contributed to his downfall. Here the whole time, which he could spend as he might think fit, was devoted to intrigues and plans for securing his escape from the country. A curious fact transpires in this account, which fully demonstrates the nature of the influence still held by the delusive doctrines of astrology. We find the king expressly retaining the diviner Lilly, to direct him in the course which he should pursue, and the latter regularly consulted the stars, made his figure in accordance with his observations, and gave in his report to the king accordingly. From Carisbrook Castle, it is well known, that Charles was subsequently removed to Hurst Castle, near Southampton, where he was kept a close prisoner. He was next conducted to Windsor, on the road to which he attempted an unsuccessful escape, the plan of which had been previously projected. It appeared to have been concerted by his majesty, that he should stop at Bagshot, at the lodge where his confidential friends, Lord and Lady Newburgh, then resided; that, under pretence of his horse being lamed, he should be placed on another, furnished at Bagshot, and that this should be a swift-footed animal, which would speedily enable him to distance his escort through the bye tracts of the forest, with which the king was so familiar. But the plan failed, and the king was safely placed in the custody of the governor of Windsor. On the day of his arrival there, the House of Commons, whose proceedings were urged on with the utmost importunity by the army, appointed a committee to draw up a charge against the king, and all other delinquents “that it may be thought fit to bring to condign punishment.” An ordinance was then prepared for attainting his majesty of high treason, and trying him by commissioners. The charge against him was substantially — “That he, Charles Stuart, hath acted contrary to his trust, in departing from his parliament, setting up his standard, and making a war against them, and thereby been the occasion of much bloodshed and misery to the people whom he was set over for good: that he gave commissions to Irish rebels, and since was the occasion of a second war; besides what he has done contrary to the liberties

of the subject, and tending to the destruction of the fundamental laws and liberties of this kingdom."

A high court of justice was then constituted for the trial of Charles, and the ordinance which contained the accusations, and some resolutions declaring that it was treason for the king to levy war against the parliament and kingdom, were sent to the upper house. Twelve peers only were assembled, but they rejected the ordinance without a division. In the mean time, the king laughed at the idea of a trial, and the Earl of Leicester, in his journal, describes his majesty at Windsor as merry as usual; it is even recorded, that so little did he anticipate the real result which followed, that after the commissioners were appointed, his majesty actually gave an order for the sowing of some Spanish melon seeds at Wimbledon. The Commons, seeing themselves abandoned by the Lords, turned the house into a grand committee, to take into consideration the nature and extent of their own powers. After much discussion, they came to the conclusion, that the people, under God, are the original of all just power; that the Commons House, being chosen by, and representing the people, have the supreme authority of the nation; also, "That whatsoever is enacted and declared law by the Commons of England assembled in parliament, hath the force of law, and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the king and House of Peers be not had thereunto."

It was on the 20th of January, 1649, that Charles, after having been brought from Windsor to St. James's Palace the night before, was conducted to Westminster Hall, there to undergo a judicial proceeding, such as was, up to that time, unprecedented in the history of the world. The number of the commissioners who were assembled on the occasion consisted of eighty out of the one hundred and fifty who had been appointed. Serjeant Bradshaw, described as an able and accomplished lawyer, acted as president, and on each side of him sat Lisle and Say, two members of the same profession. The royal prisoner was brought in a sedan chair, and placed before the bar on a velvet chair. He looked sternly about on the multitude present, and did nothing that indicated the slightest respect for the court; but his attention was soon fixed by the president, who rose, and in a solemn voice pronounced these words: "Charles Stuart, king of England: The Commons of England, being deeply sensible of the calamities that have been brought upon this nation, which are fixed upon you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquisition for blood; and, according to that debt and duty they owe to justice, to God, the kingdom, and themselves, they have resolved to bring you to trial and judgment, and for that purpose have constituted this high court of justice before which you are brought."

When the president concluded, the advocate for the Commonwealth, Mr. Cook, rose to state the case against the king; and when the latter saw what he was about to do, he stretched out a staff

which he held, and laying it on Mr. Cook's shoulder two or three times, desired him to "hold." But the president ordered the advocate to go on, and at his request the accusation was read. When the officer who read the charges came to pronounce "Charles Stuart to be a tyrant and traitor," the royal prisoner, who till then stood up frequently, and gazed on the guards and spectators with great sternness, began to laugh as he sat down.

When the proceedings on the part of the accusers were ended, the president called on "Charles Stuart" for what he had to say in his defence. His majesty replied, that he questioned their authority to try him, that he was their lawful king, having obtained his title as a trust committed to him by God, and by old and lawful descent. When the president told him that he was required to answer, in the name of the people of England, of whom he was elected king, Charles replied, that England was never an elective monarchy, but that it descended by hereditary right for nearly a thousand years; and as he persisted in this line of argument, the court thought it prudent to adjourn its proceedings. It was remarked as an ominous accident, that when the charge was reading against him, the head of his staff fell off; he looked at it in surprise, and seeing nobody about to take it up, he was under the necessity of stooping for it himself. Repeated adjournments took place afterwards, the king still obstinately questioning the authority of the tribunal, and desiring to be permitted to plead his own cause before the two houses of parliament. At last, the court gave peremptory instructions to the president to declare the final sentence, — a direction which was complied with in such a manner as to have a manifest effect in placing the guilt of the king in a clear light. The president, in his solemn address, informed Charles, that it was perfectly plain that he had acted on erroneous principles, and had even, by his own avowal, admitted that he considered himself in no manner subject to the law, and that, therefore, he held himself superior to it. But the contrary, he ought to have known, was the principle of the people of England, who always understood that the law was superior to the monarch, and that he was bound imperatively to rule in strict accordance with the law :

" 'I know very well' (observed the president) 'your pretence hath been that you have done so : but, Sir, the difference hath been, 'who shall be the expositors of this law : whether you and your party out of the courts of justice shall take upon them to expound law, or the courts of justice who are the expounders ; — nay, the sovereign and high court of justice, the parliament of England, that are not only the highest expounders, but the sole makers of the law. Sir, for you to set your single judgment, and those who adhere unto you, against the high court of justice, that is not law. As the law is your superior, so truly, Sir, there is something that is superior to the law, that is indeed the parent or authority of the law, and that is, the people of England. For as they are those that at the first did choose to themselves this form of government, even for justice' sake, that justice might be administered, that peace might be preserved ; so, Sir, they gave the laws to their governors according to which they should govern ;

and if these laws should have proved inconvenient, or prejudicial to the public, they had a power in them, and reserved to themselves to alter them as they shall see cause. The end of having kings or any other form of government, is for the enjoyment of justice. Now, Sir, if so be that the king will go contrary to the end of his government, he must understand that he is but an officer in trust, and he ought to discharge that trust, and they are to take order for the animadversion and punishment of such an offending governor. This is not the law of yesterday, Sir, since the time of the division betwixt you and your people, but it is law of old. And we know very well the authorities that do tell us what the law was on that point upon the election of kings, upon the oath that they took unto their people. And if they did not observe it, there were those things called parliaments; the parliaments were they that were to adjudge (the very words of the authority) the complaints and wrongs done of the king and the queen, or their children; such wrongs especially when the people could have nowhere else any remedy. That hath been the people of England's case; they could not have their remedy anywhere but in parliament.

"Sir, I speak these things the rather to you, because you were pleased to let fall the other day, that you thought you had as much law as most gentlemen in England. It is very well, Sir, and truly it is fit for the gentlemen of England to understand that law under which they must be governed. And then the Scripture says, "They that know their master's will and do it not." — What follows? The law is your master, and the acts of parliament." — Vol. II. pp. 590 – 592.

In this strain the president proceeded to show to the reluctant Charles, that he had completely realized the description given of his deeds by the charge, and that he must be truly accounted at once as a *tyrant*, who sought to establish an arbitrary government; a *traitor* who had broken the trust which was reposed in him by his superiors, the kingdom; and a *murderer*, because all the sanguinary murders, all the shocking outrages perpetrated in the late wars, must be traced to him alone.

"Sir," said the president, in concluding his solemn address, "you said to us the other day, you wished us to have God before our eyes: truly, Sir, I hope all of us have so; that God that we know is a king of kings and lord of lords; that God with whom there is no respect of persons; that God that is the avenger of innocent blood. We have that God before us that does bestow a curse upon them that withhold their hands from shedding of blood; which is in the case of guilty malefactors, and that do deserve death: that God we have before our eyes. And were it not that the consequence of our duty hath called us to this place and this employment, Sir, you should have had no appearance of a court here; but, Sir, we must prefer the discharge of our duty unto God and unto the kingdom before any other respect whatsoever; and although at this time many of us, if not all of us, are severely threatened by some of your party what they intend to do, we do here declare that we shall not decline or forbear the doing of our duty in the administration of justice even to you, according to the merit of your offence, although God should permit these men to effect all that bloody design in hand against us."

He concluded by urging the example of David's repentance on the king's imitation.

Here we close our eyes on the melancholy scene which followed,

and the details of which are so familiarly remembered by every reader of English history. Miss Aikin has shown throughout the deeply interesting narrative, a clear judgment, carefully directed by an impartiality which is strictly judicial. Nor are the literary merits which these volumes present, unworthy of the dignity and importance which are sustained uniformly throughout: the style of Miss Aikin is beautifully simple, without the slightest deviation into carelessness or affectation; and possessing strength, grace, and freedom, it is modified with attention to the exigencies and proprieties of every varying occasion.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 23."]

[Many of our readers may perhaps wonder why we assign so many pages to the account of what will appear to them a farrago of absurd extravagances. But it must be recollected, that Goethe fills a wide space in the literature of our age, and that he himself appears to have thought the drama of Faust the greatest of his works; it having engaged his thoughts, as he tells us, during sixty years of his life. It is held in similar estimation by his admirers, though there has been a change of opinion respecting its character; for it was first regarded only as a sort of diabolical production of great power, and is now considered as the most philosophical and enigmatical of poems. The Conclusion, of which an account is here given, has been earnestly waited for, as about to afford aspirants a final initiation into the Greater Mysteries. EDD.]

ART. II. — *Goethe's nachgelassene Werke.* (Goethe's Posthumous Works.) Bände I – V. 18mo. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1833.

THE volumes before us, five in number, constitute only what is termed the first delivery (*Lieferung*) of Goethe's Posthumous Works. They contain as mentioned in our last Number: 1. The Second Part, forming the continuation and completion, of Faust. 2. Gottfried von Berlichingen, never before printed, and Götz von Berlichingen, adapted to the stage. 3. A Journey in Switzerland in 1797, and a Journey on the Rhine and Main in 1814. 4. Miscellanies, hitherto unedited, upon Art. 5. Miscellanies relating to the Drama and German Literature. We propose to indicate the general character of each volume of the lot, but our principal attention will be directed to the first, which, though containing no less than 344 pages, is occupied exclusively with Faust.

So much has been said and written about this celebrated production of late, so many ingenious speculations have been set afloat with regard to its real meaning and tendency, that the English public, we are sure, will be glad to know something of the subsequent conduct and conclusion of the plot, though we are far from certain that any further disquisition on the philosophical object of the work will be tolerated. Nor is this our only reason for wishing to shun all disquisitions of the sort. It is, we know, a rather dan-

gerous acknowledgment and may bring a storm of objurgation on our heads ; — but after giving our best consideration to the controversy and comparing the problem proposed at the outset of the poem with what must now be termed the solution of it, we cannot help suspecting that the author had no object at all, beyond the very ordinary one of wishing to possess a subject which should give full scope to his wondrous universality, and allow him to employ all the stores of fancy, feeling, observation, and reading, which a life of study might enable him to hive up ; that, in short, as the author of *Waverley* confessed to be not unfrequently *his* case, Goethe began his story in a happy state of recklessness, and left the ending to take care of itself. This somewhat hazardous opinion will appear far less so after a fair examination of the plan ; all, therefore, that we think it necessary to prefix by way of preamble to our analysis of this second and concluding part, is a slight recapitulation of the main incidents of the first ; for unless these be fresh in the memory, the following analysis, as well as any critical remarks we may annex to it, will be understood with difficulty, if at all.

The first part of *Faust* then, be it remembered, now opens (for it did not originally *) with a Prologue in Heaven, in which a somewhat irreverent colloquy between Mephistopheles and the Lord is set forth. Amongst other topics this colloquy turns upon Faust, whom Mephistopheles obtains leave to tempt to destruction if he can ; the futility of the enterprise being at the same time clearly intimated by words placed in a mouth which must be regarded as infallible :

“ Enough,” (says the Lord), “ it is permitted thee. Divert this spirit from his original source, and bear him, if thou canst seize him, down on thy own path with thee. And stand abashed, when thou art compelled to own — a good man, in his dark perplexity, may still be conscious of the right way.” “ Well, well,” (replies Mephistopheles,) “ only it will not last long. I am not at all in pain for my wager. Should I succeed, excuse my triumphing with my whole soul. Dust shall he eat, and with a relish, like my cousin, the renowned snake.”

The Lord reiterates his permission, Heaven closes, and the Archangels disperse, leaving Mephistopheles to compass the destruction of Faust as he best may. We are next introduced to the hero himself, who, after careering over the whole learning of the world, has just arrived at pretty nearly the same sagacious conclusion as Solomon :

“ I communed with my own heart, saying, Lo I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem. Yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge.

And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly.

* This circumstance must never be lost sight of in speculations as to the author's original object or plan.

I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." (*Eccl. ch. 1.*)

It would be difficult to conceive a fitter mood for a philosopher to be tempted in; and after two or three soliloquies, two or three conversations with his amanuensis Wagner (a mere book-worm), and a stroll into the country amongst the villagers, — all introduced for the more perfect developement of the character, — Faust becomes acquainted, by a somewhat singular mode of introduction, with Mephistopheles, and what may be esteemed the essential action of the drama begins. After a good deal of metaphysical quibbling, a regular (or rather irregular) compact is formed; the high contracting parties agree, like Archer and Aimwell in the play, to be master and servant by turns, — Faust to be master upon earth, and Mephistopheles to be master in hell.* All imaginable delights are put at Faust's command, but he only looks forward with any pleasurable anticipations to one:

"If ever" (says he) "I lie down, calm and composed, upon a couch, be there at once an end of me. If thou canst ever flatteringly delude me into self-complacency — if thou canst cheat me into enjoyment, be that day my last.

"If ever I say to the passing moment — 'Stay, thou art so fair!' then may thou cast me into chains; then will I readily perish; then may the death-bell toll; then art thou free from thy service. The clock may stand, the index hand may fall: be time a thing no more for me!"

Mephistopheles gladly nails him down to this limitation, but manifests the most commendable alacrity to give him some immediate compensation for the anticipated *auto-da-fe* of his soul. After a few minutes' delay, spent by Faust in packing up a bundle (he is positively interdicted a trunk), and by Mephistopheles in packing off a student who had just arrived to place himself under the tuition of Faust, this interesting pair of fellow-travellers set out by a mode of conveyance similar to that employed by Asmodeus and Don Cleofas (to wit, a mantle) with the slight addition of a little inflammable gas, not quite so common in those days as in our own. We shall run over very rapidly the scenes through which they pass. The first is a Leipzig wine-vault, which might compete with our Cyder-Cellar or Coal-Hole in celebrity; here Faust is initiated, so far as a mere spectator can be, in the mysteries and madneses of a drinking-bout. The second is a witch's kitchen, whither Faust repairs for the same purpose which proved fatal to Medea's papa — i. e. to be made young again; but instead of being cut up into little pieces and boiled, he is simply required to tip off a dram, and all his appetites are instantly as fresh as if the edges of them had

* Mephistopheles says: "I will bind myself to your service *here*, and never sleep nor slumber at your call. When we meet on *the other side*, you shall do as much for me." The few passages quoted from the First Part of Faust are taken from the Prose Translation mentioned in our last number.

never been rubbed off. The immediate result is that he takes the first pretty girl who crosses him for a Helen, and forthwith declares his admiration. She is fluttered by his abruptness, but —

“Women, born to be controlled,
Yield to the forward and the bold ;” —

in the solitude of her chamber his very impudence presents itself attractively, and when the first impression has been followed up by a present of jewels and an interview, she drops almost without a struggle into his arms. A train of horrible consequences ensue, — her mother's, brother's, new-born infant's death; whilst Faust, lured away from her by Mephistopheles, visits the magic mountain of the Blocksberg, and witnesses the orgies of sorcery on the grandest scale of supernatural magnificence. But the news of Margaret's condemnation reaches him, he hurries back to rescue her, and the First Part concludes with a prison scene (one of the most exquisite that ever was composed), in which Margaret, refusing to profit by the opportunity of escaping presented to her through Mephistopheles' agency by Faust, solemnly submits herself to God's mercy, and dies.

It thus appears, that inimitable as the scenes of this First Part undoubtedly are in themselves, they do but very little to advance the action of the piece. In fact, the whole of Faust's additional experiences may be summed up in a drunken bout, a love affair, and a more intimate acquaintance with an art (magic) of which he already knew rather too much than too little.

Let us now see what modes the Second Part presents of purifying the head and heart of a philosopher. In this, however, the essential part of our undertaking, we have something more to do than merely giving a bare outline of the plot. It is our duty to convey some notion of the style in which it is worked out, which can only be done by specimens. And here a difficulty almost insuperable presents itself. The Second Part presents few (if any) of those fine trains of philosophic thinking, or those exquisite touches of natural pathos, which form the great attraction of the first. The principal charm of the present work will be found to consist in the idiomatic ease of the language, the spirit with which the lighter measures are struck off, and (above all) the unrivalled beauty of the descriptive passages; a department of art in which Goethe appears to have maintained his supremacy to the last. No modern poet, except Wordsworth, ever described the emotions produced by scenes of natural beauty or sublimity like him; and even Wordsworth seems less vividly impressed by what may be termed the sensual charms of the objects and situations alluded to, — as the gladdening influence of a rising sun, or the soothing influence of a summer moonlight, upon the frame, — though he far more than atones for the deficiency by the variety and nobleness of the associations he connects with them. The opening scene of the first act of the continuation affords a favorable specimen of Goethe's powers in this style;

we shall therefore give a literal translation of the whole of it. We are thus sacrificing the charm of metre, it is true, but there is a beauty in the thoughts and feelings wholly independent of the metrical arrangement of the words :

“FIRST ACT.

“[A pleasant neighbourhood. — Faust bedded upon flowery turf, tired, restless, endeavouring to sleep. — Twilight. — A circle of spirits hovering round, graceful little forms.]

ARIEL.

(Song, accompanied by Æolian Harps.)

When the spring-shower of blossoms drops, wavering, over all ; when the green blessing of the fields glitters for all the sons of earth ; the swarm of little elves hasten wherever they can aid ; be he good or be he wicked, — their pity is excited by the unfortunate.

Ye, who now are hovering in airy circles round this head, act here like noble elves ; soften down the stern struggle of the heart, avert the burningly bitter arrows of remorse ; cleanse his heart's core of the horrors it has felt. Four are the pauses of night ; now without more ado, fill them pleasingly up. First sink down his head upon the cooling pillow, then bathe him in the dew from Lethe's stream ; soon relaxed and pliant are his cramp-stiffened limbs, when reinvigorated he rests to meet the day. Fulfill the fairest duty of elves ; give him back to the sacred light of the sun.

CHORUS.

(Singly, by pairs and more, alternating and together.)

When the breezes swell tepidly around the green-girt land-scape, the twilight brings down sweet exhalations and mist-veils in its train, gently murmurs sweet tranquillity, rocks the heart to child-like rest, and closes the gates of day on the eyes of this exhausted life.

Night has already sunk down, star follows in the hallowed track of star ; great lights, little sparklings, glitter far and near, — glitter here below reflected in the sea, — glance there above in the azure clearness of night ; crowning the bliss of this most profound repose, reigns the full pomp of the moon.

The hours are already extinguished, pain and joy have disappeared. Feel it by anticipation ! Thou becomest well again. Trust to the new aspect of day. The dales grow green, the hills swell and thicken into shades, and the harvest crops wave on in tapering silvery undulations.

To obtain wish on wish, look yonder towards the glare. Thou art but gently encircled ; sleep is emptiness, cast it off ! Neglect not to call up thy courage when the many stray loitering about ; that noble spirit is capable of every thing which knows how to set about it and grasps unhesitatingly. *(A tremendous alarum announces the approach of the Sun.)*

ARIEL.

Harken ! harken ! to the storm of the hours ; the new-born day is already giving forth music to the ears of the spirit. The rocky gates jar, the wheels of Phœbus roll clashingly ; what a din follows in the train of light ! Drums are beating, trumpets sounding : the eye is dazzled, the ear is stunned, the unheard is heard not. Slip down into the flowers' coro-

nets,—deeper, deeper, that ye may dwell in peace,—into the rocks, under the foliage! If it reaches you, you are deaf.

FAUST.

The pulses of life beat with renewed vigor, mildly to greet the ethereal dawn. Thou, too, Earth, wert constant this night, and breathedst newly invigorated at my feet. Thou art already beginning to encompass me with enjoyment, thou stirrest and excitest a vigorous resolve, (to aspire eternally towards the most exalted state of being.) The world lies already wrapt in the glimmering haze of morn, the wood resounds with thousand-voiced life; within, without the veil the streaks of mist are streaming; yet heaven's clearness sinks down into the depths, and bough and branch, re-vivified, sprout out from the streaming abyss where they have slept immersed. And color after color comes out, clear and distinct, upon the ground, where leaves and flowers drip with tremulous pearls. On every side a Paradise is growing up about me.

Look up!—The giant peaks of the mountains already announce the most solemn hour. They are permitted to enjoy thus early the everlasting light, which later will be turned on us down here below.* Now new brilliancy and distinctness are lavished on the green-embedded Alpine meads, and step by step have they won their way downwards. He comes forth! and, to my sorrow, already dazzled I turn away agonized by the glare.

Thus then is it, when a longing hope has worked itself trustingly into the most exalted wish, it finds the gates of fulfilment with their wings thrown wide. Now, however, from these everlasting grounds a superabundant mass of flame breaks forth; we stand confounded. We wished to light the torch of life,—a sea of fire encompasses us, what a fire! Is it Love? Is it Hate?—which glowing encircles us, wondrously alternating with pain and joy, so that we bend our gaze again upon the earth, to hide us in the veil of earliest youth.

Thus, then, let the sun continue at my back! The cataract roaring through the rocks—I gaze upon with ever-growing transport. It rolls from fall to fall, ever and anon scattering itself into a thousand streams, whizzing foam on foam aloft into the air. But how gloriously ascending with this storm, the alternating consistency of the variegated bow expands its arch, now purely marked, now dissolving into air, diffusing all around showers of breezy coolness. It mirrors the struggles of humanity. Meditate upon it and you will conceive more accurately: In the colored reflection we have Life.”†

* The image, here presented, was finely applied by Mr. Macaulay in his article on Dryden, in the *Edinburgh Review*: “The Sun illuminates the hills whilst it is still below the horizon, and truth is discovered by the highest minds only a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light, which, without their assistance, must in a short time be visible to those who lie far beneath them.” There is an analogous allusion in Mackintosh's *Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations*.

† “There are two maxims of translation,” says Goethe; “the one requires that the author of a foreign nation be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his peculiarities. The advantages of both are sufficiently known to all instructed persons, from masterly examples.” We consider the second of these maxims to be most applicable to the greatest work of so great an author as Goethe, and

The next scene is laid in the emperor's court. What emperor? is a question which it would require the ingenuity of a Sir Thomas Brown to solve, according to whom "what song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself amongst women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." This anonymous emperor is seated in full pomp upon his throne, surrounded by all his officers of state, to whom he condescendingly addresses himself: — "I greet my true, my loving subjects, congregated from far and near; I see the sage" (meaning the astrologer) "at my side, but where tarries the fool?" The fool, it seems, has just been carried out drunk or in a fit, most probably by the contrivance of Mephistopheles, who instantly steps forward in his place, and proposes a riddle to his majesty. He puts it aside with the remark that riddles are for his council, and only (it is to be inferred) simple, unadulterated folly for himself. The new fool, however, is regularly installed; the emperor opens the conference, and all the high officers give their opinions upon the existing state of the realm, than which nothing can well be worse. The chancellor complains of the neglect of the laws, the commander-in-chief of the insubordination of the army, the marshal of the household of the waste in the kitchen, and the first lord of the treasury expatiates on the empty state of his coffers (the grand source of all the other evils) in terms which might become Lord Althorp himself. The emperor, sorely puzzled, reflects a moment, and then turns to the fool, or rather to Mephistopheles disguised as such: "Speak, fool, dost thou too know of no matter of complaint?" Mephistopheles replies in the negative, and expresses his astonishment that any thing should be wanting where so much glittering splendor was to

have accordingly been guided by it in our specimens. For so doing we are happy to be able to cite the example of one who has done more than any one else to popularize translations in this country. In the Preface to her "Characteristics of Goethe," after quoting the above passage, Mrs. Austin expresses herself thus: "The praise that a translated work might be taken for an original, is acceptable to the translator only when the original is a work in which form is unimportant. A light narrative, a scientific exposition, or a plain statement of facts, which pretends to nothing as a work of art, cannot be too thoroughly naturalized. Whatever may be thought of the difficulties in the way of this kind of translation, they are slight compared with those attending the other kind, as any body who carefully studies the masterpieces in this way must perceive. In the former kind the requisites are two, — the meaning of the author, and a good vernacular style: in the latter, the translator has as far as possible to combine with these the idiomatic tone of the author, — to place him before the reader with his national and individual peculiarities of thought and speech."

No one can well doubt that she was right in following the lax mode with regard to Prince Pückler, and the strict mode with regard to Goethe, — that, in short, her judgment was as accurate, as her execution is admirable, in both instances; but what are those critics to say for themselves, who treated her first mode of translating as the only one? As what we are here saying might lead to an opinion that Mrs. Austin's work is exclusively a translated one, it is but fair to add that it contains a great deal of original matter of a very interesting sort, and altogether constitutes one of the most instructive and entertaining books on German literature which we possess. The notes contributed by Mr. A. Heller and Mr. H. C. Robinson will be found particularly valuable.

be seen. This calls forth a murmur from the courtiers, and such terms as rogue, liar, projector, &c. are in the course of being pretty freely applied, but Mephistopheles goes on undauntedly. We shall give his next speech, and the speeches called forth by it, entire, as some keen strokes of general satire will be found in them.

“MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where on this world is not something or other wanting? To this one, that; to that one, this; here, however, the thing wanting is cash. True, it is not to be gathered from this floor; but wisdom can find a way to get at the deepest. In the veins of the mountain, and under the foundations of walls, there is gold, coined and uncoined, to be found; and if you ask me who is to bring it to light?—The power of endowed man’s nature and mind.

CHANCELLOR.

Nature and mind, — this is no language for Christians. On this account we burn Atheists, because such speeches are highly dangerous. Nature is sin, — mind is devil, — between them they give birth to doubt, their misformed hermaphrodite offspring. Not so with us. Only two races have sprung up in the ancient realms of the emperor. These are the worthy props of his throne; they are the priests and the knights; they withstand every tempest, and take church and state for their recompense. An opposition arises from the vulgar feeling of perverted minds: it is the heretics! the sorcerers! and they ruin state and country. These wouldst thou now, with wanton jests, smuggle into this exalted circle; you rejoice in a corrupted heart; they are near akin to the fool.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There I recognise the true man of learning. What you do not touch, is miles away in your eyes; what you do not grasp, is altogether wanting; what you do not count, you do not believe to be true; what you do not weigh, has for you no weight; what you do not coin, that, in your opinion, is valueless.

EMPEROR.

Our wants are not to be supplied in this fashion. What wouldst thou with thy Lenten sermonizing? I have had enough of this eternal how and when; we want money, so set about getting it!”

Thus exhorted, Mephistopheles develops his plan, which is to begin digging for subterraneous treasures immediately, as all such, he observes, belong of right to the emperor. This plan is generally approved by all but the chancellor, who does not think it in exact accordance with religion; and the emperor himself declares his intention of laying aside his sword and sceptre and with his own illustrious hands completing the job, if Mephistopheles lies not, and of sending Mephistopheles to hell, if he lies. The astrologer, however, calls on them to mitigate their zeal, and first finish the celebration of the approaching carnival. The emperor assents, and gives the word for a general rejoicing accordingly; the trumpets sound, and *exeunt omnes* but Mephistopheles, who concludes the scene with a sneer: “How desert and good fortune are linked

together, this never occurs to fools; if they had the stone of the philosopher, they would want the philosopher for the stone."

The subject of the next scene is a mask got up by Faust for the amusement of the emperor, irregular and extravagant in the extreme. Gardeners, flower-girls, olive-branches, rose-buds, fishermen, bird-catchers, wood-hewers, parasites, satirists, the Graces, the Parcæ, the Furies, Fear, Hope, Prudence, Zoilo-Thersites, Pan, Plutus, Fauns, Gnomes, Satyrs, Nymphs, are amongst the things and persons which come forward in the course of the entertainment. The verses placed in their mouths are often very beautiful, but appear to have no reference to a plot. There is also some clever general satire; for instance, the mother and daughter (at p. 28) seem introduced for the purpose of inculcating a somewhat similar moral to that of the "Mothers and Daughters" of Mrs. Gore. The scene closes, like most of our melodramas, with a general blaze, which is also described with great spirit by the herald.

The next scene is in one of the palace pleasure-gardens, where the court is found assembled as before, and the emperor is represented thanking Faust for the mask, and congratulating himself on having discovered such a treasure of a man. Their converse is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the marshal of the household, the commander-in-chief, and the lord treasurer, to announce that all their distresses have been suddenly removed by the creation of an odd sort of paper-money, bills promising payment in the emperor's name when the subterranean treasure before mentioned should be dug up. The circulation of this paper appears to have produced nearly the same effect in the emperor's dominions as the South Sea scheme in England or Law's project in France, which, we presume, it must be intended to ridicule. The people are represented as running absolutely wild at their fancied accession of wealth, and the emperor amuses himself by bestowing portions of it on the followers of his court, on condition of their declaring what use they intend to make of what they receive. The humor thus elicited does not rise beyond common-place. One says that he will lead a merry life upon it, a second that he will buy chains and rings for his sweetheart; a third has a fancy for good wine, and a fourth for sausages; a fifth proposes to redeem his mortgages, and a sixth to add it to his hoard. The fool comes last, and might well have been expected to say something sharp, but he simply avows a wish to become a landholder, and yet is complimented by Mephistopheles on his wit. Faust and Mephistopheles are then represented walking in a dark gallery, whither Faust has withdrawn Mephistopheles, to procure the means of exhibiting Helen and Paris before the emperor, to whom he has pledged his word to that effect. Mephistopheles answers at first evasively: he has nothing (he says) to do with the heathen world, they live in a hell of their own; there is one mode, however, — Faust must repair to certain Goddesses called, *par eminence*, The Mothers, dwelling

in the deepest recesses of unearthly solitudes, through which he is to be guided by a key bestowed for that purpose by Mephistopheles. Faust shudders at the name, but undertakes the adventure and sets out.

The following scene represents the assembling of the court; Mephistopheles cures a blonde beauty of freckles, and a brunette of lameness, and bestows a love-potion on a third; after which exploits, we proceed to the grand hall, where the emperor and his suite are awaiting the arrival of Faust for the promised *spectacle* to begin. He appears at last, emerging as it were from the stage; he is dressed in sacrificial robes, and a tripod accompanies him. His first words are a solemn adjuration to The Mothers. The effect appears from the following scene, which we shall give:—

“ASTROLOGER.

“Hardly does the glowing key touch the shell, when upon the instant a dark mist veils the space; it glides in, it undulates like a cloud, dilated, rounded, contracted, divided, paired. And now, behold a masterpiece of the spirits! they make music as they move. An I-know-not-what flows from ethereal tones; the shafts of the columns, even the triglyph rings; I verily believe the whole temple is ringing. The mist sinks; out of the light gauze steps forth a beautiful youth, keeping time as he comes on. There ends my office; I need not to name him; who could fail to recognise the lovely Paris!

LADY.

Oh, what a brilliancy in blooming youth!

A SECOND.

Fresh, and full of juice as an apricot!

A THIRD.

The delicately traced, the sweetly swelling lips!

A FOURTH.

Thou wouldst fain sip at such a goblet.

A FIFTH.

He is certainly pretty, though not so very delicate.

A SIXTH.

He might well be a little more sprightly.

KNIGHT.

I believe the shepherd-boy is here to be traced throughout; nothing of the prince, and of courtly bearing, nothing.

ANOTHER.

Well, well! half naked the youngster is handsome enough I dare say, but we must first see him in harness.

LADY.

He sits down, softly, pleasingly.

KNIGHT.

You would find it very pleasant in his lap.

ANOTHER.

He bends his arm so gracefully over his head.

CHAMBERLAIN.

What boorishness! that I take to be unallowable!

LADY.

You men find something to carp at in every thing.

CHAMBERLAIN.

To stretch himself in the presence of the emperor!

LADY.

It is only acting! He believes himself quite alone.

CHAMBERLAIN.

The drama itself should here be according to the rules of etiquette.

LADY.

Sleep has gently overcome the beautiful youth.

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

He will soon snore, as is no more than natural.

YOUNG LADY (*transported.*)

What divine halo mingles with the atmosphere, thrilling my heart to its core.

AN OLDER ONE.

Truly! a breath is breathed deep into my soul; it comes from him.

THE OLDEST.

It is the bloom of growth, prepared like ambrosia in the youth, and scattered atmospherically around.

HELEN (*coming forth.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There she is then! I shall now be left at rest for her. She is pretty, no doubt, but she does not suit me.

ASTROLOGER.

This once there is nothing more for me to do, — I allow as a gentleman, I acknowledge it. The fair one comes, and had I tongues of fire! — Much, time immemorial, has been sung of beauty. — He to whom she appears will be beside himself, he to whom she should belong were too blest.

FAUST.

Have I still eyes? Is the full stream of beauty poured deep into my soul? My fear-fraught expedition brings forth the happiest result. How worthless, unexpanded, was the world to me! What is it now since my initiation? For the first time, worth wishing for, solid, durable! May the breath of life abandon me, if I ever become estranged from thee again. The fair form which once before enchanted me, which in the magical reflection blest, was but a frothy image of such loveliness. Thou art she to whom I offer up as a tribute the highest emotions of my soul, the essence of passion, desire, love, adoration, madness.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*from the box.*)

Compose yourself, however, and do not forget your part.

AN ELDERLY LADY.

Large, well formed, only the head too small.

A YOUNG ONE.

Only look at her foot! How could it be bigger!

DIPLOMATIST.

I have seen princesses of this kind; in my opinion she is lovely from head to foot.

COURTIER.

She is softly and slyly approaching the sleeper.

LADY.

How odious by the side of a form of youthful purity.

POET.

Her beauty throws a halo over him.

LADY.

Endymion and Diana! what a picture!

THE POET.

Quite right! The Goddess seems to sink down; she leans over to inhale his breath; enviable indeed, a kiss! — The measure is full.

DUENNA.

Before all the company! It is really too bad.

FAUST.

A fearful favor for the youth! —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Softly, silence! Let the phantom do what it will.

COURTIER.

She steals away softly, he wakes!

LADY.

She looks around! I thought as much.

COURTIER.

He is amazed! What has happened is a wonder to him.

LADY.

What she sees before her is no wonder to her.

COURTIER.

She graciously turns to him.

LADY.

I see already she is taking him under her tuition; in such a situation all men are dull; I dare say he believes himself to be the first.

KNIGHT.

Let me admire her! Majestically elegant!

LADY.

The courtesan! That now I call vulgar.

PAGE.

I should like full well to be in his place.

COURTIER.

Who would not be caught in such a toil?

LADY.

The jewel has passed through many a hand; the gilding too is tolerably tarnished.

ANOTHER.

She has been good for nothing from her tenth year upwards.

KNIGHT.

Each takes the best he can as opportunity offers; I would stick by this lovely residue.

A MAN OF LEARNING.

I see her plainly, but I am free to own, it is a matter of doubt whether she be the right one. Her presence leads astray into exaggeration; I hold, before all, to what is written. There then I read: she particularly delighted all the grey beards of Troy; and in my opinion, that agrees exactly; I am not young, and yet she delights me.

ASTROLOGER.

Boy no longer, — a bold hero, he embraces her, who can scarcely get away from him. With vigorous arm he raises her on high. Will he really carry her off?

FAUST.

Confounded fool! Thou darest! Thou hearest not! hold! that is too much.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet thou thyself art making the silly spirit-play.

ASTROLOGER.

One word more! After all that has happened, I call the piece, The Rape of Helen.

FAUST.

What rape! Am I for nothing here. Is not this key in my hand. It led me hither to firm ground, through the horrors and the waves and billows of solitudes. Here do I plant my foot. These are realities. From hence the spirit is free to struggle with spirits, and prepare itself the double realm, the mighty one. Far off as she was, how can she be nearer. I will rescue her, and she is doubly mine. Be bold! ye Mothers! Mothers, ye must secure it me. Who has known her once, can never part from her again.

ASTROLOGER.

What art thou doing, Faust! With violent hand he seizes on her, the form is already troubled. He turns the key towards the youth, touches him! Woe to us, woe! Now — now!

(Explosion, Faust is stretched on the ground. The Spirit ascends in vapor.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Who takes Faust upon his shoulders.)

There you have it now! to burden himself with fools will at last bring the devil himself to shame.
(Darkness, tumult.)"

There is some spice of humor in parts of this scene, but Faust's burst of admiration at the appearance of Helen is in our opinion excelled by that which Marlowe has put into his mouth on a similar occasion. To give the reader the opportunity of comparison, we shall copy it :

(Enter Helen again, passing over between two Cupid

FAUSTUS.

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless tow'rs of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heav'n is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenburg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelans,
And wear thy colors on my plumed crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
— Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars:
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour."*

So ends the first act. At the commencement of the second we find Faust laid on an old-fashioned bed in his old study, with Mephistopheles attending him. "He whom Helen paralyses," says the latter, "comes not easily to his senses again." From a conversation between Mephistopheles and an attendant, it appears that, ever since Faust's disappearance, Wagner has lived on in his house, and has now attained to almost as great a reputation as his master. At the opening of the scene he has been long busied in his laboratory, endeavouring, like another Frankenstein, to discover the principle of life. To make the train of old associations complete, the Student, now a Bachelor, enters, and thus affords us an opportunity of seeing how far he has profited by Mephistopheles' advice. He is made to develope his own mental constitution as follows :

BACCALAUREUS.

"It is, in my opinion, mere presumption, that at the worst period man will be something, when man is no longer any thing. The life of man lives in the blood, and where does that stir as in the youngster? *That* is life-blood in fresh vigor which makes itself new life out of life. Then all

* "There is one passage more, which is so striking and beautiful, so like a rapturous and deeply passionate dream, that I cannot help quoting it here : it is the Address to the Apparition of Helen." — *Hazlitt's Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.*

is stirring, then something is done, the weak falls, the strong strides on. Whilst we have been winning half the world, what then have ye been doing? nodded, thought, dreamed, weighed, — plan, never any thing but plan! Of a surety, old age is a cold fever in the frost of capricious necessity. If a man has passed thirty years, then is he already as good as dead. It were best to put you to death betimes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The devil can add nothing to this.

BACCALAUREUS.

If I do not will it, there cannot be a devil.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside.*)

The devil, though, may come across you before long.

BACCALAUREUS.

This is youth's noblest calling! The world, it was not before I created it: I brought the sun up out of the sea; with me began the changeful course of the moon; the day decked itself on my account; the earth grew green and blossomed to meet me: at my nod, in that first night, the pomp of all the stars developed itself; who but I set you free from all the bonds of philisterlike* contracting thoughts? I, however, emancipated as my mind assures me, gladly pursue my inward light, and advance boldly, in a transport most peculiarly my own, — the clear before me, and the dark behind." (*Exit.*)

The readers of Madame de Staël's "Germany" will be at no loss to discover what Goethe is aiming at in the last speech of the Bachelor. The object is to quiz Fichte, who, on one occasion, is said by her to have pushed idealism to the length of saying that in the next lecture he was going to create God. Of course, all he meant was, that he was about to show how the idea of the Deity arose in the mind.

After this dialogue we are conducted into Wagner's laboratory, who has just succeeded in manufacturing an Homunculus, a clever little imp, incarcerated in a bottle, bearing a strong resemblance to the Devil upon Two Sticks. He is introduced apparently to act as a guide to the Classical Walpurgis Night; Mephistopheles, as has been already intimated, having no jurisdiction over the heathen world. Of this Classical Walpurgis Night itself, which occupies the next sixty or seventy pages, it is quite impossible to give any thing like a regular description or analysis; though the readers of the First Part of Faust may form some notion of it on being told, that it is formed upon pretty nearly the same plan as the wilder part of the scenes upon the Blocksberg, with the difference, that all the characters are classical. The number of these is prodigious. Besides other monsters of various sorts, we find Erichtho, the Sphynx, the Sirens, the Pigmies, the Nymphs, Chi-

* *Philester* is a cant term first brought into use by the students at the German universities. It is generally employed to designate a common-place prosaic sort of person, full of wise saws and modern instances.

ron, talking Dactyls, Lamisæ, Anaxagoras, Thales, Dryas, Phorkyas, Nereids, Tritons, Nereus, Proteus, and many other less familiar names, which it would be wearisome to recapitulate, all scattering apothegms or allusions at random, with (we say it with all due humility) very little immediate fitness or point.

The Helena, which in some sense may be considered a part of the Classical Walpurgis Night, follows, and forms the third act of the continuation. This was printed six or seven years ago, and has been pretty generally condemned as a failure. A full account of it, with ample extracts, appeared in the second number of "The Foreign Review," from the pen of a distinguished German scholar, whom we are also proud to call a contributor of our own. A very brief abstract is therefore all we think it now necessary to attempt.

Helen enters upon the stage (before the palace of Menelaus at Sparta,) accompanied by a chorus of captive Trojan women. From her opening speech it appears that she has just landed with her lord, who has sent her on before, and is expected to follow immediately. She has been directed to prepare all things for a sacrifice; but on entering the palace for this purpose, she encounters an apparition in the shape of a gigantic old woman, who, before Helen has well done relating what she had seen to the chorus, comes forth *in propria personâ*. This is Phorkyas, who begins by upbraiding Helen, and gets into a not very edifying squabble with her maids. But the main object is to frighten them away; with this view Phorkyas plays on Helen's fears by suggesting, that, amidst all the required preparations for the sacrifice, nothing had yet transpired as to the intended victim, and that the victim was most probably herself. It is further intimated that the chorus had nothing very pleasing to look forward to, and Menelaus' treatment of Deiphobus, whose nose and ears he cropped, is considerably alluded to in illustration of the Spartan chief's mode of dealing with his enemies. The plan succeeds, and the Queen consents to fly to a neighbouring country of barbarians, described in glowing colors by Phorkyas. Instantly clouds veil the scene, which shifts to the inner court of a town, surrounded by rich fantastic buildings of the middle ages. She is here received by Faust, the lord of the place, who appears dragging along one Lynceus, his watchman, in chains, for not giving due notice of the beauty's approach. Lynceus excuses himself in fine flowing verse, and receives his pardon as a matter of course. Faust makes good use of his time, and is rapidly growing into high favor with Helen, when Phorkyas rushes in with the tidings that Menelaus, with all his army, is at hand. Faust, exclaiming

"Nur der verdient die Gunst der Frauen,
Der kräftigst sie zu schützen weiss,"

which may be freely rendered, —

"None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair," —

starts up to encounter the enemy, but, instead of being turned into a battle-field, the scene changes into a beautiful Arcadian landscape, set round with leafy bowers, amongst which Faust and Helen contrive to lose themselves for a time. Whilst they are out of sight, Phorkyas converses with the chorus, and amongst other topics describes to them a beautiful Cupid-like sort of boy, called Euphorion, who directly afterwards comes forward with Helen and Faust. This youngster, after exhorting by turns all the party to merriment, and behaving with some rudeness to one of the young ladies of the chorus, who out of sheer modesty vanishes into air, springs upon a high rock, talks wildly about battles and warlike fame, and finishes by bounding up into the air, through which he darts like a rocket, with a stream of brightness in his train, leaving his clothes and lyre upon the ground. The act now hurries to a conclusion; Helen bids Faust farewell, and throws herself into his arms to give him a farewell kiss, but the corporeal part of her vanishes, and only her veil and vest remain in his embrace. These, however, also dissolve into clouds, which encircle Faust, lift him up on high, and finally fly away with him. Phorkyas picks up Euphorion's clothes and lyre, and seats herself by a pillar in the front of the stage. The leader of the chorus, supposing her to be gone for good and all, exhorts the chorus to avail themselves of the opportunity of returning to Hades, which they decline, saying, that as they have been given back to the light of the day, they prefer remaining there, though at the same time well aware that they are no longer to be considered as persons. One part profess an intention of remaining as Hamadryads, living among and having their being in trees; a second propose to exist as echoes; a third, to be the animating spirits of brooks; and a fourth, to take up their abode in vineyards. After this declaration of their respective intentions, the curtain falls, and Phorkyas, laying aside the mask and veil, comes forward in his or her real character of Mephistopheles, "to comment" (this is the stage direction) "so far as might be necessary, in the way of epilogue on the piece."

The fourth act is conversant with more familiar matters, but its bearing on the main action is equally remote. The scene is a high mountain. A cloud comes down and breaks apart: Faust steps forth and soliloquizes: a seven-mile boot walks up; then another: then Mephistopheles, upon whose appearance the boots hurry off, and we see and hear no more of them. A dialogue takes place between Faust and Mephistopheles, in the course of which it appears that Faust has formed some new desire, which he tells Mephistopheles to guess. He guesses empire, pleasure, glory, but it is none of them; Faust has grown jealous of the daily incroachments of the sea, and his wish is step by step to shut it out. Just as this wish is uttered, the sound of trumpets is heard; the cause is explained by Mephistopheles. Our old friend, the emperor, is advancing to encounter a rival, whom his ungrateful subjects have set up. Mephistopheles proposes to Faust to aid him and gain

from his gratitude the grant of a boundless extent of strand for their experiment, to which Faust apparently consents. Three spirits are called up by Mephistopheles, in the guise of armed men, to assist. Faust joins the emperor's army and proffers him the aid of his men. The fight commences, and is won by the magical assistance of Faust. Some of the changes of the battle are sketched with great force and spirit, as seen from the rising ground, where the emperor, Faust, and Mephistopheles are witnessing it. This, by the by, was Sir Walter Scott's favorite mode of describing ;* and there is hardly a description of any sort in the poem before us which is not placed in the mouth of some one looking down from a commanding point of view upon the scene. The last scene of the act is laid in the rebel emperor's tent, where several plunderers are busily engaged until disturbed by the entrance of the victorious emperor with four of his chiefs, each of whom he rewards with some post of honor. Then enters an archbishop, who reproaches the emperor for leaguering himself with sorcerers, and succeeds in extorting a handsome endowment for the church.

The first scene of the fifth and last act represents an aged couple (Baucis and Philemon by name), extending their hospitality to a stranger. From a few words which drop from them, it appears that their cottage stands in the way of Faust's improvements, and that, Ahab-like, he has already manifested an undue eagerness to possess himself of it. The next scene represents a palace, with an extensive pleasure-garden and a large canal. Faust appears in extreme old age, and plunged in thought. The subject of his meditations is the cottage of the old couple, which "comes him cramping in," and spoils the symmetry of his estate. A richly-laden vessel arrives, but the cargo fails to soothe him ; the little property which he does not possess would embitter, he says, the possession of a world. All is now deep night, and Lynceus the watchman is on his tower, when a fire breaks out in the cottage of the old couple, thus vividly described. It is Lynceus, looking down from his watch-tower, who speaks :

"But I am not placed up so high here solely for my own pleasure ; what a fearful horror threatens me from out the darkened world ! I see fire-sparks spouting through the double night of the lime-trees, and stronger and stronger rages a glow, fanned by the air-current. Ah ! the inner hut is blazing, which was so moss-covered and damp. Speedy aid is necessary ; no deliverance is at hand. Alas, the good old couple, in other times so careful about the fire, they are falling a prey to the conflagration. What a horrible adventure ! Flames are flaring, the black mossed building is reddening in the glow. If the good old people could but save themselves from the raging, burning hell ! Light, tongue-like flashes ascend between the leaves and branches ; dry boughs, which burn flaringly, glow a moment and fall in. Ought ye eyes of mine to witness it ? Am I doomed to be so far sighted ? The little chapel gives way under the fall and weight of

* Several instances are enumerated in Mr. L. Adolphus's delightful "Letters on the Author of Waverley," p. 242.

the boughs ; the winding tops are already wrapped in forked flames ; the hollow trunks, purple-red with the glow, are burning to the very roots.

(A long pause. — Song.)

What was once so grateful to the sight, is gone with the ages that are past."

Mephistopheles, with three sailors belonging to the vessel, has set fire to the cottage, and the old couple perish in the conflagration. Without any immediate connexion with the foregoing incidents, four grey old women are brought upon the stage — Guilt, Want, Care, and Misery, — and hold an uninteresting conversation with Faust. We have then Mephistopheles acting as overseer to a set of workmen (earthly as well as unearthly, it would seem) employed in consummating Faust's wish of limiting the dominion of the waves. We give the whole of the concluding part of the scene, rendered into as literal English as we could command, conceiving this to be one of those instances in which the matter is not more an object of curiosity than the form :

FAUST.

"A marsh extends along the mountain's foot, infecting all that is already won : to draw off the noisome pool, — the last would be the crowning success ; I lay open a space for many millions to dwell, not safely it is true, but in free activity : the plain, green and fruitful ; men and flocks forthwith made happy on the newest soil, forthwith settled on the mound's firm base, which the eager industry of the people has thrown up. Here within, a land like Paradise ; there without, the flood may rage up to the brim, and as it nibbles powerfully to shoot in, the community throngs to close up the openings. Yes, heart and soul am I devoted to this wish ; this is the last resolve of wisdom. He only deserves freedom and life who is daily compelled to conquer them for himself ; and thus here, hemmed round by danger, bring childhood, manhood, and old age their well-spent years to a close. I would fain see such a busy multitude, — stand upon free soil with free people. I might then say to the moment — 'Stay, thou art so fair !' The trace of my earthly days cannot perish in centuries. In the presentiment of such exalted bliss I now enjoy the most exalted moment.

(Faust sinks back : the Lemures take him up and placé him upon the ground.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No pleasure satisfies him, no happiness contents him, so is he ever in pursuit of changing forms : the last, the worst, the empty moment, the poor one wishes to hold it fast. He who withstood me so vigorously ! Time has obtained the mastery, here lies the greybeard in the dust ! The clock stands still !

CHORUS.

Stands still ! It is as silent as midnight. The index hand falls.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It falls ; it is concluded.

CHORUS.

It is past.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Past! a stupid word! Why past? Past and pure Nothing, perfect sameness. To what purpose then is eternal production; to bear away what is produced to nothingness. — 'There it is past.' What is to be read in that? It is as good as if it had never been, and yet it is driven round in the circle as if it were. I should therefore prefer the Eternally Void.

(*Burying.*)

LEMUR. — *Solo.*

Who has built the house so ill,
With shovels and with spades?

LEMURES. — *Chorus.*

With thee, dead guest, in hempen vest,
Matters have gone far too well.

LEMUR. — *Solo.*

Who has tended the saloon so ill,
Where were left table and chairs?

LEMURES. — *Chorus.*

It was borrowed for a short time,
There are so many creditors.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There lies the body, and if the spirit seeks to fly off, I will at once exhibit my blood-signed title; but unfortunately there are now so many modes of rescuing souls from the devil. On the old way, one is rudely encountered; on the new one, we are not favored. In other times I would have done it alone; now I am obliged to fetch helpers. Every thing goes wrong with us! Hereditary custom, ancient right, — nothing, absolutely nothing, is any longer to be depended upon. Formerly it flew out with the last breath: I lay in wait for it, and, like the quickest mouse, snap! I held it in my fast-closed claws. Now it lingers, and will not leave the gloomy spot, the loathsome dwelling of the wretched corpse: the elements which hate each other, they will drive it forth contemptuously in the end. And when I have been plaguing myself to death for hours and days — When? How? and Where? — that is the unlucky question — old Death lost the quick power — the Whether? has certainly long been doubtful. I often gazed longingly upon the stiff limbs; it was only seeming, it stirred, it revived again. (*Phantastical conjuration-gestures like a flugelman.*)

But come on boldly! Double your pace, ye of the straight, ye of the crumpled horn! From the old devil's block and grain bring the jaws of hell along with you. Hell, in truth, has many jaws! many! It yawns for rank and dignity. Yet even in this last sport folks will not be so skeptical in future. (*The horrible jaw of hell opens on the left.*)

Teeth gnash; from the vault of the gulf the fire-stream bursts ragingly forth, and in the seething vapor of the back-ground I see the flame-city in everlasting glow. The red conflagration darts up even to the teeth; damned souls, hoping salvation, swim up; but the hyena, with its colossal bulk, crushes them back, and they tread anew their scalding, agonizing path. In the corners much still remains to be unveiled, so much of the horriblest in the narrowest space! You do very well to terrify sinners, yet they hold it for falsehood, and delusion, and dreams.

(To the thick-set devils with short, straight horns.)

Now, ye big-bellied fellows, with the fiery cheeks, you glow so ruddily, fattened with hell's brimstone; clod-like, short, never-animated necks! Watch here below whether it shines like phosphorus. That is the soul, Psyche with the wings; if you tear them off, it is a filthy worm; I will put my seal upon it, then away with it into the fiery whirlwind.

Keep a watch on the lower regions, ye gullets, that is your duty; whether it prefers dwelling there, is not so precisely known. It likes living in the navel, — take care, or it will slip away from you there.

(To the parched devils with long, crumpled horns.)

Ye jolly boys, ye giants like flugelmen! grasp up into the air, try unceasingly; keep your arms ready, your claws sharp, that you may seize the fluttering, the evanescent. It is certainly but badly off in the old dwelling-place, and the Genius must soon come forth.

(Glory from above, to the right.)"

The Heavenly Host here chant a short hymn, formed of broken, unconnected sentences, which it is impossible to translate. Mephistopheles continues:

"I hear discordant sounds, revolting jangle; it comes, with unwelcome day, from above. It is the boyish, girlish strumming, such as methodistical tastes may approve. Ye know how we, in hours of deepest wickedness, meditated annihilation to the human race. The wickedest we invented, suits well with their devotion.

They come in glittering array, the boobies! Thus have they snatched many a one away from us, encountering us with our own weapons; they are devils too, but disguised. To lose on this occasion, were everlasting shame upon you: forward to the grave, and keep firm at the brink.

CHORUS OF ANGELS *(strewing roses.)*

Roses, ye dazzling, ye
Balsam diffusing,
Fluttering, hovering,
Mysteriously life-infusing,
Bewinged with little boughs,
Let loose from your buds,
Hasten to bloom.

Spring arise!
Purple and green;
Bear Paradise
Away to the resting one.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to the satanic crew.)*

What do you bend and tremble at? is that the wont of hell? Keep your ground then and let them strew. Every dolt to his place. They think perhaps to snow in the burning devils with such blossomings. It melts and shrivels at your breath. Now blow away. Enough; enough! the whole troop pales at the exhalations you send forth. Not so powerfully; close mouth and nose. In truth, you have blown too strong. That you should never know the true measure! That not only shrivels, it browns yonder, it burns! Already is it waving onwards with poisonously clear flames. Make head against it, draw yourselves firmly together. Their vigor vanishes! gone is all their courage! The devils feel the insinuating influence of the hitherto uncongenial glow.

ANGELS.

The blessed blossoms,
 The gladdening flames,
 Love do they diffuse,
 Bliss do they prepare.
 As heart could wish,
 Words the true ones,
 Ether in azure
 To the eternal Hosts
 Every where day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh curse, oh shame on such simpletons! The devils stand upon their heads, the clumsy fools turn head over heels, and tumble, stern foremost, into hell. Be the well-merited hot bath a blessing for you! I however remain at my post. — (*Contending with the hovering roses.*)

Will-o'the wisp, advance! thou, glitter as brightly as thou wilt, when grasped, thou remainest but a filthy jelly. Why flutterest thou? Wilt thou begone! It sticks like pitch and brimstone to my neck.

ANGELS. — (*Chorus.*)

What does not belong to you
 Must you avoid;
 What stirs your inmost soul
 May ye not bear.
 If it burst in by force
 We must take care.
 Love conducts
 Only lovers in here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My head, my heart, my liver burns; a super-devilish element, far sharper than the fire of hell! Therefore are ye such dreadful objects of pity, unfortunate lovers! who, scorned, gaze with twisted necks after the loved ones.

Me too! What draws my head to that side? I am moreover in sworn strife with you! Your aspect was in other times so bitterly hostile to me. Has something foreign to my nature come over me? I take a pleasure in looking at them, — the charming young creatures; what is it that forbids me to curse? And if I suffer myself to be befooled, who then will be called a fool for the future? These young rogues, whom I detest, they appear far too lovable to me! Ye lovely young creatures, tell me: are not ye too of Lucifer's race? Ye are so pretty, in truth I would fain kiss you. I feel as if you came quite *apropos*. It seems as pleasing, as natural, as if I had already seen you a thousand times, with your strange sort of kitten-like attractiveness. With every look do ye grow fairer and fairer. Oh come nearer, oh grudge me not a look!

ANGELS.

We are already coming, wherefore retreatest thou?
 We are coming nearer, abide if thou canst.

(*The angels, spreading themselves around, occupy the whole space.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who is driven into the Proscenium.*)

You rail at us as damned spirits, and you yourselves are the true wizards; for you lead both man and woman astray. What a cursed adventure! Is this love's element? My whole body is steeped in fire; I scarcely feel the burning in my neck. Ye wave hither and thither; but descend, move your sweet limbs a little more after the manner of the world. Assuredly, seriousness becomes you right well, but I would fain see you smile for once; that were to me an eternal delight. I mean, as when lovers look; a little turn of the mouth, and it is done. Thou tall youngster, thee could I be fondest of; the priestish air will not sit on you at all, so look at me a little more wantonly; you might also go more becomingly naked, the long robe is over-modest. They turn round,—seen from behind! The wenches are really too appetizing.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Turn to the azure light
Ye living flames!
Those who are damned
Let Truth make whole;
That they from the wicked one
Gladly may loose themselves;
In the All-Uniting
Blissful to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*composing himself.*)

What is come to me? Job-like, boil on boil, the whole fellow, who shudders at himself, and at the same time triumphs when he reviews his whole self, when he confides in himself and his stock: the noble parts of the devil are saved, the love-fit breaks out upon the skin. The abominable flames are already burnt out, and, as I ought, I curse you all together!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Flames of Holiness!
Whom they flit around,
Feels in the life
Blest with the good.
All united,
Arise and glorify;
The air is purified,
The Spirit may breathe!

(*They ascend, bearing off the immortal part of Faust.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking round.*)

But how? whither are they gone? Young as you are, you have overreached me. They have flown heavenwards with the booty; for this have they been nibbling at this grave! a great, singularly precious treasure has been wrested from me; the exalted soul which had pledged itself to me, this have they cunningly smuggled away from me. To whom must I now complain? who will regain my fairly won right for me. Thou art cheated in thy old days; thou hast deserved it; matters turn out fearfully ill for thee. I have scandalously mismanaged matters; a great outlay, to my shame, is thrown away; common desire, absurd amorousness, take possession of the out-pitched devil. And if the old one, with all the wisdom of experience, has meddled in this childish, silly business, in truth it is no small folly which possesses him at the close."

There is yet another scene of considerable merit in its way, in which several seraphic and Scriptural characters are introduced, singing in a sort of alternating chant;—amongst others, Margaret, now an angel in heaven, is seen rejoicing over the salvation of Faust; but the scene just quoted may be regarded as the virtual conclusion of the drama, and a most lame and impotent conclusion it is. We are wholly at a loss to conceive how the pleasure of draining bogs, or even of contending eternally for existence with the sea, could be of so exalted a nature as to make the bare anticipation of it sufficient to content a man who had run the whole round of sublunary enjoyment;—indeed Faust had only to be born a Dutchman to enjoy this last pleasure from the first. Still less can we understand why the devil is cheated of his due; for not one virtuous action, and scarcely one ennobling thought in addition to those which he started with, is any where attributed to Faust. His soul appears to have made little, if any, progress towards fitting it for that higher region it is wafted to; nor, to say truth, is there much in his adventures to inform or purify the mind or heart of any man.

Schiller, in a letter to Goethe, written in 1797, says:—“What troubles me is, that Faust, according to the plan, seems to demand even a totality of matter, if the idea is to appear fully developed in the end, and I know of no poetical band capable of holding so elastic a mass together.” Schelling went still further. In one of his lectures on *Æsthetics*, he stated that Goethe's Faust, like Dante's *Divine Comedy*, would consist of three parts; the first part, which was all that was then executed, he took to correspond with the *Inferno*, and avowed an expectation that the *Purgatory* and the *Heaven* would be regularly worked out. We shall therefore hardly stand alone in the expression of our disappointment at finding Faust hurried off to Heaven, after playing off a few tricks before an emperor, holding a flighty sort of intercourse with sundry characters of classical antiquity, burning out an old couple, and draining a bog. At the same time, it is right to forewarn the reader that the above mode of concluding the fable was deliberately resolved upon, and that Goethe was not dissatisfied with the consummation of his plan. This may be in part collected from the remarks on the *Helena*, published some years ago in the *Kunst und Alterthum*, and translated at length in the article in the *Foreign Review* already mentioned. But it is still more obvious from the following communication, which has but recently appeared, and bears so immediately upon the subject, that we think it right to quote it entire. In a letter to Meyer, dated Weimar, July 20th, 1831, Goethe writes as follows:—

“I have now arranged the second part of “Faust,” which, during the last four years, I have taken up again in earnest,—filled up chasms and connected together the matter I had ready by me, from beginning to end.

“I hope I have succeeded in obliterating all difference between Earlier and Later.

"I have known for a long time *what* I wanted, and even *how* I wanted it, and have borne it about within me for so many years as an inward tale of wonder, — but I only executed portions which from time to time peculiarly attracted me. This second part, then, must not and could not be so fragmentary as the first. The reason has more claim upon it, as has been seen in the part already printed. It has indeed at last required a most vigorous determination to work up the whole together in such a manner that it could stand before a cultivated mind. I, therefore, made a firm resolution that it should be finished before my birth-day. And so it was; the whole lies before me, and I have only trifles to alter. And thus I seal it up; and then it may increase the specific gravity of my succeeding volumes, be they what they may.

"If it contains problems enough (inasmuch as, like the history of man, the last solved problem ever produces a new one to solve), it will nevertheless please those who understand by a gesture, a wink, a slight indication. They will find in it more than I could give.

"And thus is a heavy stone now rolled over the summit of the mountain, and down on the other side. Others, however, still lie behind me, which must be pushed onwards, that it may be fulfilled which was written, 'Such labor hath God appointed to man.'"

We copy this from the third volume of Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics," which also contains an extract from one of Goethe's letters to M. Wilhelm von Humboldt, to the following effect :

"It is now above sixty years since the conception of "Faust" had a distinct preëxistence in my youthful mind, though the complete series lay less clearly before me. Now I have let the design slip softly by me, and have only worked out the passages most interesting to me, singly: so, that in the second part there are gaps, which it would be necessary to fill, in order to connect it with the rest in equal interest.

"But here came the great difficulty, — to accomplish that by plan and character, which the spontaneous activity of nature alone can properly attain to. It were not well, however, if, after so long a life of activity and reflection, even this were impossible; and I have no fear that people will be able to discriminate the old from the new, the former from the latter; but this we will leave future readers to decide."

There can be little doubt that many over-zealous admirers of Goethe, relying on the above passage in italics, will object that we are judging the poem superficially, and that there must be an under-stream of meanings, though we have not the ingenuity or profundity to discover it; a theory which is also rendered plausible by Goethe's avowed liking for the enigmatical. "Goethe," says Von Müller, "had a strong liking for the enigmatical, which frequently interferes with the enjoyment of his works. I have often heard him maintain that a work of art, especially a poem, which left nothing to divine, could be no true consummate work; that its highest destination must ever be to excite to reflection; and that the spectator or reader could never thoroughly enjoy and love it, but when it compelled him to expound it after his own mode of thinking, and to fill it up out of his own imagination." Here again we are borrowing from Mrs. Austin, who adds: "I remember long ago hearing a remark in which I then concurred, and see more

and more reason to think true, — that Goethe is the most *suggestive* of all writers."

In all this we perfectly concur; but there must be limits to the use of the enigmatical, and the suggestive faculty is of comparatively little value when it only speaks indefinitely and to a few. A thinking man may easily connect reflections on the great problems of life with almost every thing he reads or encounters in it, —

"To me the meanest thing that lives can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;"

and there are few subjects for which we cannot find analogies by long brooding over them or by setting our imaginations at work. For instance, some of the German critics asserted that Euphorion in the *Helena* was a type of Lord Byron, and eulogized the conception accordingly. The new "*Faust*," for aught we know, may be crowded with such allusions. All we mean to assert is, that it is mostly made up of scenes and characters, which no one, to the best of our belief, has yet succeeded either in explaining individually or connecting as a whole, and that a poem, which is a sealed book to all but the initiated, is chargeable with one of the greatest failings a poem can have. We have already mentioned the frequent felicity of the execution. Many of the songs and choruses, and almost all of the descriptive passages, are such as no other writer, dead or living, could have produced.

Faust has occupied so much more space than we anticipated, that we find it quite impossible to act upon our original intention of reviewing the other volumes at length. We must rest satisfied with stating generally what degree of entertainment or instruction the reader is to expect from them.

The contents of the second volume are entitled "*Geschichte Gottfriedens von Berlichingen mit der Eisernen Hand, dramatisirt*, (History of Gottfried von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, dramatized)"; and "*Götz von Berlichingen mit der Eisernen Hand, Schauspiel in Fünf Aufzügen, für die Bühne bearbeitet* (Götz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, Drama in Five Acts. Adapted for the Stage.)" As *Götz von Berlichingen* forms part of the last corrected edition of Goethe's works, of which the volumes before us are a continuation, nothing less than very important emendations, or striking points of difference, could well justify the filling of a whole volume in this manner; but on a careful comparison it will be found that *Götz von Berlichingen* of 1828 (of which year the volume of the complete edition, containing this drama, bears date) is essentially the same as the *Götz von Berlichingen* of 1832; and, what is still more astonishing, that the *History of Gottfried* is essentially the same as the *Drama of Götz*. It occupies precisely the same portion of time, is conversant with precisely the same prominent events, has the same beginning, the same middle, and the same end. In a word, it is not a *History of Gottfried* or *Götz*

von Berlichingen at all, but a third copy of the same drama with variations, — variations, be it remembered, just as slight as those which distinguish the two dramas bearing the denomination of Götz.* One of the most material points of difference between the three is the following. In the original drama we are left to imagine the fate of Adelheid, after hearing her doom pronounced by the Secret Tribunal of the Vehme.† In the History she is put to death upon the stage by an agent of the Secret Tribunal, who comes from under her bed in the dead of night. In the Drama adapted for the stage she is introduced soliloquizing in her bedchamber, immediately after parting with Franz: the shadow of a black, muffled form, armed with cord and dagger, appears to her; it becomes more and more palpable, and at length the real murderer steals in; but she alarms the house by her cries, and for the time is rescued from all but the terrors of remorse. This scene, with a Siddons to act in it, would be little inferior to the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth.

The third volume is made up of notes taken and letters written during a journey into Switzerland by Frankfort, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Tübingen, in the year 1797; and a journey on the Rhine, Maine, and Neckar, in the years 1814 and 1815. These are full of acute remarks and vivid descriptions; nor does Goethe confine himself to that class of subjects, which commonly occupy the whole attention of a traveller. Mixed up with accounts of natural scenery, buildings, paintings, and specimens of *virtu*, will be found, for instance, short essays on the arts of theatrical decoration and painting on glass, with catalogues *raisonnés* of Frankfort actors and Italian newspapers. Occasionally too the page is chequered by short pieces of poetry.

The fourth volume is made up of a variety of short essays on objects of art, — painting, sculpture, and architecture, — and concludes with two very singular little treatises: "On the so-called Dilettanteism or Practical Amateurship in the Arts," written in 1799; and "Rules for Players," not short and pithy like Hamlet's, but comprising the most minute directions for the management of both action and voice.

The fifth volume is a very interesting one; it contains between fifty and sixty short essays or criticisms on subjects of dramatic and general literature. The number renders even enumeration impracticable, but there are two which we cannot refrain from particularizing: an essay of about twenty pages, entitled "Shakespeare and No End," in which our great bard is systematically con-

* and reason for even varying the name, as the hero in question is called indiscriminately by each. The article devoted to the "Lexicon" begins "Gottfried or Götz von Berlichin-

at the scene in "Anne of Geierstein," where Oxford was suggested by this scene, though Sir Walter in his notes.

sidered as a poet generally, as a dramatic poet in particular, and in comparison with both ancient and modern competitors; and a review of the first edition (London, 1603) of *Hamlet*, which was reprinted at Leipsic in 1825, and is perhaps better known in Germany than amongst us. The article turns principally on the dress of the Ghost, who, in the old play, enters the queen's closet in his night-gown; but no one who remembers Goethe's remarks on *Hamlet*, in *Wilhelm Meister*, can help feeling interested in every thing upon that subject from his pen.

[Abridged from "The Monthly Review," for July, 1833.]

ART. III. — *Biographical Recollections of the Rev. Robert Hall, A. M.* By J. W. MORRIS. 1 Vol. 8vo. London. Wrightman. 1833.

THE claim of the author of this biography to take up the subject, consists in an intimate acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Hall for nearly half a century; and, were it not that we must apprehend a little too much prejudice for the object of his descriptions, we should say, that the paramount qualification for a biographer was found in the writer of the work before us. With very good reason was it, that Mr. Morris came to be selected by some of the chief friends of the Rev. Robert Hall to write the life of that eminent preacher; and they hoped to encourage him in the task by affording him materials which they believed would increase the value of the work. He tells us, that the volume would much sooner have been produced, were it not that he had been obliged to undertake to withhold it for two years, in order to give an opportunity for reprinting and getting into circulation the complete works of Mr. Hall. Having made these preliminary observations, we shall at once proceed to the subject of the biography.

On the 2d of May, in the year 1764, the Rev. Robert Hall was born in Arnsby, a small village, eight miles south of Leicester, in the house of his father, who had then but recently left the neighbourhood of Newcastle, to assume, at the village just mentioned, the duties of pastor of the Baptist chapel. From this village, Robert Hall was promoted to the seminary of Dr. Ryland, in Northampton, that gentleman being not only possessed of learning and talents, but of strong political sympathies with all struggles for liberty, particularly those of the American colonies, a fact which we deem it necessary to mention, inasmuch as his young charge fully imbibed the same love of liberty, and cherished it with unabated ardor during the remainder of his life. During the period of his pupilage at Northampton, our hero became an object of curiosity, and occasionally, too, of ridicule, in consequence of

that strange eccentricity of manner, which is usually the accompaniment of what is called absence of mind. If sent on a message, the obstinate boy arrived at the destined place, but with a complete oblivion of the subject; and when it was his turn to deliver orders to the tradesmen, the grocer and the butcher were almost every day obliged to make an exchange of papers, as Robert was always sure to deliver to the one the order which he should have left with the other. He must have had, with all this abstraction, a cheerful turn of mind; for it appears, that he did not think it beneath him to indulge in a hoax. One day, a farmer's servant brought to Robert's father a sucking pig, as a present, in a bag. Whilst the servant went in to deliver his message, the bag was left outside, when the young wag took out the pig, and placed a dog in its place. The result need scarcely be told, and every body laughed at the amazement of the poor rustic, when he saw the terrible proof of animal transmutation before him.

In October, 1770, Mr. Hall was introduced to Bristol Academy, and was induced to deliver, at Broadmede, a public discourse, when he scarcely had attained his fourteenth year. Afterwards, whenever, during his collegiate course, he visited Clipstone, he was compelled to give his services as a preacher: but the congregation had sad work of it to keep the eccentric preacher to time. Sometimes, when the hour appointed for the sermon had arrived, the pulpit was seen to be empty, and, in not a few cases, the cause of the absence was either that he had unwittingly burned off his skirts by going too close to the fire, or mislaid his hat. In the same way, at the Academy, the eccentric young man was in the habit of taking the paper, with pens and ink, of his fellow-students, a habit of incursion which might have been tolerated, if not put down; but the misfortune was, that the delinquent went farther, for he sometimes transferred from their keeping the contents of a wardrobe. The principal of the Academy soon corrected all this, for he invited the pupil into his private study every morning, where every thing was provided that was necessary for his accommodation. In addition to these curious traits in his character, the young preacher showed, on many occasions, a daring and adventurous spirit; he was fond of climbing the loftiest trees, and would plant his foot upon the edge of some deep and dangerous eminence, to show that he could not be intimidated. The nature of the dangers which he courted, may be inferred from an example, the account of which rests on his own authority:

"It having been customary to admit into the Academy at Bristol a limited number of Welsh students, whose different habits and odd construction of the English language often afforded diversion to the other inmates, it is said that our hero contrived to frighten one of them by descending the chimney of the room where he was sitting, and presenting himself to the retired and contemplative Welshman, covered with soot and dirt. The circumstance having been mentioned to Mr. Hall nearly fifty years afterward, in the expectation that so improbable a statement would have met a direct denial, he immediately replied, 'By no means: the tale is true

enough, except that it was no part of my design to disturb the inoffensive Welshman, who was sufficiently alarmed, certainly, at my unexpected appearance through such an aperture. But having observed with what ease and celerity a sweep would present himself at the chimney-top, I was desirous of ascertaining by what means such an extraordinary feat was accomplished. Unfortunately, I began at the wrong end of the business. I ascended the roof of the building by a ladder, and then climbed outside the highest chimney, in order to descend through it to the bottom. The attempt nearly cost me my life. On entering the top of the chimney I slipped down several yards, was almost suffocated with dust and soot, and some severe contusions of the head and elbows were the consequence of this imprudent adventure.' If the excruciating pain he endured throughout the greater part of life had not its origin in some unperceived injury of an early date, there can be little doubt but it was much increased by the serious accidents to which he was continually liable, and which might account for the different forms of affliction with which he was visited." — pp. 40, 41.

A fund existed amongst the Baptists of Bristol for the purpose of sending students to the University of Aberdeen. Young Hall was fortunate enough to be selected as an object well worthy the application of a suitable portion of the funds, and at the age of seventeen entered King's College, Old Aberdeen, where he afterwards kept up a close intercourse with another student, whose name is now enrolled in the illustrious catalogue of public benefactors: we mean, the late Sir James Mackintosh. Mr. Hall, after leaving Aberdeen, accepted the office of assistant-minister at Broadmede. At this period the religious world was much divided in its conclusions, as to the merits of the works of Priestley. The young clergyman of Broadmede confessed his conversion to materialism, to which it is now admitted, that he added a belief in Arminianism, although some say, that he never completely received the doctrine which goes by that name. His congregation took alarm, and they testified their apprehensions in such a way as to impose on Mr. Hall the necessity of considering the propriety of retiring from the place. He soon decided on his course; and as a seasonable vacancy for a minister occurred at Cambridge at this time, Mr. Hall immediately resigned his cure at Broadmede, and very properly stated his reasons for abandoning the station. He declared, in the statement which he drew up, that he was no Calvinist, that he did not maintain the federal headship of Adam, or the penal imputation of sin to his posterity, but was of opinion that guilt was wholly personal, and that he could not apprehend condemnation in the next world, save only in consequence of our own bad actions. Mr. Hall, however, added that he was a firm believer in the proper deity of Christ, and in the efficiency of his atonement, and that atonement is the only ground of a sinner's acceptance with God, to the exclusion of good works. "It has been held out to some," he adds, "that I am not a Baptist. I am, both in respect to the subject and to the mode of this institution, a Baptist. To apply this ordinance to infants, appears to me a perversion of the intention of the sacred institution. The primitive, the regular, and proper mode

of administration, I take to be *immersion*. Still it appears to me that sprinkling, though an innovation, does not deprive baptism of its essential validity, so as to put the person that has been sprinkled *in adult age* upon a footing with the unbaptized. The whole of my sentiments amounts to this: I would not myself baptize in any other manner than by immersion, because I look upon immersion as the ancient mode; that it best represents the meaning of the original term employed, and the substantial import of this institution; and because I should think it right to guard against a spirit of innovation, which, in positive rites, is always dangerous and progressive; but I should not think myself authorized to rebaptize any one who has been sprinkled in adult age. I shall only remark, in addition to what I have already said upon this point, that if it be a sufficient objection to my union with a Baptist congregation, then, as all Christendom is composed of Baptists or Pedobaptists, it amounts to my exclusion, as a minister, from every Christian society throughout the whole earth; an interdict equally absurd and inhuman, founded upon a conduct merely negative, in chimerical situations seldom or never likely to occur."

The misfortunes of Mr. Hall at the period we speak of, were not limited to his misunderstanding with his congregation; for, just at the same crisis, he felt all the tortures of a disappointment in love. His addresses had been some time previously encouraged by a Miss Steel, who, at the very moment when he counted most confidently on her sincerity, gave a practical proof of her indifference to him, by accepting the hand of a richer and higher candidate. The conduct of the young lady afterwards considerably heightened the mortification of the deluded lover, for she scornfully laughed at his sorrows. Mr. Hall, even his most partial friends must allow, betrayed great weakness of character in connexion with this love affair.

But it was not long before he was roused from this thralldom by the influence of that intense agitation of the country, to which the breaking out of the French revolution gave rise. Mr. Hall soon found himself impelled to take a part in the political scene, for the fears of government induced it to adopt a variety of precautions which were calculated to interfere with every man's liberty; besides which, the blind partisans of the Tory party began a system of moral persecution against all Dissenters, whom they considered as only a set of revolutionists in disguise.

About the year 1802, the friends of Mr. Hall perceived a disposition, of a very marked character, about him, which denoted great mental depression. This state of mind was particularly indicated in his letters to his intimate acquaintance, but especially in those addressed to Mr. Morris, the biographer, who tells us, that some of these letters "elicited some of the diagnostics of an approaching attack on the *branular* system." The peace of Amiens again roused the slumbering intellect of Mr. Hall; and, on the day appointed for thanksgiving, he poured forth from the pulpit one of the most elo-

quent of his productions, exhibiting, in glowing colors, the chief calamities produced by war. The duration of this healthy interval was but short, and Mr. Hall was forced, by severe indisposition, to retire altogether from his duties. He had scarcely renewed his duties, after a partial recovery, when his disease again returned, and the symptoms were decidedly manifested of insanity. He was secluded in Bristol, but soon recovered again. Mr. Morris gives the following account of his predilection for tobacco, a commodity which Mr. Hall believed to be favorable to the relief of his disorder :

“ Previous to this illness, Mr. Hall contracted the habit of smoking, of which he was remarkably fond, and thought it tended a little to relieve the pain he so constantly endured. A curious colloquy arose out of this circumstance soon after his admission, which shows his ingenuity in endeavouring to obtain the privilege of a pipe, and the severity of his sarcasms when provoked by disappointment. Being invited to dine with the medical gentleman in company with other convalescents, he on the first day said, ‘ Do you know, Sir, which is the finest plant in all the universe ? ’ The doctor answered no, he did not know : he had not devoted much time or attention to botany. ‘ Do you know which it is, Mr. Hall ? ’ ‘ Yes, yes,’ he quickly replied : ‘ that is easily discovered — it is tobacco, certainly.’ The hint did not take effect, and he remained silent and dejected all that day. On the next opportunity he renewed the inquiry. ‘ Doctor, do you know the finest *scent* that ever accosted the nostrils of man ? ’ ‘ I cannot tell you immediately : but is it snuff, Mr. Hall ? ’ ‘ Snuff, snuff ! No, no, Sir ; it is the fume of tobacco.’ Having received no favorable answer, he continued silent the remainder of the day. These attempts to obtain a pipe proving unsuccessful, he the next time put the question in still plainer terms. ‘ Doctor, do you ever smoke ? ’ ‘ No, certainly not,’ was the reply. ‘ Then, Sir, you are an object of profound compassion and commiseration. Why, doctor, you are destitute of the finest of our *six* senses.’ The doctor politely thanked him, but assured him, that he needed not his compassion. Mr. Hall, attempting to justify his remark, replied, ‘ Why, Sir, would you not pity a man, who had not the sense of seeing, hearing, or smelling ? And as you have not the sense of smoking, you are an object of the profoundest pity and compassion.’ On the fourth day he openly requested the favor of a pipe, and could take no rest till he had obtained it. But he received for answer, ‘ You have been long enough in this establishment to know, Sir, that the rules do not allow of smoking.’ ‘ I have : and what is the reason for that, doctor ? ’ ‘ Because,’ replied the doctor, ‘ it was thought to have a tendency to increase the malady which prevails in this house.’ ‘ No, no,’ was responded ; ‘ that indeed is not the reason. The true reason is, because the president of this establishment is a great blockhead ! ’

“ Mr Hall’s propensity for smoking increased so much upon him after this period, that he might be found occupied with a pipe most hours of the day. In his own apprehension the sedative effects of tobacco were beneficial to his health, tending to alleviate that excessive pain under which he labored, or in some measure to divert his attention from it. A friend having presented him with a portable and capacious box for the purpose, he seldom went from home without providing himself with an ample store of *kynaster* ; and even when travelling outside a coach, which he commonly preferred, a pipe was frequently his companion. Unable to continue long in bed, from the increasing pain it produced, he was in the habit of rising very early, and lying on the hard floor, and amusing himself with a pipe and a book. One dark winter’s morning his candle went out ; and as he could

nowhere be found about the house, the family became alarmed; but just as some were going out with a lantern to search for him, he made his appearance, saying he had traversed the streets to find a watchman to light his pipe; so essential was this little indulgence to his personal comfort. He took nothing whatever with his pipe, but swallowed the saliva as a sort of medicine." — pp. 181 – 183.

Shortly after these events, Mr. Hall thought, that the most prudent course he could adopt was to retire to Enderby; and during his stay in that place he was on one occasion solicited by a brother clergyman of Clipstone, to accompany him to that place. Mr. Hall obstinately resisted the application: but some strange influence seemed to be at work in urging the clergyman to prevail on Mr. Hall to proceed to Clipstone. At length, a horse and gig were sent to Enderby; and, to his own astonishment, Mr. Hall was literally forced into the vehicle, and violently carried over to Clipstone. But here strange events, in which he was to be involved, waited on him; and during his short and reluctant visit, he found himself smitten with the charms of a young lady living in the house which was fixed as his temporary residence. But the subsequent account of this female leaves us in great doubt as to her qualifications. It seems, that, after Mr. Hall had declared himself her lover, she was sent to receive "educational advantages," under the care of a family named Edmunds; and this discipline was continued for several months. But it does not appear, that the lady was altogether purified sufficiently to fulfill the duties which the character of Mr. Hall's wife naturally imposed upon her, for we find, on all occasions, when company was present, that Mrs. Hall did not grace the table. On these occasions the husband used to say, "My wife, Sir, is quite well: but she is a perfect Martha, careful and cumbered about many things." Mr. Hall may have seen reason to be contented with this state of relation between himself and his wife, but in our humble judgment the proper place at the head of her table was foolishly forfeited by Mrs. Hall; and we have no hesitation in saying, that it was highly culpable in her husband to permit her habitual absence.

Another of the most important changes in Mr. Hall's life now succeeded: we mean, his appointment to a Baptist chapel in Leicester. Here he laid the foundation of that substantial renown, which attaches to his name, and which is sure to be eternal. His talents, his energies, his simple and sincere piety, here had their fullest scope; and at the period when the missionary societies were first put in operation, Mr. Hall supported them with the most earnest zeal. He paid the most particular attention to the various parts of the missionary system; and by every means in his power sought to establish rules of general application, which the ministers might take as the guide of their proceedings.

Having amply described Mr. Hall in his public capacity, Mr. Morris devotes a considerable portion of this work to an account of the reverend gentleman in his personal and domestic character.

Mr. Hall is represented as being uniformly and ardently on the popular side in politics ; and one of the last public documents which he signed was a Bristol petition in 1831, which prayed for vote by ballot. The gentleman who gave this fact to Mr. Morris added, that Mr. Hall would not be content with a verbal explanation of the nature of the petition from those who called on him for his signature, but that he rose from his sick bed, and, eagerly perusing the petition, when he came to the expression " vote by ballot," — " Ay, that 's right," said he, and wrote his name with apparent satisfaction.

Mr. Hall's life was characterized by great attention to the poor. To administer consolation of the spiritual or pecuniary kind, he was ever ready to make sacrifices. No one interested himself more in the history of destitute families, and no one knew better how to supply their necessities with better skill and greater delicacy than this minister.

The manner of Mr. Hall in reading the Scriptures was peculiar. He employed no cadences, and instead of letting his voice fall at the end of a sentence, he kept it up at the full pitch, and indicated the conclusion of a period by a pause. In justifying this practice, Mr. Hall was in the habit of quoting the authority of the professor at Aberdeen, who always urged the boys to continue the same elevation of voice to the end of the sentence, as it was best calculated to render the closing words audible at a distance.

It would seem that Mr. Hall was well versed in miscellaneous literature ; and a curious conversation at an evening party is given by Mr. Morris, in which the celebrated preacher delivered a variety of criticisms, proving how intimately he was acquainted with some of the most remarkable works of the day. Of Mrs. Hannah More, he declared that her style was exceedingly faulty, and exhibited a constant affectation of point ; that she too servilely followed Dr. Johnson's rule about contrast, and fatigued her readers with an eternal round of antithesis, which, after all, were merely figures of words, rather than ideas. With respect to the lady's conversation, Mr. Hall estimated it at nearly the same price, saying that she seemed to be always lying in wait for opportunities to make some pointed, sententious remark ; still he admitted that the manners of Mrs. More were perfectly proper, and that nothing eccentric or affected could be discovered in her behaviour.

Miss Edgeworth came in for a considerable share of Mr. Hall's pious hostility. " She is the most irreligious writer I ever read, Sir," said the reverend critic, " not so much from any direct attacks she makes on religion, as from a universal and studied omission of the subject. In her writings you meet with a high strain of morality. She delineates the most virtuous characters, and represents them in the most affecting circumstances in life ; in distress, sickness, and even in the immediate prospect of eternity, and finally sends them off the stage with their virtue unimpaired ; and all this without the remotest allusion to religion. She does not

directly oppose religion, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting a perfect virtue without it. No works ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind. I did not expect to find any irreligion in Miss Edgeworth's writings. I was off my guard — their moral character disarmed me. I read, Sir, nine volumes of them at once ; but I could not preach with any comfort for six weeks after reading them. I never felt so little ardor in my profession, or so little interest in religion.

The observations of Mr. Hall on Barrow's Sermons are particularly judicious: these productions are fine dissertations on moral philosophy ; but a man may read them for ever without receiving the least glimpse of his own situation as a sinner, or comprehending the nature of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Barrow is very accurately represented as having limited himself entirely to an appeal to the reasoning powers, never scarcely employing the means which are calculated to break down the impediments to the admission of truth to the heart, and which lie principally in the affections, the passions, and the imagination. Of Mr. Irving's first publication, entitled "The Oracles of God," Mr. Hall very coolly said, "Well, if these orations are really eloquent, we are all wrong; our standard of eloquence is wrong ; all the great masters were wrong : Demosthenes, and Cicero, with Fox, Burke, Sheridan, &c. were egregiously mistaken in their views of oratory.

The deportment of Mr. Hall in the pulpit was always solemn, and appeared to be modified by a deep sense of the presence of some awful power. He announced the text in a feeble and rapid manner, and was sometimes inaudible to the greater portion of his audience. The general topic was then announced ; but the preacher hesitated, sometimes introduced a voluntary cough or two to obtain time. He had no oratorical action, and the movements to which he was impelled at no period exceeded those of an occasional lifting or waving of the right hand, or an alternate retirement to and advance from the back of the pulpit. His countenance became finely expressive in his impassioned moments.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1833."]

[The "Bridgewater Treatises," so far as they have been published (we mean those by Wheeler, Kidd, Bell, and Chalmers), are of a character to disappoint any high expectations. From the accounts which we have seen of them, and from what we have ourselves read, we should judge that it would have been no loss to theology or to the cause of religion, had they not appeared.

We have as yet, however, found no notice of any one of them worth extracting except the following, relating to the work of Dr. Chalmers. That Dr. Chalmers should have been selected to write on any branch of the evidences which nature and providence afford of the perfections of God, and that he should have accepted the appointment, is in itself a remarkable phenomenon. No individual has probably spoken more contemptuously of all such reasoning. In one of his most noted works, on the Evidences of Christianity, first published in

the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," he maintains, and that strenuously, repeating his doctrine in many different forms of assertion, that we can draw no conclusion respecting the character and government of God from the phenomena of nature and of his ordinary providence; that those are subjects concerning which we can form no probable opinion except upon the authority of revelation. "Any previous conceptions of ours are," he tells us, "of no more value than the fooleries of an infant." "There is perhaps nothing," he says, "more thoroughly beyond the cognizance of the human faculties, than the truths of religion, and the ways of that mighty and invisible Being who is the object of it." "We have experience of man but we have no experience of God." "It is not for man to assume what it is proper or right or natural for the Almighty to do." "The understanding of an atheist," he affirms, "of one who would not be startled though the Supreme Power, discovered to us by revelation, should be an arbitrary, an unjust, or malignant being, is in a high state of preparation for taking in Christianity in a far purer and more scriptural form, than can be expected from those whose minds are tainted and preoccupied with their former speculations."

All reasoning, therefore, from the works of nature or providence in proof of the perfections of God is not only foolish but mischievous. We have not learned that Dr. Chalmers has ever retracted what we in our turn may be permitted to call this foolish and mischievous doctrine. Yet it is that very train of reasoning, which he has been selected to pursue, and about which he has written two octavo volumes. Certainly the absurdity is great;—and the contradiction is very glaring when we find him in these volumes *asserting* over and over again, that certain phenomena in nature "demonstrate" the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. — EDD.]

ART. IV. — *On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Condition of Man.* By the Rev. T. CHALMERS, D. D. (Bridgewater Treatise.)

It appears by the dedication, that Dr. Chalmers was recommended as the writer of this treatise by the Bishop of London; and certainly his high station in literature, and his numerous publications connected with theological inquiries, and subjects treating of the moral and intellectual habits of mankind, would seem to have sufficiently authorized the judicious selection of the Professor. But we think that the main defect of this essay is, that it has spread beyond the proper boundaries of its subject, and has wandered into inquiries, curious indeed, but not falling within the scope of the title assigned. We think that Dr. Chalmers is himself aware of this; for he commences his Preface with an attempt to show, that there is no *want of conformity* between the subject of the essay, and the title; but he has not proved it. He says, "that he could not expound the adaptation of external nature to the mental constitution of man, till he had made manifest in some degree what that constitution was." But does he mean to say, that philosophy had never analysed the mental elements before? Does he mean to say, that he has thrown any new light on the conformation of the intellect, or the structure of the moral habits? He might as well have said, he could not treat of the adaptation of *external nature*, until he had given us a new definition of that nature, which indeed he has done, and a most unphilosophical one it is. As he advances, the Doctor owns that he has deviated from his proper and assigned task; and so much so, that more than half the first

volume is passed, before he even enters on the real subject of discussion. To cover this error, he has commenced by a metaphysical disquisition on the meaning of *external nature*, which he extends to every thing but the *MIND of the individual himself*, thus including what he calls the *mental*, as well as *material* world; or the influence of mind on mind. This, he says, will give him possession of a much larger territory, and enable him to trace the marks of a divine intelligence in the mechanism of human society, and in the frame-work of the social and economical systems to which men are conducted. The truth is, we believe, that the Doctor's pursuits, and habitual reflections and studies, inclined him, rather than fitted him, for the investigations he has pursued, in preference to those which he ought to have followed in the direct line of his subject. We do not think the Doctor at all at home in the subtle investigations of metaphysical analyses, or in the straight and severe inquiries which alone lead to the sequestered abode of Truth. Certain we are, that his manner of expression is any thing but philosophical; but of that hereafter. But had he, as we think he ought, given a closer attention to the thesis allotted to him, and taken an extensive and philosophical survey of the various ways in which *external nature* (i. e. that which is external to *all*, not to *one*, not external by accident, but in its essence; the mind not being the more external, because seated in a bosom or brain other than our own), taken in its plain, acknowledged sense, acts upon the faculties, arouses the energies, influences the feelings, operates on the destinies, calls out the wants, or satisfies the desires, moulds the character, and affects the happiness of the human race; it would have required not only a comprehensive circle of *new* studies, but a most delicate selection of the *essential* from the *incidental*, a profound knowledge of human nature, and an accurate acquaintance with the diversified forms in which it is seen, and the circumstances in which it is placed. We should presume that this is the view of the subject, which those who prepared the essay had before them, — an inquiry how far *the present system of the earth, as distinguished from those that have passed away, climate, diversity of soil, variety of objects, the division of land and sea, the situation of the heavenly bodies, the duration of the life of man, the relation to him of the inferior inhabitants of the globe, act upon the human mind, and what religious impressions are generated from the visible creation around him.*

We think that no author could complain, that a sufficiently extensive and curious field of investigation would not be opened to him, from inquiries so diversified as these, while they would have afforded a delightful and not too difficult subject of reflection to his readers. Instead of this, Dr. Chalmers divides his work thus, after fifty pages of introduction :

1. On the Supremacy of Conscience.
2. On the inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous, and Misery of the Vicious Affections.

3. On the Power and Operation of Habit.

These disquisitions must be considered as totally irrelevant to the proper subject of inquiry, unless the author can persuade his readers, that the words *external nature* comprehend not only the *material world*, but also the dispositions, and affections, and feelings of the human mind; in fact, all that is *external to one individual mind*. But taking it, as he does, for granted, that his definitions are correct, his whole essay is in fact a *disquisition on the moral powers, and mental faculties, nothing more nor less*, with some observations on the affections and habits which act upon the structure, or influence the well-being, of society. Under this head, are some judicious but not novel remarks on the effect of *Tithes* and *Poor Laws*. The author however again starts off from his track, and plunges into an abstract speculation on the connexion between the *intellect* and the *will*; with a digression on the difference between *will* and *desire*; on *attention* as a faculty of the mind; and he closes his book with a dissertation "on the Defects and Uses of Natural Theology."

It will be seen that we have openly and honestly spoken our opinion on the plan of this work, and that we have considered it as widely deviating from its subject, and consequently laying itself open to animadversion. The author's mind, we believe, was familiar with the moral and economic subjects which he discusses; they have formed the basis of many of his works, and have been his favorite theme. We do not consider them as at all devoid of the highest interest, nor do we say that they are not treated of on the best and highest principles; but they ought not to have formed the ground-work of a treatise on the effects of the *material world on the mind of man*. We must also (as we are great fault-finders) say, that too much of these disquisitions is declamatory, rhetorical, and diffuse; dwelling long and earnestly, and with much amplification of argument, on points that a philosophical mind would have either considered as already settled, or passed over in brief and rapid consideration. There is much that would be reckoned as suitable, if unfolded in the moral and religious disquisitions of the *pulpit*; but that we think too common-place, or too much enlarged on, for a treatise that ought to have been elaborated with the greatest care. Such, for instance, are the arguments addressed to those who wish to consider the character of the Deity as formed of universal, and perfect, and all-absorbing tenderness and benevolence. Now really this would be, as we have often heard it, a fit subject for a preacher, addressing himself to persons of no superior powers of reflection or thought; but it ought not to have been pushed forward into such prominence here; and this we say also of some other disquisitions.

While, therefore, we give all the praise in our humble power to bestow, to the purity of the Doctor's principles, the goodness of his feelings, the soundness of his doctrines, the excellence of his advice, and even sometimes the vigor and brilliancy of his expositions; we must at the same time loudly protest against the *style* in

which he has thought fit to array his thoughts. It is (we speak charitably) the very worst we ever read, devoid of grammar, of idiom, of grace, of elegance; sometimes vulgarly low, but generally inflated and pompous; full of cumbrous ornament and glitter; perfectly anti-philosophical, abounding in words we never heard this side the Tweed, and which would be much better fitted for a Glasgow pulpit, than an academic treatise. We had marked many of these objectionable passages; but the task was unpleasant and invidious, and they increased too fast on our hands. We are perfectly certain, that Dr. Chalmers never formed *his taste* on the study of our great English writers; but we see everywhere traces in it, of pulpit-composition, of that style whose object is to arrest the attention, to arouse the feelings, to fill the imagination, and to satisfy the ear, even at the expense of that correctness, and elegance of refined sensibility, which ought to form the groundwork of every good style. Mr. Fox found how much his habits of oratory had disqualified him from possessing that chaste and more reserved manner which history demanded. We conceive that even in a greater degree Dr. Chalmers's attractions as a popular preacher have injured him as a writer. However, we will say no more. He has, in his own country, examples the finest that can be produced. He has the plain conciseness of Reid, the classical force and elegance of Adam Smith, the melodious and measured flow of Dugald Stuart, and above all, the native graces, the refined simplicity, the beauty, the delicacy, the reserved and polished eloquence of Hume. Had he studied the last-mentioned author alone, we consider that his Essay would have been, in its philosophical analysis, and its phraseology, very different from what it is.

ART. V. — *Memoirs of Baron Cuvier*. By Mrs. R. LEE (formerly Mrs. T. Ed. Bowdich). 8vo. pp. 351. London, 1833. Longman & Co. 12s.

MRS. LEE's volume is divided into four parts; the first containing all the leading circumstances of Cuvier's life; the second an account of his works; the third the history of his legislative career; and the last, anecdotes illustrative of his character. The summary of his life is given in the following chronological list.

A. D.

1769. (*August 23*) Born.

1779. Entered the Gymnase of Montbéliard.

1784. (*May 4*) Entered the Académie Caroline, in the University of Stuttgart.

1788. Left Stuttgart to return to Montbéliard.

Entered as tutor into the family of Count d'Hericy, in Normandy.

1793. Death of M. Cuvier's mother.

1795. (*Spring*) Came to Paris.

Appointed Membre de la Commission des Arts.

Appointed Professor at the Central School of the Panthéon.

A. D.

1795. (*July*) Made assistant to M. Mertrud, and entered the Jardin des Plantes; sent for his father and brother; commenced the *Gallerie d'Anatomie comparée*.

(*December*) Opened his first course of lectures, at the Jardin des Plantes, on Comparative Anatomy.

1796. Made a Member of the National Institute.

1798. Proposal made to M. Cuvier, by Count Berthollet, to accompany the expedition to Egypt, which offer was refused.

1800. Appointed Professor at the Collège de France, on which M. Cuvier resigned the chair at the Central School of the Panthéon.

Elected Secretary to the class of Physical and Mathematical Sciences of the Institute.

1802. Named one of the six Inspectors-General of Education (*Études*).

Went to Marseilles, &c. to found the Royal Colleges.

1803. Made perpetual Secretary to the Class of Physical and Mathematical Sciences of the Institute.

Resigned Inspector-Generalship of Education.

Married to Madame Duvaucel.

1827. (*June 14*) Appointed Censor of the Press; which appointment was instantly refused.

Charged with the government of all the non-Catholic religions.

1828. (*September 28*) Death of Mademoiselle Clementine Cuvier.

1830. Resumed lectures at the Collège de France.

Paid a second visit to England.

1832. Created a Peer.

(*May*) Appointed President of the entire Council of State.

(*May 13*) Death.

We shall merely select a few passages from the characteristic anecdotes, as proof of the talent with which Mrs. Lee has produced this interesting biography.

"No one enjoyed a ludicrous circumstance more than he did; no one was happier at the performance of a comedy; for, when I was living in Paris, a ridiculous afterpiece was frequently represented on the stage, called "*Le Voyage à Dieppe*," in which the professors of the Jardin des Plantes were brought forward in the most amusing way possible; and such was M. Cuvier's uncontrollable risibility at its performance one evening, that the people in the pit several times called out to him to be quiet. The nerves of M. Cuvier were particularly irritable by nature, and frequently betrayed him into expressions of impatience, for which no one could be more sorry than himself, the causes of which were immediately forgotten; and the caresses and kindnesses which were afterwards bestowed, seldom seemed to him to speak sufficiently the strength of his feelings at his own imperfection.

"That love of order which so prevailed in great things, was, by M. Cuvier, carried even into the minutiae of life. His dissecting dress, it is true, was not of brilliant appearance, but it was adapted to the occasion; in this he would frequently walk about early in the summer mornings, in the open air, or pace up and down the galleries of anatomy; but on all other occasions his toilette was adjusted with care. He himself designed the patterns for the embroidery of his court and institute coats, invented all the costumes of the university, and drew the model for the uniform of the council, which drawing accompanied the decree by which it was established. I was very anxious to see him in his university robes; and having mentioned my wish, he came into the room where I was sitting, when decked in all the paraphernalia for a grand meeting. The long, flowing gown of rich, violet-colored velvet, bordered with ermine, added to his

height, and concealed the corpulence of his figure; the cap, of the same materials, could not confine his curls; and, brilliant with his ribands and his orders, the outward appearance fully accorded with the internal man.

— “He could not bear to be inactive for an instant; and once, while sitting for a portrait which was to face the quarto edition of his ‘Discours sur les Révolutions du Globe,’ Mlle. Duvaucel read to him the ‘Fortunes of Nigel.’ He had a map of London at his elbow, which the artist allowed him occasionally to consult; and the Latin of King James often excited a smile, which was a desirable expression for the painter; but unhappily the engraver was not a faithful copyist, and this published portrait is any thing but a resemblance.

“One thing used particularly to annoy him, which was, to find an Englishman who could not speak French. It gave him a restraint, of which many have complained, but which, on these occasions, solely arose from a feeling of awkwardness on his own part at not being able to converse with his foreign guest.

“No one ever rendered greater justice to the merit of his predecessors or contemporaries than M. Cuvier. ‘Half a century,’ he said, ‘had sufficed for a complete metamorphosis in science; and it is very probable that, in a similar space of time, we also shall have become ancient to a future generation. These motives ought never to suffer us to forget the respectful gratitude we owe to those who have preceded us, or to repulse, without examination, the ideas of youth; which, if just, will prevail, whatever obstacles the present age may throw in their way.

“One evening, the various signs placed over the shop-doors in Paris were discussed; their origin, their uses, were described; and then came the things themselves. Of course, the most absurd were chosen; and, last of all, M. Cuvier said that he knew of a bootmaker who had caused a large and ferocious-looking lion to be painted, in the act of tearing a boot to pieces with his teeth. This was put over his door, with the motto, ‘*On peut me déchirer, mais jamais me découdre.*’* ”

“I was in Paris when the celebrated picture, painted by Girodet, of Pygmalion and the Statue, was exhibiting at the Louvre. It caused a general sensation; epigrams, impromptus, were made upon it without end; wreaths of flowers, and crowns of bays, were hung upon it; so that it became a universal theme of conversation. Among other topics, it was one evening introduced at M. Cuvier’s; when M. Brongniart (the celebrated mineralogist, and director of the Royal Manufactory of China at Sèvres) found fault with the flesh, which he said, was too transparent; Baron de Humboldt (the learned Prussian traveller, who had lately been occupying himself with the chemical experiments of M. Gay-Lussac) objected to the general tone of the picture, which, he said, looked as if lighted up with modern gas; M. de Prony (one of the mathematical professors of the École Polytechnique, and also director of the École des Ponts et Chaussées) found fault with the plinth of the statue; and many gave their opinion in the like manner, each pointing out the faults that had struck him in this celebrated performance; after which, M. Cuvier said that the thumb of Pygmalion was not properly drawn, and would require an additional joint to those given by nature, for it to appear in the position selected by the painter. Upon this, M. Biot (the mathematician and natural philosopher, who had remained silent all the time), with mock solemnity summed up the whole, showing that every body had been more or less influenced by his

* I may be torn, but not ripped.

peculiar vocation, or favorite pursuit; and concluded by saying, that he had no doubt but that every one of them, if they met Girodet the next day, would congratulate him on the perfect picture he had produced."

[From "The London Literary Gazette," for August 24, 1833.]

[The novel of Victor Hugo, of which a translation is reviewed below, is mentioned in the first article of this Number of the "Select Journal," pp. 24, 25. To that article the following may serve as an appendix.]

ART. VI. — *Notre Dame; a Tale of the "Ancien Régime."*
From the French of VICTOR HUGO. *With a Prefatory Notice, Literary and Political, of his Romances.* By the Translator of "Thierry's History of the Conquest of England by the Normans," &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. London. 1833.

THERE is something so essentially different in French and English taste, that we doubt the success of any attempt to reconcile them; and, for ourselves, we are free to confess that we think it no loss. It is the fashion of *l'école romantique* to set up Shakspeare as their idol. We have heard that imitation is the most delicate of flattery, but we never heard that caricature was so considered: now, we appeal to any examiners of the modern French school, in what spirit these *soi-disant* copies of Shakspeare are made. We ought to feel it as a national degradation, when the immortal name of our noble poet is taken in vain, as the original whence emanates the profane and disgusting, which mark a literature in a state of decomposition:

"The shining there, like light on graves,
Has cold, rank hearts beneath it."

Is it from Shakspeare they draw that frivolous and conceited impiety which makes atheism rather ludicrous than terrible, — saving that an English ear, accustomed to the decencies of language, is shocked into gravity by the daring blasphemy of oath and simile which outrage every old respect and every solemn belief? Is it from Shakspeare that they color their revolting and mocking licentiousness? We grant that the coarse manners of his time often led to coarse expression, but never to coarse sentiment. The deep emotions of the heart, in his hands, at once asserted their higher nature; the true and the beautiful shone through him; the tender, the delicate, the devoted, — these were the attributes with which he invested love. On every nobler subject his genius was true to itself; it flung the dust of its own time from its feet, — felt that heaven was its home, and soared thitherward. The imagination of Shakspeare was a spirit whose steps might wander over this lower world, ay, and leave some traces of their progress, but which every touch of feeling or of thought caused to rise into a purer and

brighter atmosphere. The imagination of *l'école romantique* rather resembles those monstrous conceptions of the ancient fairy legend, where the head of a female was united with the body of a serpent; the face might wear a strange, wild beauty, which the more contrasted the slime and venom of the loathsome extremity that trailed upon the ground, — its home was of "earth, and earthy." We must for once entreat our readers to take our censure for granted; we dare not soil our pages by extracts whose coarseness and impiety are fitting companions. But before we proceed to make further remark on "Notre Dame," we must express our wonder at, and contempt for, the translator. He can plead no national taste in extenuation of this second-hand depravity; no blindness of custom, no hurry of composition, to gloss over the offence no cooler or clearer judgment can excuse. He knows the English circle for which such a work is destined; he insults it by the introduction of the one now before us. Who are our great mass of novel-readers? the young and the feminine. Are these volumes fit for the youthful eye, or for a girlish ear? We know no advantage to be gained from this disgusting anatomy of all that degrades humanity. It is the especial province of fiction to refine and to elevate; and if severe and revolting truth need minute investigation, for the purpose of amendment, there are the police reports and the Newgate Calendar. But we must say of all the modern French fictions, that

"The trail of the serpent is over them all."

Much might have been done with "Notre Dame," by cautious omission and judicious softening; but the present translation is a revolting affront to our moral feeling and to our literary taste, — and a true sign of a mind "infinitely small," which can only understand a fame raised

"On the piled ruins of another's name."

An overstrained eulogium on the French imitator is wound up by the following attack on the English original, Sir Walter Scott: —

"We are sorry that the total absence of any thing like an expression of philanthropic sentiment in any one of the numerous works of this writer, coupled with his well-known conduct whenever the great concerns of his kind were in question, compels us to regard the service rendered by him to the great cause of human improvement as absolutely *unintentional*. But the fact remains the same, — that his writings *have* rendered great service to it; although, had their author been a philanthropist in heart, he would have made them render services vastly greater. Though possessing only the power of *describing* characters, and wanting the grand faculty of the true poet, that of tracing their formation (the possession or acquisition of which in the highest perfection, would indeed, as it were, make any man a philanthropist in spite of himself), yet, with such close fidelity are many of these descriptions given, that they operate upon us like so many faithful and vivid pictures, and often we trace the formation for ourselves; — and sure we are, that many a reader, by the perusal of his volumes, has felt that feeling awakened or confirmed within him, which

seems never once to have entered the breast of the author, — that man, in all circumstances, is worthy the sympathy of man. Then, as regards the extension of our sympathies into past ages, the difference between Sir Walter's own view of the matter and that taken by some of his readers, is remarkable in another respect. The author could see nothing in the records of gone-by manners, but an inexhaustible storehouse of incident and costume. The grand study of the *progress* of human society and manners was to him a book shut, clasped, and sealed. Witness his fury when any one affirmed in his ear, that they not only *had* progressed, but *were progressing*, and *ought* to progress !”

We need not pursue the trash about his “lacquey-like spirit,” &c. ; but shall only ask, what is the meaning of this cant about philanthropy ? We hold benevolence to consist in the near approximation of those ties which bind man more closely to his kind, in strong lights thrown upon the good, in general appreciation of universal beauty, — in a fine ear to the harmonies of the universe, — in kindness of feeling, and much charity. Now, if all these are not to be found in Sir Walter Scott's writings, where are they to be discovered ? But of all the nonsense that was ever rattled, none can equal the rubbish about his being the upholder of ancient tyranny : by him feudal abuses, and the evil influences of the monarch's individual character, have all been painted in shades equally true and forcible. But the sting of the gnat is lost upon marble ; a defence of the noble monument upreared by the genius of Scott is indeed a work of supererogation.

No one can deny the talent displayed in “Notre Dame” : the rich and poetic tone of the description, the graphic reality of the more active scenes, and the actual presence given by the imagination to the cathedral, — its sculpture is a living thing in Hugo's hands, and the dim purple of the lofty aisles becomes instinct with spiritual existence. The character of Louis IX. is faintly caught from that in “Quentin Durward” ; but La Esmeralda is herself a creation of the bright and lyrical spirit of poetry ; and Quasimodo a vivid and original being, whose humble and devoted affection is exquisitely conceived. Of the graphic reality which M. Victor Hugo can give to his scenes, the following is a specimen : —

“After ascending and descending several flights of steps, as they proceeded through passages so gloomy, that they were lighted with lamps at mid-day, La Esmeralda, still surrounded by her lugubrious attendants, was pushed forward by the sergeants of the Palais into a dismal chamber. This chamber, of a circular form, occupied the ground floor of one of those large towers which still in our day appear through the layer of recent edifices with which modern Paris has covered the ancient one. There were no windows to this vault ; no other opening than the low overhanging entrance of an enormous iron door. Still, it did not want for light ; a furnace was contrived in the thickness of the wall ; a large fire was lighted in it, which filled the vault with its crimson reflection, and stripped of every ray a miserable candle placed in a corner. The sort of portcullis which was used to enclose the furnace, being raised at the moment, only gave to view at the mouth of the flaming edifice, which glared upon the dark wall, the lower extremity of its bars, like a row of black sharp teeth, set at reg-

ular distances, which gave the furnace the appearance of one of those dragons' mouths which vomit forth flames in ancient legends. By the light which issued from it, the prisoner saw all around the chamber frightful instruments, of which she did not understand the use. In the middle lay a mattress of leather almost touching the ground, over which hung a leathern strap with a buckle, attached to a copper ring held in the teeth of a flat-nosed monster carved in the keystone of the vault. Pincers, nippers, large ploughshares were heaped inside the furnace, and were heating red-hot, promiscuously upon the burning coals. The sanguine glow of the furnace only served to light up throughout the chamber an assemblage of horrible things. This Tartarus was called simply *la chambre de la question*. Upon the bed was seated unconcernedly Pierrat Torterue, the sworn torturer. His assistants, — two square-faced gnomes, with leather aprons and tarpaulin coats, — were turning about the irons on the coals. In vain had the poor girl called up all her courage: on entering this room she was seized with horror. The sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais were ranged on one side; the priests of the officiality on the other. A registrar, a table, and writing materials, were in one corner. Maître Jacques Charmolue approached the gypsy girl with a very soft smile. 'My dear child,' said he, 'you persist, then, in denying every thing?' 'Yes,' answered she, in a dying voice. 'In that case,' resumed Charmolue, 'it will be our painful duty to question you more urgently than we should otherwise wish. Have the goodness to sit down on that bed. Maître Pierrat, make room for mademoiselle, and shut the door.' Pierrat rose with a growl. 'If I shut the door,' muttered he, 'my fire will go out.' 'Well, then, my good fellow,' replied Charmolue, 'leave it open.' Meanwhile La Esmeralda remained standing. That bed of leather, upon which so many poor wretches had writhed, scared her. Terror froze her very marrow: there she stood, bewildered and stupefied. At a sign from Charmolue, the two assistants took her and seated her on the bed. They did not hurt her; but when those men touched her, — when that leather touched her, — she felt all her blood flow back to her heart. She cast a wandering look around the room. She fancied she saw moving and walking from all sides towards her, to crawl upon her body to pinch and bite her, all those monstrous implements of torture, which were, to the instruments of all kinds that she had hitherto seen, what bats, centipedes, and spiders, are to birds and insects. 'Where is the physician?' asked Charmolue. 'Here,' answered a black gown that she had not observed before. She shuddered. 'Mademoiselle,' resumed the fawning voice of the attorney of the ecclesiastical court, 'for the third time, do you persist in denying the facts of which you are accused?' This time she could only bend her head in token of assent, — her voice failed her. 'You persist then?' said Jacques Charmolue. 'Then I'm extremely sorry, but I must fulfill the duty of my office.' 'Monsieur, the king's attorney,' said Pierrat gruffly, 'what shall we begin with?' Charmolue hesitated a moment, with the ambiguous grimace of a poet seeking a rhyme. 'With the brodequin,' said he at last. The unhappy creature felt herself so completely abandoned of God and man, that her head fell on her chest like a thing inert, which has no power within itself. The torturer and the physician approached her both at once. The two assistants began rummaging in their hideous armory. At the sound of those frightful irons the unfortunate girl started convulsively. 'Oh!' murmured she, so low that no one heard her, 'Oh! my Phœbus!' She then sank again into her previous insensibility and petrified silence. This spectacle would have torn any heart but the hearts of judges. She resembled a poor sinful soul interrogated by Satan at the crimson wicket of hell. The miserable body about which was to cling that frightful swarm of

saws, wheels, and chevalets, — the being about to be handled so roughly by those grim executioners and torturing pincers, — was, then, that soft, fair, and fragile creature, — a poor grain of millet, which human justice was sending to be ground by the horrid millstones of torture. Meanwhile the callous hands of Pierrat Torterue's assistants had brutally stripped that charming leg, that little foot, which had so often astonished the passers-by with their grace and beauty, in the streets of Paris. 'It's a pity,' growled out the torturer, as he remarked the grace and delicacy of their form. If the archdeacon had been present, he certainly would have remembered at that moment his symbol of the spider and the fly. Soon the unhappy girl saw approaching through the mist which was spreading over her eyes, the *brodequin* or wooden boot; soon she saw her foot, encased between the iron-bound boards, disappear under the terrific apparatus. Then terror restored her strength. 'Take that off,' cried she angrily, starting up all dishevelled: 'Mercy!' She sprang from the bed, to throw herself at the feet of the king's attorney; but her leg was caught in the heavy block of oak and ironwork, and she sank upon the *brodequin* more shattered than a bee with a heavy weight upon its wing. At a sign from Charmolue, they replaced her on the bed, and two coarse hands fastened round her small waist the leathern strap which hung from the ceiling. 'For the last time, do you confess the facts of the charge?' asked Charmolue with his imperturbable benignity. 'I am innocent,' was the answer. 'Then, mademoiselle, how do you explain the circumstances brought against you?' 'Alas, monseigneur! I don't know.' 'You deny then?' 'All!' 'Proceed,' said Charmolue to Pierrat. Pierrat turned the screw; the *brodequin* tightened; and the wretched girl uttered one of those horrible cries which are without orthography in any human tongue. 'Stop,' said Charmolue to Pierrat. 'Do you confess?' said he to the gypsy girl. 'All!' cried the wretched girl. 'I confess! I confess! — Mercy!' She had not calculated her strength in braving the torture. Poor child! whose life hitherto had been so joyous, so pleasant, so sweet, — the first pang of acute pain had overcome her. 'Humanity obliges me to tell you,' observed the king's attorney, 'that in confessing, you have only to look for death.' 'I hope so,' said she. And she fell back on the bed of leather, dying, bent double, letting herself hang by the strap buckled round her waist. 'Come, come, my darling, hold up a bit,' said Maître Pierrat, raising her. 'You look like the gold sheep that hangs about Monsieur of Burgundy's neck.' Jacques Charmolue raised his voice: — 'Registrar, write down. — Young Bohemian girl, you confess your participation in the love-feasts, sabbaths, and sorceries of hell, with wicked spirits, witches, and hob-goblins? Answer.' 'Yes,' said she, so low that the word was lost in a whisper. 'You confess having seen the ram which Beelzebub causes to appear in the clouds to assemble the sabbath, and which is only seen by sorcerers.' 'Yes.' 'You confess having adored the heads of Bophomet, those abominable idols of the Templars.' 'Yes.' 'Having held habitual intercourse with the devil, under the form of a familiar she-goat, included in the prosecution?' 'Yes.' 'Lastly, you avow and confess having, with the assistance of the demon, and the phantom commonly called the spectre-monk, on the night of the twenty-ninth of March last, murdered and assassinated a captain named Phœbus de Chateaupers?' She raised her large fixed eyes towards the magistrate; and answered, as if mechanically, without effort or emotion, 'Yes!' It was evident her whole being was shaken. 'Write down, registrar,' said Charmolue. And addressing himself to the torturers: 'Let the prisoner be unbound, and taken back into court.' When the *brodequin* was removed, the attorney of the ecclesiastical court examined her foot, still paralysed with pain. 'Come,' said he, 'there's

not much harm done. You cried out in time. You could dance yet, my beauty!' He then turned towards his acolytes of the officiality — 'At length justice is enlightened! — that's a relief, gentlemen! Mademoiselle will at least bear this testimony, — that we have acted with all possible gentleness.'"

We need only observe, that the unfortunate heroine has been taken upon a false charge of murdering her lover.

The chief truth of our higher English authors consists in the lights which they throw in among their shadows; but here the night is unbroken, — the moral beauty of the poor dwarf is the only slight relief, and that is painful from its sense of hopeless misery. But Victor Hugo's mind needs regeneration: we only arrive at the great by believing in the good.

[Abridged from "The British Critic, No. 25."]

[We quote the following notice of Dr. Arnold's Sermons, principally for the sake of the view here given of the state of public schools in England. Full as this is of melancholy instruction and warning, we may observe that it proceeds from the highest authority. We have here the testimony of a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, himself the master of a public school, and of a writer in a work which cannot be regarded as too ready to admit the necessity of reform in any establishments connected with the church or state. — EDD.]

ART. VII. — *Sermons, with an Essay on the Right Interpretation and Understanding of the Scriptures.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D. Head Master of Rugby School, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London. Fellowes. 8vo. 1832.

THE number of sermons in this volume is thirty-four. Twenty-nine of them were delivered in the chapel of Rugby School, and were therefore addressed to a peculiar congregation. But as the faults against which they are directed are more or less common to all schools, the preacher has thought that they may be useful to others, besides those for whom they were originally designed. (*Preface*). For this "peculiar congregation" the sermons are, in all respects, admirably adapted. In the first place, they are of a most judicious brevity; so measured, as to inflict no intolerable penance on boyish restlessness and impatience. In the second place, they are singularly plain and unambitious. They are just such addresses as an affectionate and earnest teacher might make to a small knot of pupils assembled in his study. The care of the preacher has been, throughout, to bring down his instruction to the level of the most unripe understanding among his auditory. And when it is recollected, that many of the boys are very young, some of them, perhaps, not far emerged from childhood, no one will be disposed to complain of their simplicity. In the third place, the plan of Dr. Arnold has been to awaken the youthful conscience

to a sense of plain duty, and to a distinct perception of the demands of God's revealed law. And having done this, he has labored to lead his hearers forward to a knowledge of the Gospel, as a scheme mercifully instituted for the purpose of exalting all our moral qualities and performances, and, at the same time, of providing remedy and atonement for all our moral defects. The whole is rendered singularly interesting and useful by the selection of such topics of reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, as are peculiarly appropriate to a congregation of school-boys. Our criticism, on the whole collection, may be summed up in the declaration, that we should regard it as a signal blessing to all parents and children, if these discourses (or such as these) should be delivered to his pupils, or provided for them, by every schoolmaster throughout England. And we should greatly rejoice to see them in such a cheap and popular form as might secure their circulation among all the schools and families in the empire.

There is, to us, one eminent recommendation in these discourses; they show that the author is not blind, and does not affect to be blind, to those evils, which make many a parental heart to sink when the child is committed to the society which Cowper denominates "a mob of boys." Dr. Arnold very plainly tells *his* boys, that public schools have been stigmatized as little better than seminaries of depravity; and, in order that the public may know *how* plainly he has told them this, we shall produce his own words. Having first endeavoured to show his youthful hearers, that "the law must be their schoolmaster, to bring them to Christ," — that the pure and perfect will of God must be set before them, in order that they may contrast with it their own principles and practices, and so be made to feel their sin and danger, and the need of that deliverance which none can effect for them, but their Lord and Saviour; — having first labored for this end, Dr. Arnold proceeds: —

"What the aspect of public schools is, when viewed with a Christian's eye, — and what are the feelings with which men, who do really turn to God in after life, look back upon their years passed at school, — I cannot express better than in the words of one,* who had himself been at a public school, who did afterwards become a most exemplary Christian, and who, in what I am going to quote, seems to describe his own experience: 'Public schools,' he says, 'are the very seats and nurseries of vice. It may be unavoidable, or it may not; but the fact is indisputable. None can pass through a large school without being pretty intimately acquainted with vice; and few, alas! very few, without tasting too largely of that poisoned bowl. The hour of grace and repentance at length arrives, and they are astonished at their former fatuity. The young convert looks back with inexpressible regret to those hours which have been wasted in folly or worse than folly: and the more lively his sense of the newly discovered mercies, the more piercing his anguish for past indulgences.' Now, although too many of us may not be able to join in the last part of this description, yet we must all,

* The late Mr. John Bowdler. — See his "Remains," Vol. II. p. 153. Third Edition.

I think, be able to bear witness to the truth of the first part. We may not all share in the after repentance, but we must know that our school life has given ample cause for repentance. 'Public schools are the very seats and nurseries of vice. It may be unavoidable, or it may not; but the fact is indisputable.' These are the words of the sensible and excellent man whom I have just alluded to; and with what feelings ought we all to read them, and to listen to them. I am afraid the fact is, indeed, indisputable, — 'Public schools are the very seats and nurseries of vice.' But he goes on to say, 'It may be unavoidable, or it may not:' and these words seem to me as though they ought to fill us with the deepest shame of all. For what a notion does it give, that we should have been so long and so constantly bad, that it may be doubted whether our badness be not unavoidable, — whether we are not evil hopelessly and incurably. And this to be true of places which were intended to be seats of Christian education; and in all of which, I believe, the same words are used in the daily prayers which we use regularly here! God is thanked for those founders and benefactors, 'by whose benefits the whole school is brought up to godliness and good learning.' Brought up to godliness and good learning, in places that are the very seats and nurseries of vice! But the doubt, whether our viciousness be or be not unavoidable, is something too horrible to be listened to. Surely we cannot regard ourselves as so utterly reprobate, as so thoroughly accursed of God. 'The earth, which beareth briers and thorns, is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned. But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, though we thus speak;' or else, indeed, our labor would be utterly vain. But then our hope that this viciousness is not unavoidable, depends upon you, whether or no you choose to make it so. Outward order, regularity, nay, even advancement in learning, may be, up to a certain point, enforced; but no man can force another to be good, or hinder him from being evil. It must be your own choice and act, whether, indeed, you wish this place to be 'unavoidably a seat and nursery of vice,' or whether you wish to verify the words of our daily thanksgiving, that, by the benefit of our founder, 'you are here brought up to godliness and good learning.'"

We have here a distinct and honest avowal of the "bad eminence" hitherto supposed to belong to the institutions framed for the nurture and discipline of our children; but we have likewise a noble and courageous protest against the notion that the mischief is inevitable. And the reader will be gratified to find, that this protest is followed up, throughout the volume, with an unsparing, but at the same time, a truly paternal exposure of "the sins, and negligences, and ignorances," which are sure to beset a community of lads. Their selfishness, — their coarseness, — their brutality, — their false conceptions of courage and of honor, — their positive dread of the approbation of their teachers, lest it should fix upon them the badge of mean, servile, pigeon-livered submission; — their resolute and systematic habit of regarding all authority as a legitimate object of open hostility, or secret stratagem; — the execrable tyranny which is inflicted by worthless hardihood over helpless and retiring merit: — these, and a multitude of other pernicious crudities, are exhibited by Dr. Arnold in their native ugliness; and in a manner which, one would hope, must deprive all but the incurably depraved of any pretence for continuing to *glory in that which is*

their shame. At the same time, it is satisfactory to observe, that all this is done by him in the spirit of one, who feels it the most sacred duty of a Christian teacher *to speak the truth in love*, and to avoid all resemblance to an intolerant and unfeeling satirist. His object is, not to break and trample down the expanding spirit of youth; but to engage it on the side of all that is *truly* honorable, and lovely, and of good report, — if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, to compel his youthful aspirants to think of those things.

The task which Dr. Arnold has assigned to himself is one that requires no ordinary address and firmness; for many of the evils which he has to combat have been growing up for centuries. Our scholastic seminaries were, many of them, established in times of *comparative* barbarism. There is an aspect of Spartan austerity and hardness about them, which, of itself, is well fitted, to suppress all the more domestic and filial attributes of the youthful character. It was a maxim among our sturdy ancestors (a maxim, too, not confined to schools, but often rigorously applied to families), that the wills of children should be, not merely bent and moulded, but broken; that they must be tamed, almost like the unreasoning brutes, with bit, and bridle, and scourge. It would not be easy to imagine a system better calculated to harden a child's heart, — to destroy all confidence and affection between master and scholar, — to produce an habitual feeling of slavish sullenness, — and to plant a rooted principle of insurrection against all authority. Neither would it be possible by any other means more effectually to deaden the more refined and generous impulses, which ought to govern boys in their intercourse with each other. A gradation of tyranny would naturally establish itself, from the pedagogue downwards; and, with it, a partial extinction of those better habits, which can flourish only under the influences of justice and of kindness. We are far from asserting, that these vestiges of a more savage period have not been gradually wearing out. But it can scarcely be doubted that they continued in pernicious activity long enough to leave a task of fearful difficulty to those who have labored, and who may still be laboring, to make education what it ought to be, — a blessed process, by which the noblest energies of the mature and experienced scholar and Christian may be made to distil, like the gentle dews of heaven, into the very depths of the youthful heart.

And here let us not be told of the danger, lest the tone of the youthful mind should be unbraced, and its powers of hardy endurance impaired, by a more liberal infusion of the spirit of the Gospel into the discipline of our schools. Christianity, it is true, is the religion of love; but, if judiciously inculcated, it is likewise the religion of genuine heroism. Unless its spirit be egregiously mistaken, it will make no man or boy a driveller, or a coward. There can be nothing effeminate in the faith which has produced Apostles, and martyrs, and confessors, and men, who out of weakness, were made strong, and waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the

armies of the aliens. Christianity, it is true, claims a rightful supremacy over all other principles of action ; but there is nothing in it which refuses alliance with the loftiest conceptions of honor, or the noblest feelings of generosity, or the grandest motives of patriotic daring. Add to your faith *virtue* (*ἀρετήν*), — says the Apostle, — that is, adorn your religious profession with such manly firmness of purpose, such steadfastness of integrity, as heathens might look upon with admiration. It is nothing better than vile and despicable cant to harp upon the fear, lest the school boy should grow up a Puritan, or *a saint*, and, perchance, a hypocrite. This perversion is, indeed, possible enough under incautious or fanatical treatment. But the apprehension is purely chimerical, where the formation of the character and habits is entrusted to learned, sober-minded, and accomplished men. Let any parent peruse the volume of Dr. Arnold, and then let him say, whether he would not gratefully rejoice if his son should turn out to be almost, or altogether, such as that volume unquestionably tends to make him ? Of Dr. Arnold's personal demeanor among his pupils, we know nothing. Judging of him, however, by the only criterion which we have the right or the opportunity to apply, we should say that he bids fair to realize, in the truly Christian sense, the brightest views entertained by the Roman moralist, when he exclaimed,

“*Dī majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnā perpetuum ver,
Qui preceptorem sancti volūere parentis
Esse loco.*”

The five remaining sermons in this volume are parochial discourses, addressed, as the author informs us, to congregations of the usual character.

The last sixty pages are occupied with an Essay on the Right Interpretation of the Scriptures. It contains some very valuable and useful suggestions ; the application of which, however, demands great integrity of purpose, and no ordinary rectitude of judgment. In the first place, Dr. Arnold maintains, that the Divine commandments, addressed to one man, or one generation of men, are binding on other men, and other generations, only so far forth as their respective circumstances and conditions are similar. The canon here propounded may, undoubtedly, provide abundant opportunities of evasion, or perversion, to the spirit of dishonest casuistry. This, however, cannot be helped. It is a part of our moral probation ; for which, prayer, and docility of heart, will very sufficiently prepare us : and, under these influences, the way of the Lord will, assuredly, be made plain before us.

ART. VIII. — *Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe.* Written by a Father for the Instruction and Amusement of his Eldest Son.

A PECULIARLY melancholy interest attaches to this work, the posthumous production of a nobleman respected for his amiable qualities and literary tastes, and whose youth warranted the presumption that many years yet remained for their exercise. We understand that the last sheet was corrected by Lord Dover only a few days before his death. The dedication to his little son, rendered affecting by the subsequent event, is as creditable to the author's feelings, as the narratives themselves are to his understanding and talent. After a brief summary and contrast of the characters and exploits of the monarchs whose lives are delineated in the volume, it thus concludes: —

"I trust you will ever bear in mind, that it is not the most showy and brilliant actions of kings which ought to be admired, but those which have for their object the benefit and happiness of their people. You must, above all, never forget, that no acts of fallible human nature can be really and thoroughly good, which are not founded in a sincere piety and a desire for the glory of the Almighty."

The biographies are four in number, having for their subjects Gustavus Adolphus, John Sobieski, Peter the Great, and Frederick the Great.

As a specimen, we subjoin the account of the death of Gustavus Adolphus.

"Meanwhile Gustavus, at the head of his right wing, had beaten the enemies opposed to him; when he heard of the retreat of the other part of his army. He then charged Horn to follow up his victory, and set off at full gallop, followed by a few of his attendants. He passed the ditch, and directed his course to the part where his troops seemed the most pressed. As he passed rapidly along, a corporal of the Imperialists, observing that every one made way for him, said to a musqueteer near him, 'Take aim at that man, he must be a person of consequence.' The man fired and broke the king's arm. In a moment a cry of horror broke from the Swedes, 'The king bleeds! the king is wounded!' — 'It is nothing,' replied Gustavus, 'follow me;' but overcome with pain, he was obliged to desist, and turning to Francis Albert, duke of Saxe-Lauenberg, he entreated him to lead him quietly out of the crowd. They rode away together, and proceeded towards the right wing, in order to arrive at which they were obliged to make a considerable circuit. By the way Gustavus received another ball in the back, which took away the rest of his strength. 'I am a dead man,' said he, with a feeble voice, 'leave me, and try and save your own life.' At the same time he fell from his horse, and, pierced with many wounds, expired in the hands of the Croats, who were scouring that part of the field. While on the ground, he was asked who he was, and replied boldly, 'I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion, and the liberties of Germany.' A sentence of almost prophetic truth. He then added in a faltering tone, 'Alas, my poor queen!' and as he was expiring, he said, 'My God! my God!' In an instant his body was stripped; so anxious were the Imperialists to have any trophies of so great an enemy.

His leather collar was sent to the emperor, a common soldier seized his sword. His ring and spurs were sold, and Schreberg, a lieutenant in the Imperial army, seized his gold chain, which is still preserved in the family of that officer at Paderborn." — pp. 79, — 81.

[From "The Athenæum," No. 309.]

[Those of our readers who have never happened to see any notice of the *homœopathic* system of medicine, as it is called, may hardly know how to understand the following article, and may scarcely be ready to believe that all stated in it concerning that system is true. It has however obtained much favor in Germany, and given occasion to a multitude of works for and against its doctrines. At least three periodical publications in that country are devoted to its support. A pretty full account of it may be found in the 50th volume of "The Edinburgh Review."]

ART. IX. — 1. *The Organon of the Healing Art ; a new System of Physic.* Translated from the German of S. HAHNEMANN, by C. H. DEVRIENT, Esq. : with Notes by S. STRATTEN, M. D. Dublin ; Wakeman. London ; Simpkin & Marshall.

2. *A Practical Appeal to the Public, through a Series of Letters, in Defence of the New System of Physic, &c. &c.* [the Title would fill a column]. By JOHN BORTHWICK GILCHRIST, LL. D, &c. &c. &c. London. Parbury & Allen.

HAHNEMANN, the founder of the new system of physic explained in these volumes, was born at Misnia, in Upper Saxony, in the year 1755. He is still alive, and resides in the little principality of Anhalt-Coethen ; approaching his eightieth year, in the enjoyment of perfect health and spirits, having preserved, by regularity and temperance, the vigorous constitution bestowed on him by nature. As far, therefore, as a physician's skill may be tested by his own state, the homœopathists have every reason to be satisfied with their great master. Being engaged, in 1790, in a translation of the "Materia Medica" of Cullen, in which the febrifuge virtues of bark are described, he determined, if possible, to ascertain its mode of action.

"Whilst in the enjoyment of the most robust health he commenced the use of this substance, and in a short time was attacked with all the symptoms of intermittent fever (ague), similar in every respect to those which that medicine is known to cure. Being struck with the identity of the two diseases, he immediately divined the great truth which has become the foundation of the new medical doctrine of homœopathy."

The great truth, then, and the new medical doctrine are, that diseases can be cured by medicines which, administered to a person in health, will produce in him an *artificial* disease, the symptoms of which coincide with those of the natural disease. Of course this

wonderfully simplifies the study of medicine. The laborious investigations of anatomy, and morbid anatomy, by which we study structure in its natural state, and again when altered by disease ; the accurate observation and cautious reasoning, by which we connect with the above states the easy execution of the functions which attends the former, and their embarrassed and disordered condition consequent on the latter ; these, with many other parts of medical education, including the whole philosophy of the science, and all attempts at tracing results to their causes, may now be dispensed with. A homœopathic physician has nothing to do with all these : he has only, when called to a patient, to learn all the symptoms of the case, and then ascertain what medicines taken by a person in health would produce a similar assemblage of symptoms. For this latter object, Hahnemann prevailed on a number of his pupils to form themselves into a society, for the purpose of trying on themselves the effects of all the drugs in the pharmacopœia, and duly reporting the symptoms produced. There was, however, one difficulty in this plan, which was, that, as men are seldom much improved by swallowing, while in health, ten grains of calomel, or three of tartar emetic, or a few drops of prussic acid, or of Fowler's arseniacal solution, his young aspirants to homœopathic fame might have their enthusiasm and credulity considerably chilled, if, after a few such experiments, they found themselves " nothing the better, but rather the worse." In obviating this, the Doctor has shown no small ingenuity. There are great powers in nature, he observes, such as light and magnetism, which weigh nothing. The thousandth part of a grain of calomel still weighs something ; therefore it has infinitely more weight than light, which weighs nothing ; therefore there is no reason why this thousandth part should not be a medicine of very great power ; therefore it is a medicine of very great power. The analogy between light and calomel is not very obvious to ordinary apprehension, but the pupils voted the argument perfectly satisfactory, and forthwith put themselves under the operation of thousandth-part-of-a-grain doses, the effects of which they, with inimitable gravity, reported, sneering at " ordinary physicians, whose minds feed on no other ideas but what are gross and material." It is evident this argument is capable of being extended almost *ad infinitum* ; and Hahnemann was determined to use his advantage, and soon announced that medicine might be most efficaciously given, " attenuated to the *quintillionth* or *decillionth* degree." By what means he attained this attenuation our readers will easily understand from this formula : Take one drop of prussic acid, add it to 100 drops of water, and shake till thoroughly mixed. Of this mixture add one drop to 100 more of water, and shake as before. Again, add one drop of this to a third 100 of water, and we shall then have the prussic acid in the $(100 \times 100 \times 100 =)$ 1,000,000th degree of attenuation or dilution. Pursuing this course, we may arrive at the quintillionth, or, indeed, any desired degree of attenuation ; and of this, Doctor Hahnemann assures us, a single drop is a powerful dose for an adult ! Indeed, in some

cases its effects may be even too violent, and the Doctor has prudently given directions by which the dose may be, with still more safety, administered.

“The best mode of administration is to make use of small comfits or globules of sugar, the size of a poppy-seed ; one of these globules having imbibed the medicine, and being introduced into the *vehicle* [a little cold water, or a tea-spoonful of jam], forms a dose containing about the 300th part of a drop, for 300 of such globules will imbibe one drop of alcohol ; by placing one of these on the tongue, and not drinking any thing after it, the dose is considerably diminished. *But*, if the patient is very sensitive, and it is necessary to employ the smallest dose possible, *and attain at the same time the most speedy results*, it will be sufficient to let him *smell* once to a phial that contains a globule the size of a mustard-seed, imbibing the medicinal liquid attenuated to a very high degree. After the patient has smelled to it, the phial is to be re-corked, which will thus serve for years, *without its medicinal virtues being perceptibly impaired*.

Of this we have no doubt.

We regret, however, to perceive that the editor has fallen into a most important mistake respecting the strength of the solutions recommended. In his Appendix he states, that “quintillionth is the five-millionth part ;” now it is not a million multiplied by five that makes a quintillion, but a million raised to its fifth power ; and as some homœopathic tyro might, in consequence of this error, administer his medicines in a state of unpardonable concentration, we take pains to state in a manner “level to the meanest capacity,” the immense danger which might result to the patient. The five-millionth part of a drop of prussic acid is thus simply expressed, $\frac{1}{3,000,000}$ th, while the quintillionth requires this formidable row of figures, $\frac{1}{1,000,000,000,000,000,000}$ th and the *decillionth* actually exceeds the *capacity* of our columns, and almost stretches beyond our own. We expect however to receive the editor's best thanks, and the fervent gratitude of all true homœopaths, for detecting this grave error, before, we will hope, any serious injury resulted from it.

Another important discovery made by “the illustrious Hahnemann,” during his researches in this line, was, that the virtues of a medicine are wonderfully elicited by the quantity of *shaking* it gets ; thus, that a solution which has been shaken twice is much stronger than a solution which has been shaken once. We cannot think without horror of the strange apathy with which all former physicians have left this serious operation of “shaking the bottle,” to the apothecary,—his apprentice,—or, sometimes even to the nurse ! We, ourselves, have more than once observed a little urchin, as he returned from the dispensary with “some doctor's stuff for mammy,” actually shaking it the whole way ; and, only think of Obadiah, mounted on the coach-horse, and carrying one of Doctor Slop's favorite prescriptions a ride of some five or ten miles, and then conceive how deplorably altered it must be from the comparatively innocent state in which it left the hands of the worthy practitioner ; — *heu, quantum mutatus ab illo !*

But far above such culpable negligence is the grand luminary of the homœopathic doctrines. The same sunbeam that unveils the towering fronts of an Alpine ridge, glitters on a Whitechapel needle which a cockney lady has dropped at its base ; and the comprehensive genius of a Hahnemann now discovers the "dynamic origin" of diseases in an "aberration" of the "vital factors" from their "normal state," now descends to humbler cares, and prescribes the number of *shakes* proper for a drop of lemon-juice in the sextillionth degree of attenuation.

"In proceeding, therefore, to the dilution of medicinal substances, it is wrong to give the twenty or thirty successive extenuating glasses more than *two shakes*, where it is merely intended to develop the power of the medicine in a moderate degree."

To prevent any possibility of mistake, to which even this very lucid direction might be subject, the Doctor hastens to say, that by a *shake* he means "taking the phial in the hand, and imparting to it a single powerful stroke of the arm descending." By this means, he states, "he obtains an exact mixture of its contents ; — but that two, three, or ten such movements would render the mixture much closer, — that is to say, would develop the medicinal virtues still further, making them, as it were, more potent, and their action on the nerves much more penetrating" !

These are great discoveries, but the greatest remains behind : —

"It has cost me" (says the Doctor) "twelve years of study and research, to discover this great truth, which remained concealed from all my predecessors and contemporaries, — to establish the basis of its demonstration, and find out, at the same time, the curative medicines that were fit to combat this hydra in all its different forms."

And what is this sublime and overwhelming truth, that has cost the Doctor "twelve years of labor and research" ? Is it worthy the application of his towering intellect for so protracted a period ? Is it about to answer the hopes of mankind, so long kept on the stretch ; to transcend even their fondest expectations, their most ardent desires ? Yes, — with pride and satisfaction we answer, — yes ; — the discovery reserved for the Doctor to make, the discovery that he *has* made in a way that almost leads us to suspect special revelation, is, — that all diseases originate from one cause, and that this cause is *the Itch*, — yes, — benevolent reader, — **THE ITCH!!!** You may be unconscious of any such stain — you may gaze on your skin unmarked by the "foul spot of the leprosy," and in the pride of your heart rejoice that you are not fed on oaten cakes ; *mais n'importe*, you have the itch, — Doctor Hahnemann says you have the itch.

"This is the sole true and fundamental cause that produces all the other countless forms of disease ; nervous debility, hysteria, hypochondriasis, insanity, melancholy, idiotcy, madness, epilepsy, and spasms of all kinds ; ['here take breath,' as they used to intimate in the old songs :] softening of the bones or rickets, scoliosis and cyphosis, caries, cancer, fungus hematomas, gout, hemorrhoids, yellow jaundice and cyanosis, dropsy, amenorrhœa,

gastrorrhagia, epistaxis, hemoptysis, hematuria, metrorrhagia, asthma and suppuration of the lungs, impotency and barrenness, megrim, deafness, cataract and amaurosis, gravel, paralysis, loss of sense, and pains of every kind !”

Allah Kerim ! The itch seems like original sin, — every man is born with his share of it.

Let not our readers suppose that we have exhausted the learned Doctor's stores of entertainment. No — he is “a fellow of infinite humor,” we have merely treated them to a homœopathic dose of it ; — were we to increase the quantity, we could scarcely be answerable for the violent reaction that would probably ensue.

Of the Translation and Appendix we have little to say. They have no merits, and many defects, but at present we are in too good humor to hurt a fly. We only ask, is it possible that S. Stratten can be an M. D. and write such notes as these ? —

“ *Hematuria* — from *αἷμα*, *blood*, and *μιγνύναι*, *to mix together* ” !

“ *Dictamnus albus* — bastard dittouy — *from ἀνο τοῦ τιτυίνῃ, to bring forth* ” !!

“ *Datura Stramonium*, name from *daturus*, because it is given as a narcotic,” (admirable !) “and *στρογχομανίον* from its causing madness :” — the Editor never seeming to comprehend that *στρογχός* was the Greek for *solanum*, and that the *Datura* is of the natural order *Solanææ* !!!

There is only one Hebrew word in the book, and that one is *mis-spelled*.

We must therefore conclude, begging pardon if mistaken, that Mr. Stratten only intended a sly hit at the medical profession, or was indulging his facetious disposition, when he signed himself M. D. Perhaps, indeed, he is a *Drum-Major*.

Of poor Dr. Gilchrist, whose name appears at the head of our article, we are unwilling to say much. It would be cruel to deprive him of any little amusement he may find in writing books, but his friends ought to take care that they are not published. Homœopathy may have cured his *bodily* maladies, but —

[From “The Athenæum,” No. 309.]

[In “The Court Journal,” No. 230, there are some severe strictures upon the article in the Edinburgh Review, on “Recent French Novelists,” which we have given as the first in this number of the Select Journal. These strictures, however, are partly shown to be unjust by the statements of the writer himself. But in the conclusion of the article referred to, it is said “that the tales of M. Sand” (*Indiana*, *Melchior Valentin*, are particularly mentioned) “are written in a calmer, truer, and better spirit than those with which we have been occupied.” Upon this the writer in “The Court Journal” remarks :

“How comes it that the moral, the stern, the uncompromising Edinburgh reviewer should treat of the novels of Sand as ‘written in a calmer, truer, and better spirit than’ those of Hugo and his imitators? We presume to believe

that it is because he never read a line of them! Even by the French, undaunted as they are in all matters of profligacy and impiety, the works in question are marked out no less as *chefs-d'œuvre* of blasphemy and obscenity, than of originality and eloquence; and we should have held it our duty to pass them over in silence (notwithstanding their enormous circulation in the excitement-seeking circles of *la jeune France*), did not the commendations of the 'Edinburgh Review' render it probable that these books, to which those of Crebillon and Louvet are chaste productions, may find their way into the hands of English females, as being written in a 'purer spirit' than 'Notre Dame' or 'Atar-Gull.' We venture to assert, that nothing but the cadaverous licentiousness of the resuscitated nuns in *Robert le Diable*, ever equalled the cold-blooded indecency exhibited in 'Lelia,' the last novel published by the writer thus flatteringly noticed by the 'Edinburgh'!

"Can the critic be aware that the writer whom he exhibits in the epicene gender of 'M. Sand,' and whose novels are published under the name of 'Georges Sand,' is in reality *a woman and a mother*? — a woman whose real name is pledged in the orgies of certain *coteries*, in Paris, as 'the Byron of France'; and whose adventures and eccentricities had rendered her the object of general attention, even before she became the founder of a school, of which Rousseau's Confessions afford a feeble type?

"'The day you devote to reading Lelia,' says a popular periodical writer of Paris, who appears to differ strangely in opinion from him of the 'Edinburgh,' 'send your daughter to beguile the time with her companions in the fields; — send your wife into society, unguarded by your protection. Far better they should be away from you, unwatched and unsupported, than catch a glimpse of these corrupt and corrupting pages. A corrosive poison exists in every line of Lelia!'"

The writer in the Court Journal likewise mentions* the error of the reviewer in attributing the novel of "*Un Mariage sous l'Empire*" to Madame de Girardin; it having been written by her mother, Madame Sophie Gay. — EDD.]

ART. X. — *Lelia: a Novel.* By GEORGE SAND. Paris: London, Dulau & Co.

THE authoress of this work, who conceals her odd and harsh-sounding name, *Dudevant*, under the pseudonym of George Sand, seems to have taken for her model the symbolic and mystical school of Germany. "Lelia" is one of that class of works in which fiction and reality, truth and untruth, assimilate and mingle in "most admired disorder"; in which living men and unreal shadows cross our path and perplex our understanding, coming and departing at the mysterious waving of the magician's wand.

This style is new to the writer: there is nothing like it in her "Valentin" and "Indiana." But, though she has certainly succeeded in producing something "rare and strange," though the eulogies of French criticism have been prodigally lavished upon this work, though a duel has been fought lately in Paris, — which certainly could not determine the merit of the work, — we cannot look upon it but as an "unreal mockery," a bold, brazen paradox, born, fostered, and nourished in the very hot-bed of skepticism, in the whirl and turbulence of Parisian politics, manners, and questionable morality.

Lelia is herself a repulsive being: a woman who fain would love, and pray, and have a faith, but who finds in her heart an utter incapacity either to love, pray, or believe. Her soul is

withered. The drama in which she acts, exhibits her under a double and contradictory light: she is at once young and enthusiastic, yet old in heart and dead in feeling. You meet everywhere with exalted sentiments, high-sounding rhetoric, soul-touching poetry hand in hand with unbelief, scorn for what is gentle and good, contempt of the world, and inability to appreciate all that is mental and spiritual in it; the result is a monster, a Byronic woman, — endowed with rich and energetic faculties, delicate perceptions, rare eloquence, fine talents, but no heart, — a woman without hope and without soul. Religion, morals, human sympathies, but “sear her eyes”; she holds them all to be false, deceitful, ridiculous. Unable to feel any pure, true, and devoted affection, she finds her chastisement and torture in that very inability. Virtue is with her a hoax, and she is too wise to be deceived; so, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed upon the objects of her unattainable desires, she writhes and dies in the agonies of an irremediable despair.

Something of this melancholy theory, which represents all things as false, vice and virtue as indifferent, — something of this perverse philosophy, whose motto should be “Fair is foul and foul is fair,” has always been interwoven with the incidents and characters of the fashionable French novels: but no woman had heretofore declared herself as a disciple.

Such is “Lelia.” You may find in it an apology for every crime, a panegyric on every vice: debauchery is here a sublime expansion of human power; gaming, a magnificent heroism; a murderer is a bold contemner of the laws of social life; and a *forçat*, a galley-slave, is a strong-minded man, at war with society, but greater and nobler than his fellow-creatures. If you condescend to be lectured by Lelia, she will teach you that the bold face of vice is a proof of strength, and the humbleness of virtue a proof of weakness. She will bid you admire the giant-like crime, which towers above the prejudices, opinions, feelings, and morality of the every-day world, as the frozen summit of the Jungfrau towers above the plains. That we do not calumniate Madame Dudevant, the following fragment, containing the apology for gaming, will sufficiently prove. It is a most eloquent and elaborate portrait of the hero of the tale, Trenmor.

“He was a gamester. He had quaffed often of the cup of love, but had now drunk of a new passion, — a more energetic, more intense, more intoxicating draught; a passion full of terrible incidents, — gaming! We must dare declare the truth. If the end be apparently base, the fervor is powerful, the audacity sublime, the sacrifices dreadful and unbounded. No such man can ever again be inspired by woman: gold is the stronger power of the two. The energy, devotedness, perseverance of the gamester, throw into the deepest shade all the like passions of the lover, who is but a boy in comparison. How few men have we ever seen ready to sacrifice, for their mistresses’s sake, that inestimable treasure, that priceless jewel, that condition of our being, that life of our life, — honor. The most devoted of lovers offers but his life, — the gamester sacrifices his honor, and lives on.

“The gamester is a stoic, a Roman hero, a martyr; he is calm amidst

his triumphs, unyielding when he falls. He rises to the highest and falls to the lowest station in a few hours, and remains firm, immovable, unaltered. There, without leaving the very table, where his demon rivets him, body and soul, he runs through all the vicissitudes of life, and submits to all the chances of fortune, good or ill. By turns a beggar and a king, he plunges at once from the highest to the lowest grade of social life, ever self-possessed, ever calm, ever sustained by his ambition, ever stimulated on by the unquenchable thirst which devours him.

"What will he be in another minute? a prince? a slave? How will he leave the gaming-table? a naked wretch? or a *millionaire*, bending under the weight of his gold? — He is indifferent. To-morrow he will come again, to lose a fortune or to double it.

"One thing to him is impossible, and that is *repose*. He is as the sea-bird, delighting in the tumult of the hurricane and the roar of the boiling billows. You say he loves gold? no; he throws away guineas by thousands, — those hellish gifts cannot satisfy or quench his thirst. Possessed of riches, he pants after poverty, that he may once again feel that terrible emotion, without which life has no relish for him.

"What is the value of gold to the gamester? — Less than grains of sand to us. But he sees in it a symbol of the good and evil which he loves to struggle with and to defy. Gold is his plaything, his paramour, his friend, his dream, his poetry. It is the shadow which he constantly pursues, fights, grapples with, to conquer it, and then to quit his grasp, in order to begin again the horrid battle with destiny. Oh! it is great, — it is beautiful, — though absurd! It is sublime!"

The whole romance is illustrative of this axiom: "Virtue is inferior to vice, in strength, in greatness, and in beauty." If written in England, the work would have been pursued by the hue-and-cry of every critic in the kingdom.

We feel some difficulty in giving an analysis of a novel without incident, the actors in which are pure creations, — mere allegorical beings, — and the tendency of which is to prove the stupidity of being any thing but a thorough-paced scoundrel. The following however is the broad outline: — Trenmor, the type or symbol of energetic vice, triumphs over Stenio, the symbol of purity and innocence. Lelia, who gives her name to the work, seems at once symbolical of woman and civilization in the abstract. She despises her humble and virtuous lover, discards him, throws him into the arms of her sister, a common courtesan, and chooses for her partner through life, Trenmor, the galley-slave; the man whose shoulder bears the brand of the burning-iron; the atheist, the gamester, the forger, the scorner of God, of nature, and of his fellow men. The *dénouement* of such a drama is, of course, suicide. The subordinate characters are worthy associates of the superiors: for example, a priest, Magnus, who murders Lelia, by strangling her with his rosary; and Lelia's sister, the common courtesan, who finds perfect happiness in the mere pursuit of sensual gratifications.

We shall not again dip our pen in this mire of blood and dirt, over which, by a strange perversity of feeling, the talent of the writer, and that writer a woman! has contrived to throw a lurid, fearful, and unhallowed light.

[Translated from the "Ergänzungsblatt, No. 53. zur Allgemein. Lit.-Zeitung," for June, 1833.]

[Those of our readers to whom the name of Richter, or as he is commonly called by his admirers, Jean Paul, is not familiar, may find some account of him and a list of his numerous productions in the "Encyclopædia Americana"; and a criticism upon his genius, with a specimen of his peculiar style of writing, in Mad. de Staël's "Germany." In his own country he may be considered as having at one time rivalled Goethe in celebrity. But his writings are not, perhaps, well suited to the taste of other nations. We do not know that any one of them has been translated into English. Most of them, we understand, present such difficulties that the undertaking would be very arduous, if not impracticable. — EDD.]

ART. XI. — *Wahreit aus Jean Paul's Leben*. Nebst zwei Nachbildungen der Handschrift Jean Paul's und seinem Bildness. *Erster* Band. 1826. xxiv u. 154 S. *Zweiter* Bd. 1827. xxii u. 150 S. *Dritter* Bd. 1828. xxiii u. 415 S. *Vierter* Bd. 1829. vi u. 389 S. *Fünfter* Bd. 354 S. 8. (8 Rthlr. 6 gGr.) Breslau. [*Truth from Jean Paul's Life*. With two Facsimiles of his Handwriting and a Portrait. 5 volumes, 8vo. Breslau.]

WE are naturally curious to learn the process by which the genius of a man of high and wide-spread reputation was unfolded, especially when his characteristic features are strongly marked. On this account the editor of the *Wahrheit aus Jean Paul's Leben* (Truth from Jean Paul's Life) deserves our thanks. Richter belongs, as many of his female readers at least will confess, to that class of poets, whose works, strictly speaking, are fully understood by the learned only, and in truth by but a part of them. For the fact of a reader's being dissolved in tears or convulsed with laughter, — effects which Richter's works often produce, — by no means proves a perfect understanding of the author.

In the preface we are told that Jean Paul even previous to the year 1803 had formed the resolution of writing his own life on the model of the biography of the apothecary Nicholas Marggraf. "As in the case of all his productions," says the Preface, "he was employed for years in preparing materials for this work with a conscientious and religious devotedness. These materials he gradually brought together under different heads, with a view to combine them eventually into a well-ordered whole. The most important collection of materials is comprised in a particular book containing *Monumenta Jeanpauliana*, and called by Richter himself, — perhaps in imitation of Dante Alighieri, — *Vita, vita propria*.

In this book Richter wrote, as circumstances afforded occasion, reminiscences of his life, and reflections thereupon, from the year 1806 to the 23d of February, 1824. In the year 1818 he began to put his materials into shape. He selected the form of academic lectures, appointing himself, *Professor of his own history*, and

presenting himself in that capacity to the public. His lectures however are but three in number, they embrace only the period from his birth (the 15th of February, 1763) to his confirmation, and form the first number of this work. The boy, as described herein with much humor, attracts us by his soft but intellectual character, so much so that we would gladly accompany him through his subsequent course. We should separate from him with reluctance on the confines of youth, did we not expect that he would begin again to unfold his character in his letters while at the high school of Leipsic. The few joys and many sorrows of the young Richter at the gymnasium of Hof and subsequently at the University of Leipsic, are particularly described in the third part, and meanwhile we will direct our attention to the second, which presents us with fragments from the abovementioned *Vita-book*.

If all the parts of this book do not appear to us worthy of publication, no blame attaches to Richter (who did not prepare it with the view of giving it to the public in its present form), but only to the editor. The words of Jean Paul, — "*If I could, (what no author can) I would gladly have all my thoughts made known to the world after my death, no idea should be omitted,*" — by no means justify the editor; for Jean Paul would certainly have put some limit to the application of this strange and somewhat vain sentiment. He was certainly conscious when he wrote this, that many ideas, even of the deepest thinker, become fit to be given to the world only when brought into connexion with others and moulded into a particular form. But we have more than once thought, while reading this collection, that the editor had determined to print every syllable of the *Vita-book*, and that he looked upon the German public as disposed, like the followers of the Dalai-Lama, to revere and preserve the very excrements of the object of their veneration. At least he seems to have taken for granted the existence of an endemic *Jean-Paulomania*, which however has fortunately subsided. That there are some grains of wheat in the mass of chaff, we do not wish to deny; but these are all that it was desirable to have given to the public.

The third number shows us Richter at the gymnasium at Hof, and afterwards at the University of Leipsic. In his life at the gymnasium we find nothing extraordinary, nor very important. The most interesting occurrence related is, that Richter, whose religious notions were heterodox, in a school disputation between the pupils and the assistant-teacher of the institution, who had selected as the subject of the exercise one of the great doctrines of religion, nonplussed the instructor and made him quit the room in a passion, to the great joy of his school-mates. This edifying incident may be found described in No. III, page 47, seq. But the orthodox citizens of Hof took part with the teacher, and as every one who overstepped the strict limits of orthodoxy was termed an atheist, and exposed to contempt and even persecution,

it is not strange that Richter was commonly called an atheist, and all the other scholars who were intimate with him received the same appellation.

At Hof, Richter formed an intimacy with some of his fellow-pupils, which continued through his life. The most noted of these seems to have been Hermann, who subsequently published, under the name of Marne, two small treatises "On the Plurality of the Elements," and "On Light, Fire, and Heat." A very characteristic passage occurs in a letter which he wrote to Richter from Göttingen, in 1789. "I am and continue a Kantian, and believe that, unless all other philosophy is sent to the bottomless pit, there is no hope for true science." (See No. IV, page 148.) It is to be remembered that this was written from Göttingen.

It is singular that Richter remained, if not entirely, yet so far free from the influence of the Werther and Siegwart period; especially as another of the friends of his youth, Adam von Oerthel, shared strongly in the general enthusiasm; but Richter's spirit at this time was more devoted to invigorating satire, than to the enervating sentimentality for which he subsequently manifested so much fondness. It would even appear, that, if he now and then sighed and sentimentalized, it was to gratify his friends rather than his own inclination. "If I did not fall in love," he says, "though I did read Werther, it was owing to my being so much occupied."

At the season of Easter in 1781, Richter entered the University of Leipsic with the view of studying theology, but soon proved faithless to this science. In fact the University courses in general were only collateral to his private studies. His estimate of the professors then at Leipsic shows the keenness of his observation and the early maturity of his judgment. His opinion of these gentlemen is confirmed by the literary history of that period. "This University," he writes, on the 17th of September, "cannot boast of many distinguished men; with the exception of Platner, Morus, Clodius, and Dathe, the instructors are all persons of but moderate ability." Many readers may be surprised at not finding the name of the celebrated Ernesti mentioned; but Richter was not acquainted with him, having entered the University the very year that he died. He appears, however, in general not to have held philologists, that is, verbal critics, in high esteem, — perhaps as a subject of the Literary Republic of Klopstock, — for he writes thus of the deceased Ernesti in one of his letters; "Perhaps here on earth he did not learn Latin enough, and in heaven attaches himself to Cicero to become a perfect Roman. He was hung round with so many titles and honorary designations, that the man himself could scarcely be seen. His Roman head, his brain full of Cicero's phrases, and his whole store-house of ancient learning are now mouldering in the grave;" (page 124). From the frivolity which then prevailed at Leipsic, he was saved by his poverty and the elevated tone of his spirit. His opinions on this subject deserve to be mentioned, because they afford a deep insight into his young

heart, and disclose sentiments to which he remained faithful through his life. "Fashion," says he, "is the tyrant at Leipsic, to which all else pays homage, though it is in a state of perpetual change. The *petit-mâitres* swarm in the streets, and in pleasant weather flutter round like butterflies. They are the figures of a puppet-show, and no one has the heart to be himself. The beau flits from toilet to toilet, from assembly to assembly, everywhere steals away one or two follies, laughs or weeps as others please, entertains one company with the crudities which he has collected in another, and devotes his body to eating and his soul to indolence, till he sinks weary to sleep. Such as are not compelled by poverty to be wise, are in Leipsic the fools I have described. The most of the rich students are of this character."

Of the freedom of thought and speech then enjoyed at Leipsic, he says in another letter (page 131) well deserving of mention, "The information which I have to give you respecting religious orthodoxy at Leipsic may be comprised in a short compass. Most of the students incline to heterodoxy. I have attended a professor who is also a preacher, and who incessantly attacked the spirit of system, the mystical interpretation of the Bible, the straining after allegories, the attachment to groundless proofs, and the ignorance of Hebrew in the commentators on the New Testament; but still the professor dared not openly deny any received doctrine; he merely treated of the difficulties attending it, and left his hearers to decide on its merits." This is a true representation of the course of Morus. Can we then be surprised, that so active and acute an intellect as that of Richter could not be enchained by theology or even attracted by it?

As Richter while at Hof had composed for himself his "Exercises in Thinking," so at Leipsic he began a similar production under the title of "Journal of my Labors," but this embraces only two months, August and September, 1781. The reflections on human life contained in these journals exhibit throughout the marks of a fertile and strong mind, the calmest contemplation, and acute investigation. They are entirely free from those ebullitions of an unnatural sentimentality which pervade his later works to such a degree, that we might offer a prize for the discovery of a strong manly character in any part of them without fearing that any one could entitle himself to the reward. If Richter had proceeded in the course on which he first entered, and which he himself acknowledged to be correct, he would have stood higher in our esteem.

We should be tempted to make extracts from the volumes before us, if we were not straitened for room. One passage however we must quote, for we do not recollect to have any where seen the spirit of the last quarter of the eighteenth century described in an equally condensed and striking manner. "Perhaps our century," says Richter, "is tolerant towards opinions and intolerant towards actions. Every truth may be freely spoken, but every virtue can-

not be exercised without fear of derision. Men are allowed to form opinions without taking the opinions of others as their model, but they are not allowed to act without considering whether others act in the same manner. We endure all sorts of free-thinkers, but not all sorts of saints. We have thrown off the yoke of systems, and fastened the bonds of conventional propriety doubly tight. I would rather at the present day be Epicurus than Diogenes, an atheist than a mystic."

Equally illustrative of his tone of thought at that time is an observation, which occurs a year later in a letter of his to a friend. "It was a time," he writes, "when truth pleased me less than its trappings, and thought than its imagery." This confession was made in 1782; and we must say that the use of the past tense in this connexion strikes us as somewhat strange, when we think of the subsequent writings of Richter, which a short time since led *the laughing philosopher* to remark, that "the license of a fertile fancy overstepping the rules of art appeared to Jean Paul the true life of genius, and his example produced many an imitator who mistook negligence for humor, and became lachrymose when his sportive mood failed to attract." We think, however, this writer is too hard, and on the whole unjust, when he objects to Richter "a piquant insipidity, leaden arabesques in the Nuremberg style,* grotesque china and pewter figures, drummed together like a contingent of troops for the army of the Empire."† During his residence at Leipsic, Richter had prepared his *Sketches*, published in 1783 by Voss at Berlin, which received little praise but much attention.

Now follows (page 195 - 238) an episode on Paul's costume; an interesting sketch of the pedantry of a Leipsic magistrate and of the spirit of little German towns. This volume closes with Richter's flight from Leipsic in consequence of a deficit in his finances, and his return to Hof, where, however, his pecuniary troubles began to increase; for, well as he understood how to store his head with all kinds of knowledge, his purse always remained empty.

The fourth number describes Richter's life at Hof and afterwards at Topen, where he was a domestic tutor, and lastly at Schwarzenbach, where he also instructed the children of several families together. Of the numerous letters in this volume, very many contain nothing to entitle them to publication; the others exhibit Richter such as he appeared in his subsequent works. In this portion of his life he gave up satire, and devoted himself more and more to the exercise of that peculiar turn of mind, through which he had such power to stir the feelings, and which existed in him to excess.

[* Referring to the playthings and toys made at Nuremberg.]

[† The friend who furnished us with the translation of this article, omitted this sentence as "somewhat too Teutonic for Anglification." It seemed to us however that so savoury a morsel was not to be thrown away. — EDD.]

The fifth volume contains an account of the life of Richter from 1794 to 1797. The most interesting part of it is the description of his first residence at Weimar. Here he was received by Von Knebel, Von Einsiedel, Böttiger, Herder, Wieland, and others, with friendship; and was the idol of certain ladies. Goethe, however, manifested a degree of coldness and stiffness towards him, and Schiller whom he visited at Jena was still more repulsive. The judgment which Richter pronounced upon the latter shows that he did not rightly apprehend Schiller's disposition. Perhaps the difference of his reception by the other men of letters may have influenced his opinion of the poet. "I entered yesterday," says he (page 122), "into the presence of the *craggy* Schiller, from whom strangers start back as from a cliff. He expected me, however, in consequence of a letter from Goethe. He appears confused, strong-headed, full of angles, full of sharp, cutting ability, but without love." We cannot condemn Schiller, if, having been often deceived, he did not think fit immediately to open his heart to every stranger, or to enter instinctively into the enthusiasm of others. The correspondence of Goethe and Schiller clears up this subject. This volume we must confess has affected us more unpleasantly than the four preceding. It contains nothing but incense and panegyric. No weakness of Richter, nor any powerful passion, such as every great man must have, is presented to our view. We do not see him act but only write, and this mostly in answer merely to complimentary addresses. The unvaried monotony of these letters wearies the reader. We are fully persuaded that Richter himself would hardly have given to the public all these epistles with his answers. Such a collection would certainly have appeared to his fertile imagination as holding him up in the light of a quack, with his bundle of affidavits and letters of thanks from those who have been benefited by his wonderful medicines.

The editor of the "*Wahrheit*" ought to have had this in mind, and to have recollected that every thing relating to a great man is not necessarily worthy of publication or interesting to the community, however much so it may be to private friends. In that case he would probably have given us one volume instead of five; and both Richter and the public would have been gainers thereby. At present it is necessary to collect with labor a little wheat from an abundance of chaff; and at the end, the reader finds himself less satisfied than he had expected to be at the beginning. In the volumes yet to follow may the editor keep in mind the old but true maxim of *Multum non multa*. The paper and print of this edition are unexceptionable.

[From "The Athenæum," Nos. 307, 308.]

ART. XII.—*La Vendée et Madame.* Par Général DERMONCOURT.
8vo. Paris. 1833.

[*The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée.* By General DERMONCOURT. 8vo. Lond. 1833.]

WE need not enlarge upon the high interest of this work. The personal adventures of the Princess, — her journeyings on foot and on horseback, in disguise and in her own character, her mental and bodily sufferings, her hopes and her despair, are a romance, and seem to belong to another age: they recall the wanderings and the perils of our own Charles Edward, with all the additional interest which must attach to the daring and the suffering of a woman.

The volume opens with a brief historical sketch of the position of France in relation to Europe, and of La Vendée to France, when the Duchess ventured to throw herself upon the country and hazard the fortunes of a civil war. The peculiar position of La Vendée, its old Bourbon prejudices, with the clashing interests of the new proprietors, the liberal feelings of the conscript soldiers, and the enlarged views and interests consequent on trade and manufactures which had penetrated the country by the roads made by Napoleon, are here traced with great fidelity. In 1794, the whole country was occupied by seigneurs and their serfs, — nobles and farmers, — almost to a man Bourbonists; but in 1832 the purchasers of the national property, — the returned conscript soldiers, the merchants and traders, were with and for the revolution; upon the line of the great roads, where information had spread, "the people," says the General, "are liberal in opinion, but this feeling cools in proportion as you advance on either side, into the less frequented parts of the country."

General Dermoncourt is of opinion, that the government of Louis-Philippe was not anxious, in the first instance, to quiet La Vendée; — the troubles there served to distract public attention from the temporizing foreign policy of the ministry; therefore General Lamarque was superseded in command by General Bonnet; but as this latter was equally firm and resolute, he too refused to temporize according to instructions, sent in his resignation, and was succeeded by Solignac. But the time arrived when the insurrection was to be put down, and General Dermoncourt was appointed to command the military subdivision at Nantes.

"At my time of life," says the General, "a man may speak of himself with the same freedom as of another, — and my appointment was proof that the ministers intended no longer to temporize with the insurgents. Forty-four years of service in Europe, in Asia, in America, and in Africa, — the giant battles in which I have shared, and compared with which our battles of the present day are utterly insignificant, have made me careless

of life, and the sword fit lightly to my hand. Moreover, my disgrace under the restoration, — the active part I took in the conspiracy of Belfort, in which I was near losing my head, — and the promptitude with which I offered my services to the provisional government of July, 1830, constituted a sure moral pledge to the government, of the zeal with which I would smite the Chouans."

The peculiar nature of Vendean warfare, with which the General was familiar, is related in a very graphic and spirited manner :

"A Vendean, as I have already stated, confounds every strategic calculation of the military art, especially those made for open plains.

"As for the army, which you expect every minute to encounter, it vanishes like smoke, for in truth it has no existence.

"When a day is fixed to strike a blow, at day-break, or even during the night, the tocsin is sounded in the village fixed on as the point of union. The neighbouring villages reply in the same manner; the villagers quit their cottages if it be in the night, or their ploughs if in the day, throwing upon their shoulder the gun, which they scarcely ever quit, stuff cartridges into their belt, tie their handkerchief round a broad-brimmed hat, which shades their sun-burnt countenance, stop at their church to utter a short prayer, then wend their way from all parts of the country to the common centre, inspired with a twofold faith, in God, and in the justice of their cause. Then come their chiefs, who acquaint them with the cause of their being assembled; and if it is to attack some patriot column, they state the road which the column will pursue, and the hour it will pass. Then, when this information is well understood by all, the chief in command gives them the plan of the battle in the following words :

"'Scatter yourselves, my fine fellows!'

"Then each breaks, not from the ranks, but from the group, — marches off his own way, proceeds onward with precaution and in silence, and in a short time every tree, every bush, every tuft of furze bordering either side of the high road, conceals a peasant, with a gun in one hand and supporting himself with the other, crouched like a wild beast, without motion, and scarcely breathing.

"Meanwhile, the patriot column uneasy at the thought of some unknown danger, advances towards the defile, preceded by scouts, who pass without seeing, touch without feeling, and are allowed to go by scathless; but the moment the detachment is in the midst of the pass, jammed in between two sloping banks, as if it were in an immense rut, and unable to deploy either to the right or to the left, — a signal is given at one extremity, and is repeated along the whole line of ambuscade, to signify that each is at his post; then a human cry succeeds, — one of war and of death. In an instant, each bush, each tuft of furze, glares with a sudden flash, and a shower of balls strikes whole files of soldiers to the earth without their being able to perceive the enemies who slaughter them. The dead and wounded lie piled upon each other on the road; and if the column is not thrown into disorder, and the voices of the officers are heard above the firing, — if, in short, the troops attempt to grapple body to body with their assailants, who strike without showing themselves, — if they climb the slope, like a glacis, and scale the hedge, like a wall, the peasants have already had time to retire behind a second inclosure, whence the invisible firing recommences as murderous as before. Should this second hedge be stormed, in the same manner, ten, twenty, a hundred similar intrenchments offer successive shelter to this destructive retreat; for the country is thus divided for the security of the children of the soil, which seems to show

a maternal solicitude for their preservation, by offering them a shelter everywhere, and their enemies everywhere a grave.

“What I have just stated explains how the Convention, which had conquered fourteen armies, commanded by kings and princes, could never pacify La Vendée, kept in a state of rebellion by a few peasants; and how Napoleon, who dictated his will to the whole of Europe, could never succeed in getting his orders executed in three of the departments of France.”

The first impressions made on the mind of the General, from circumstances here narrated, are given, — “and I saw immediately,” he states, “that an extensive rising was contemplated; the very air brought with it a smell of war, which an old soldier knows by instinct”; — but, interesting as all this undoubtedly is, we must pass it by, to come at once to the personal adventures of the Duchess. First, only, we shall give some particulars of those motives and circumstances which influenced the Duchess to adventure on this chivalrous enterprise: —

“The Duchess having formed the resolution of quitting her family and entering France, obtained from the ex-King a letter, dated from Edinburgh, and addressed to the royalists of France, in order that these latter might acknowledge Marie-Caroline Duchess of Berri, as Regent. Having obtained this letter, the Duchess left England with a few courtiers who had remained faithful to her. In June, 1831, she passed through Holland, remained a day or two at Frankfort, and at Mayence. She then crossed Switzerland, entered Piedmont, and, under the name of the Countess Sagana, at length stopped at Sestri, a small town situated twelve leagues from Genoa, and forming part of the dominions of King Charles Albert.

“Her incognito was, however, quite useless, for it did not even extend to the individuals by whom she was accompanied. She might be traced from inn to inn, for in every innkeeper’s book were to be seen the signatures of M. de Ménars, M. de Duras, and others of her suite.

“The royalists of France, who had been informed of the Duchess’s approach towards the French frontier, covered the roads of Lombardy and Piedmont; and everybody knew the Duchess of Berri under the name of the Countess de Sagana. She herself did not affect concealment. Every Sunday she went to a church situated about two hundred paces from her place of residence, on foot, and generally through lines of people attracted by curiosity, and followed by the same suite that attended her at Paris.

* * * * *

“The French government was therefore soon made acquainted with the presence of the Duchess in Piedmont, and took offence accordingly. * * * A letter from the Cabinet of the Tuileries was immediately addressed to the Sardinian government, complaining that Charles Albert was nurturing a conspiracy in his states, which could be directed only against France.

“Charles Albert then wrote to the Duchess, informing her of the political system adopted by foreign states with regard to France. He informed her that the sovereigns of Europe, too much harassed themselves by the popular discontent manifested in their own dominions, would not wage with France a war of principles, in which they would be badly seconded by their own subjects, but it was their intention to unite against that country on the slightest aggression which could afford them a plausible pretence for doing so. This long diplomatic letter concluded by a polite request, the motives for which were stated at length, but which was not less a peremptory order, to quit the Sardinian states, the residence of the Duchess

having become too notorious ; but leave was given to return whenever she pleased under a stricter incognito, which might enable the King of Sardinia to deny to Louis-Philippe her being in his dominions.

"This letter exasperated the Duchess, whose independent and despotic character would lead her to undergo any kind of danger and fatigue, rather than support the slightest contradiction to her will. She could not comprehend how Charles Albert, whom she had seen, with epaulets of red wool, join as a volunteer the French army destined to conquer Spain, could so soon forget the kind reception he had met with at the Court of Charles X. ; and how, eight years after, having himself become a king, he could order her to quit his dominions. This letter was a source of humiliation, to which she constantly reverted in her conversation with those Frenchmen who went to Sestri to receive her orders.

" 'Royalty is disappearing,' she said to one of them, 'like architecture. My great-grandfather built palaces, my grandfather built houses, my father built huts, and my brother will no doubt build rats'-nests. But, God willing, my son, when it comes to his turn, shall build palaces again.'

"At length the Duchess made up her mind to leave Piedmont, pledging herself to the royalists whom she had received at Sestri, to enter France at their very first call, and the moment they thought a favorable opportunity offered. After staying a few days at Modena, she went through Tuscany, and proceeded to Rome."

The courtiers that surrounded the Duchess now advised with all their eloquence, that she should throw herself at once upon France. The discontent in the south was represented to her as an open rebellion, — the fidelity of La Vendée as an armed and organized army, — the republican movements as a royalist revolt. All letters pointing out the impolicy of so rash a step, were suppressed, and only those submitted which tended to encourage this feeling ; "and I have letters now before me," says the General, "written with a blindness and imprudence scarcely credible, and by Peers of France, whose opinions were, under the circumstances, all but peremptory" ; and he gives extracts from some in cipher, which, however, are translated, suppressing the names where the publication might compromise parties hitherto unknown. Impelled by them, the Duchess resolved to hazard all ; and accordingly the following letter was transmitted to the faithful ; —

" 'I will make known at Nantes, at Angers, at Rennes, and at Lyons, that I am in France. Prepare to take arms as soon as you receive this intelligence, which you will probably do from the 2nd to the 3rd of May next. If the messengers should not be able to pass, public report will acquaint you with my arrival, and you will take arms without delay.

" 'MARIE-CAROLINE.' "

" 'April 15th, 1832.' "

On the 21st, the Duchess embarked on board the steamer *Carlo Alberto*. On the 29th she was off Marseilles ; on that night the insurrection was to break out in the city.

"The weather was however unfavorable to a landing upon the coast. There was a heavy swell, it blew fresh, and an attempt to near the land anywhere, except in the roadstead of Marseilles would have exposed the vessel to great danger. The captain nevertheless offered the Duchess to run the risk, but she formally objected to it ; requesting only, that a boat

might be lowered, as she was resolved to attempt a landing. The captain refused for a considerable time to comply, but the Duchess was peremptory in her orders, and the commander of the steamer had now no alternative but to obey: the vessel was freighted by Her Royal Highness, and was therefore under her control. Moreover, the reasons she gave were sacred: she had, she said, herself fixed the hour for the insurrection, and she would not fail to be present, lest it should risk the throne of her son, and the lives of those who were about to hazard all in her cause.

"The captain, therefore, had the boat lowered: two persons entered it with the Duchess, — namely, M. de Ménars and General de Bourmont. The rowers took their seats, and the frail bark, separating from the steamer, disappeared between two mountains of water, then rose upon the top of a wave like a flake of foam.

"It was by a miracle that so slight a vessel resisted the heavy sea during three hours. The Duchess on this occasion was, what she always is in real danger, calm and almost gay. She is one of those frail, delicate beings whom a breath would be supposed to have power to bend, and yet who only enjoy existence with a tempest either over their head or in their bosom.

"At length the adventurous passengers were landed on the coast without being perceived; for the evening had set in. Not daring to enter any house, they resolved to pass the night where they were. The Duchess, having wrapped herself in a cloak, lay down under the shelter of a rock, and fell asleep, while M. de Ménars and General Bourmont kept watch over her until daylight. The first glance which the twilight allowed them to cast upon the city, satisfied the Duchess that her instructions had been followed. The white flag had replaced the tricolor upon the church of St. Laurent, and the alarm bell, whose deep tones escaped from the old church, now vibrated fearfully through the air. It required almost the exertion of manual strength to prevent the Duchess from entering Marseilles. Her companions, however, prevailed upon her to wait some short time longer. Soon a numerous crowd was perceived pressing forward upon the esplanade of La Tourette, and looking towards the sea at the steamer *Carlo Alberto*; for a report had been spread through the city that the Duchess of Berri and General Bourmont were on board of this vessel, and that the Regent and the Marshal were coming to assist the legitimatist movement which had just been effected.

"At eight o'clock the adventurous Duchess and her companions heard the drums beating to arms in every part of the city. This continued till eleven, without any report of fire-arms being mingled with it; then all was again silent. At nine, the tricolor flag had resumed its place upon St. Laurent's church; at twelve, the crowd assembled on the esplanade of La Tourette dispersed at the sight of the national guard and the troops of the line, whose arms the Duchess saw upon the terrace glittering in the sun's rays.

"At two in the afternoon, a frigate left the harbour, bearing the tricolor flag, and standing out under a press of sail. She rapidly approached the steamer, which appeared at about four leagues from shore, floating like a buoy upon the waves. On seeing this the *Carlo Alberto* began to move, and soon disappeared in the direction of Toulon.

"All these were unfavorable symptoms.

"To have remained any longer where they then were, would have been the height of imprudence; General Bourmont therefore proposed to Her Royal Highness to enter a hut which they saw at a little distance, whilst he went on a journey of discovery. This hut belonged to a charcoal-burner.

"At four, General Bourmont returned with the following intelligence:—

"During the whole of the night of the 29th and the morning of the 30th, mobs of legitimatists had assembled and paraded through all parts of the city, carrying a white flag and crying, 'Vive Henri V !' At three in the morning, some armed men had entered the church of St. Laurent after having obtained the keys by force, and had planted the white flag upon it in lieu of the tricolor. Other armed men had proceeded to the Patoche, and to the watch-house, torn the tricolor flag from them, and dragged it through the mud. But the greater number had gone to the Palais de Justice, crying, 'Vive la Ligue ! Vive Henri V !'

"A sub-lieutenant of the 13th, who was there, summoned the crowd to disperse, and, on a refusal to comply, made by its ringleader, Colonel de Lachaud, he seized the latter by the collar, and, after a violent struggle, dragged him into the guard-house. A general '*sauve qui peut*' was then heard, and during the rout three other individuals were seized ; these turned out to be M. de Candolle, M. Laget de Podio, and M. Chevalier.

"The patriotic feelings manifested by the majority of the population, and the little sympathy these legitimatist demonstrations had excited, were of bad augury for the success of the enterprise. Scarcely two hundred Carlists had taken a part in the movement, although there were six or eight thousand in the city ; and it was probable that the other towns in the south would not rise unless Marseilles, their queen city, set them the example. This was disastrous intelligence, and the Duchess and her little council eagerly consulted as to what was best to be done. A decision of some kind was urgent, for their situation was very precarious, and the danger increased every moment. To add to their misfortune, the disappearance of the *Carlo Alberto* had cut off their retreat by sea, and they had therefore only an alternative left, — namely, to pass through the country separating the Rhone from the Alps, cross these mountains, and descend into Piedmont ; or, turning westward, to cross France in nearly its whole breadth, and take shelter in La Vendée. This latter plan, though the most dangerous of execution, had at least a chance of success in its result, and it was therefore chosen by the Duchess. She declared, that, as she had entered France, she would not leave it, and, with the rapidity always attendant upon her resolves, gave orders for immediate departure."

The Duchess had a friend residing in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, upon whose fidelity she could depend ; but, as the party had neither carriage, nor horse, nor mule, there was no alternative but to walk thither, and they accordingly started, resolved to make the first stage as long as possible.

"The little party now left the sea-shore. The night was dark, and they could distinguish Marseilles at the other extremity of the bay only by its numerous lights, which looked like stars. Now and then a murmur arose from the agitated city, which, carried forward by a gentle and damp breeze, reached the ears of the travellers. Then the Duchess would turn round, cast a glance towards the city of her lost hopes, and again resume her wearisome journey with a sigh."

Presuming that, after the manifestations in the city, the high roads would be guarded, and that persons of their appearance, travelling on foot, could not escape observation, it was decided that they should proceed through the mountains under the conduct of the charcoal-burner. After five hours of most fatiguing labor, the guide confessed that in the darkness of the night he had lost his way ; the Duchess was by this time so utterly exhausted, that she

could proceed no farther : "she therefore wrapped herself in her warm cloak, laid her head upon the portmanteau, and was soon as fast asleep as if she had been in the Tuileries, while her companions kept watch over her."

"At dawn of day the Duchess awoke. The instant there was light enough the guide discovered his mistake. He had wandered two leagues from the path he ought to have followed, and to regain which, they would have to cross, for the space of a league, a tract of open country, where they would run the danger of being recognised and taken. The Duchess, perceiving a country seat at a little distance, asked to whom it belonged.

"'To a furious republican,' the guide answered; 'and what is more, he is Maire of the Commune,'

"'Very well,' replied the Princess, 'conduct me thither.'

"Her companions looked at her with astonishment.

"'Gentlemen,' she said, in a tone of voice she always assumes when her determination is irrevocable, turning towards them, and without giving them time to speak, 'the moment is come when we must part. There is less danger for us separately, than if we remain together. Monsieur de Bourmont, you shall receive my orders at Nantes; proceed thither, and wait for me. Monsieur de Ménars, do you reach Montpellier; there I will let you know where I am. Adieu, gentlemen; I wish you a safe journey, and may God be with you!'

"On saying this she gave them her hand to kiss, and took leave of them. They both withdrew, well knowing that remonstrance was of no avail.

"On finding herself alone, the Duchess repeated her order to the guide to conduct her to the house of the Maire. In a quarter of an hour they were in the Maire's drawing-room; and notice of their arrival having been given to the master of the house, he made his appearance in about ten minutes, and the Duchess advanced to meet him.

"'Sir,' said she, 'you are a republican, I know; but no political opinions can apply to a proscribed fugitive. I am the Duchess of Berri; and I am come to ask you for an asylum.'

"'My house is at your service, Madam.'

"'Your situation enables you to provide me with a passport, and I have depended on your getting one for me.'

"'I will procure you one.'

"'I must to-morrow proceed to the neighbourhood of Montpellier; will you afford me the means of doing so?'

"'I will myself conduct you thither.'

"'Now, Sir,' continued the Duchess, holding out her hand to him, 'order a bed to be got ready for me, and you will see that the Duchess of Berri can sleep soundly under the roof of a republican.'

"Next evening, the Duchess was near Montpellier; she had travelled thither in the Maire's *char-à-banc*, seated by his side. As soon as M. de Ménars joined her, preparations were made for departure. Her Royal Highness and M. de Ménars got into a calash; the Marquis de L—, wrapped up in a box-coat, took the coachman's seat; and the travellers with regular passports took, *en poste*, the high road from Montpellier to Carcassone. They were to stay a day at Toulouse, from which town they intended to proceed, by way of Bordeaux, to a chateau situated in the neighbourhood of St. Jean d'Angely, belonging to a friend of the Marquis de L—, who answered for his fidelity, though he was not aware of the visit he was about to receive. It was from this chateau that the Duchess was to give notice of her arrival to the legitimatists at Paris, and issue her first proclamations in La Vendée."

The facility and quiet, with which they had travelled from Montpellier to Toulouse, gave to the Duchess such a feeling of security, that, on her arrival at the latter city, she made the circumstance known to many friends, and received their visits: —

“She, however, left Toulouse the same night; continued her journey next day in an open calash; passed through Bordeaux without stopping; crossed the Dordogne at Cublac, and, descending as far as Blaye, passed close by the walls of that citadel, which she then little thought would become so soon the place of her captivity.

“In the evening, the carriage stopped before the gate of a chateau. The Marquis de L — left the coach-box, and rang at the gate with the violence of one not inclined to wait. The loudness of the ring, and the hour at which it sounded through the house, brought out the master himself.

“‘It is I, de L —,’ said the Marquis, on perceiving him: ‘open the gate quickly, for I bring you Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Berri.’

“The master of the house started with surprise and dismay.

“‘The Duchess of Berri!’ he stammered out: ‘what, Madame ——.’

“‘Yes, she herself, — open the gate quickly.’

“‘But you are not aware that I have twenty persons in the house; and that they are all assembled in the drawing-room, and ——’

“‘Sir,’ said the Duchess, opening the blinds of the carriage, ‘have you not, by any chance, a female cousin living fifty leagues from this place?’

“‘Yes, Madam.’

“‘Well then, open the gate, and introduce me to these twenty persons as your cousin.’

“There was no replying to this; and the master of the house, who had only made these objections in his anxiety for the safety of the Duchess, instantly opened the gate; the fair heroine leapt from the carriage, put her arm under his, and proceeded towards the house.

“Meantime, the visitors, perceiving the absence of their host, had most of them withdrawn to their bed-rooms; so that when the Duchess entered with M. de Ménars and the Marquis de L —, she found only the lady of the house and two or three persons with her. The introduction was therefore less awkward.

“Next morning the Duchess came down to breakfast, underwent her second introduction, and played her part of cousin so naturally, that no one present had the least suspicion of her not being so.

“It happened fortunately that not one of the guests had ever seen her before.

“On the following Sunday, the Curé of the little commune of S —, to whose flock the inhabitants of the chateau belonged, came there, as usual, to breakfast; and to him the Duchess was introduced, as she had been to the other guests, as the cousin of the master of the house. The Curé advanced to offer his respects to her, but stopped suddenly with such an air of stupefaction, that the Duchess burst out laughing.

“The good priest had been presented to the Duchess of Berri, when she came to Rochefort in 1828.

“‘What is there in my cousin’s countenance that makes so strong an impression upon you?’ said the master of the house.

“‘Why,’ said the Curé, stammering, ‘this is Madame ——! your-cousin! — Oh! but it is really surprising!’

“‘But what is there surprising?’ said the Duchess, amused at the priest’s embarrassment.

“‘There is that — Your Royal Highness is — I mean that M. ——’s cousin resembles your Royal Highness — the fact is, I took you for — and even now — I could almost swear that ——’

"The Duchess laughed like a mad woman. At this moment the bell announced breakfast.

"The Duchess was seated at the breakfast table opposite the Curé, who, pre-occupied by his idea, kept looking at the cause of his embarrassment, and forgot to eat;—or, if his absence was mentioned to him, he would carry his fork to his mouth instinctively, and immediately replacing it upon his plate, exclaim,

"'It is incredible! never did such a likeness exist before.'"

The Duchess remained a week at this chateau, and from thence despatched letters to her friends in Paris and La Vendée, and issued a proclamation to the people, as Regent of France. But, says the General,

"The Duchess was acting under a complete illusion, with regard not only to the preparations, but also to public feeling, in the western departments. She compared these provinces to those in the south, which a simple proclamation may rouse into insurrection, and a single check discourage. The people of La Vendée are grave, cold, and silent; they slowly and laboriously discuss every project, alternately weighing the chances of success and of failure. And when the former seem to preponderate in the balance, the Vendean holds out his hand, says Yes, and dies, if necessary, in the fulfilment of his promise. But, as he knows that Yes and No are to him words of life and death, he is slow in giving them utterance."

Indeed, many of the Vendean chiefs, on receiving an order to take up arms, protested against the proceeding as hopeless and ruinous,—concluding by assuring the Duchess, that individually they would shed their blood at her command, but warning her against the awful responsibility of calling on the peasantry to embark in so desperate an attempt; even M. de Coislin, whose promises, says the General, had mainly influenced the Duchess, delivered in a long memorial (which is given in the narrative) against her proceedings.

The Duchess, however, had set her fortune on the die, and resolved to abide the chance. The following was her reply to M. de Coislin:—

"'I have reason to be grieved at the statements contained in the note you have sent me. You will call to mind, Sir, the contents of your own despatches. It was those despatches, as well as a duty I considered sacred, which induced me to trust myself to the well-known loyalty of these provinces. If I gave orders to assume arms on the 24th, it was because I felt sure of your participation, and in consequence of positive notes from the South, and from divers points of France. I should deem my cause for ever lost, were I obliged to fly from this country, and I shall naturally be forced to do so unless arms be assumed forthwith. I shall then have no resource left but to lament, far from France, my having relied too much upon the promises of those in whose favor I have braved every danger to fulfil mine. I must confess, that, deprived as I am of the counsels of Monsieur le Maréchal, I feel great difficulty in coming to such a resolution without him. But I have the assurance that he will be at his post, if he is not there already.

"'I could have wished that the loss of his advice had been supplied by you; but time was pressing, and I therefore felt bound to make an appeal to your devotion and your zeal. The order sent throughout France to take arms on the twenty-fourth of this month, remains then in full force for the West.

“‘ It now remains for me, Sir, to call your attention to the army. It will ensure our success; and it is our duty to use towards it all possible means of persuasion. You will therefore take care to disseminate my proclamations and ordinances two days beforehand; and you will not commit any act of hostility against it, until you have exhausted all means of conciliation. Such is my positive will.

“‘ P. S. — I beg you will immediately forward this letter to the persons who signed that which you sent to me. I need not tell you, Monsieur le Marquis, how greatly I rely upon your devotion, of which you have already afforded me so many proofs, and which becomes so necessary at this decisive moment.

“‘ MARIE-CAROLINE,
“‘ Regent of France.’”

“‘ Vendée, May 18th, 1832.’”

Great hopes were entertained that the army would declare for her. The accounts of the private attempts made to win it over show how strangely she had been misinformed.

“ Meanwhile the Duchess, as I have already stated, had quitted, on the 15th of May, at eleven o'clock, the chateau in which she had found hospitality, and had entered La Vendée. She was to join M. de Charette, on the next day, in the neighbourhood of Montaigu; and, for this purpose, she was obliged to travel the remainder of the day, and the whole of the following night. She was to stop half way, at the house of a Curé who had received notice from M. de Charette, and who, zealously devoted to Madame's party, had undertaken to have her conducted to the place of meeting. The Duchess reached his house at about eight o'clock in the evening; she was alone, fearing that a number of attendants might excite suspicion. She had still seven leagues to travel.

“ As soon as the Duchess had supped, she requested the Curé to give the necessary orders for her departure, whilst she made her preparations. All was soon ready, and when, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, the Curé returned to the room occupied by Her Royal Highness to tell her that her horse was saddled, he found her dressed as a peasant boy, having the appearance of a youth of eighteen. Her light auburn tresses were completely hid under a brown wig.

“ He then called his godson, a stripling of sixteen, and pointing to Her Royal Highness, said only these few words:

“‘ Here is a young man, who will get up behind you; he must be taken to —.’

“ The lad, casting a rapid glance at the person committed to his guidance, replied, ‘ Very well, Monsieur le Curé, he shall be taken thither.’

“ The Duchess, having bid adieu to the priest, mounted behind her conductor, and the horse started off at a trot.

“ They travelled on, without either party saying a word, and without the guide once turning his head toward his companion. In three hours they reached the place appointed. The Duchess made herself known, and entered the house where she was expected. Immediately the lad, who had brought her, set out on his return, without saying a word to her, or asking for any reward.

“ The young lad had seen the Duchess in 1828, and recognised her even under her disguise. — The character of the Vendean peasant is fully displayed in this action, so simple at a first glance, and yet so characteristic. He is ever the same, — cold, silent, and devoted.

“ Charette arrived at the hour appointed. The Duchess and he got on

horseback to proceed to the neighbourhood of Grand-Lieu ; and, after about an hour's travelling, an accident happened which had well nigh terminated the campaign ere it was begun.

" In crossing the Maine a little below Remouilli, on a bridge, or rather a dike of wet stones, the Duchess's foot slipped, and she was precipitated into the little river. Charette immediately jumped in and bore her to the opposite bank. But Madame, who, as the reader knows, was dressed as a boy, had no change of clothes, and was greatly embarrassed. But, perceiving a house close by, she entered it, undressed, and taking a blanket from a bed, wrapped it round her whilst her clothes were dried ; then, returning to the door of the house, she partook of a bowl of sour milk and a piece of black bread, which her companion had asked for.

" At Aigrefeuille, the Duchess, having obtained the garments of her sex and a carriage, pursued the high road as far as Couffon, where she entered a house. A woman, soon after, left it, dressed in her clothes, and got into the carriage, which continued to follow the road to Nantes. The Duchess, in the mean time, dressed in the clothes which the woman had exchanged for hers, took a cross road, and penetrated into the most intricate part of the country. She thus hoped, should she have been followed, to put her pursuers upon a wrong scent.

" The same day (17th) Madame stopped at a wretched cottage, but far from any other dwelling, and perfectly concealed from casual observation. Thence she made M. de Bourmont acquainted with her arrival in La Vendée. The General had, on the same day, reached Nantes, after travelling through France, by way of Lyons and Moulins. There also Madame received M. de Coialin's note, and the visit of M. Guibourg."

While the Duchess was thus actively engaged in La Vendée, meetings were held of her most influential friends at Paris, who, however, despaired of any good resulting from the attempt. It was the more necessary, therefore, immediately to communicate to her their opinions by some person whose authority could not be doubted. The Duke of Fitzjames, — the Viscount Chateaubriand, — Hyde de Neuville, were all, of course, narrowly watched by the government : at length it was determined that M. Berryer, the advocate, under pretence of a lawsuit in which he was engaged at the assizes at Vannes, should proceed to her with a brief note, containing a summary of the opinions of the meeting ; leaving all further particulars to be communicated by him orally. The involved intricacy of the clue by which he had to thread his way to the Duchess is exceedingly curious, and the whole narrative of his journey romantic and interesting : —

" M. Berryer left Paris on the morning of the 20th, and reached Nantes on the 22nd. On his arrival he was informed that M. de Bourmont had been there for two days past. He immediately paid the General a visit. M. de Bourmont had received, on the 15th, the order for taking arms on the 24th ; but, after what he had heard during his short residence at Nantes, he thought with M. Berryer, that no hopes could be founded upon this insurrection, which he considered a lamentable piece of rashness and folly."

The Marshal was indeed so strongly of this opinion, that he had taken on himself to postpone the general rising until further orders.

"M. de Bourmont applauded the motive which had led M. Berryer to seek the Duchess, and all was ready for his departure on the same day.

"Accordingly, at two o'clock in the afternoon, M. Berryer got into a small hack cabriolet, and, as he entered it, asked the Duchess's confidential agent at Nantes what road he was to take, and where Madame resided. The agent replied by pointing to a peasant at the corner of the street, mounted on a dapple-grey horse, saying:

"'Look at that man; you have only to follow him.'

"And, in fact, scarcely did the peasant perceive M. Berryer's vehicle in motion, than he trotted forward, so that M. Berryer could follow without losing sight of him. In this manner they crossed the bridges, and entered the open country. The peasant never once turned his head towards M. Berryer, but jogged on with such apparent carelessness and inattention to the vehicle he was guiding, that M. Berryer more than once thought himself the dupe of some mystification. With regard to the cab-driver, as he was not in the secret, he could give no information about the road they were following; and when, on his asking whither he was to drive, his fare merely replied, 'Follow that man,' he strictly obeyed the injunction, and took no more notice of the guide than the latter took of him.

"After a journey of two hours and a half, during which M. Berryer had felt considerable uneasiness, they arrived at a small town, and the peasant on horseback stopped in front of the inn, and alighted. The cab immediately drew up at the same place, and M. Berryer got out. The peasant then continued his journey on foot, and M. Berryer having told the cab-driver to wait for him there till six o'clock the next evening, instantly followed his strange guide.

"Having advanced about a hundred paces, the guide entered a house, and, as during the short walk, M. Berryer had gained upon him, he followed close at his heels. The man opened the door of the kitchen, where the mistress of the house was alone, and pointing to M. Berryer, said,

"'Here's a gentleman who must be conducted.'

"'He shall be conducted,' replied the mistress of the house.

"Scarcely had she uttered these words, ere the peasant opened a door and disappeared, without giving M. Berryer time to thank or remunerate him. The mistress of the house then made the stranger a sign to be seated and continued, without saying a single syllable, to attend to her household affairs as if she were alone.

"A silence of three quarters of an hour succeeded, and was only interrupted by the arrival of the master, who bowed to the stranger, but evinced neither surprise nor curiosity; only he looked towards his wife, who without stirring from her place, and without interruption to what she was doing, repeated the words previously uttered by the guide, —

"'Here's a gentleman who must be conducted.'

"The master of the house then cast upon his guest one of those rapid, uneasy, and searching glances peculiar to the Vendean peasantry; after which his countenance resumed its habitual expression, that of kindness and *naïveté*. Advancing towards M. Berryer with his hat in his hand, —

"'Does Monsieur wish to travel in our country?' he asked.

"'Yes, I wish to go farther on.'

"'Monsieur has papers, no doubt?'

"'Yes.'

"'In regular order?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'If Monsieur would show them to me, I would inform him whether he could with safety travel through our country.'

"'Here they are.'

"The peasant took them and glanced his eyes over them; and the moment he saw the name of Berryer, folded them up and returned them, saying:

" 'Oh! it's all right. Monsieur may go anywhere with those papers.'

" 'And will you undertake to conduct me?'

" 'Yes, Sir.'

" 'I wish it to be as soon as possible.'

" 'I will have the horses saddled.'

"The master of the house then went out, and returning in ten minutes after, said:

" 'The horses are ready.'

" 'And the guide?'

" 'Is waiting, Sir.'

"At the door M. Berryer, found a lad belonging to the farm, already on horseback, holding a second horse by the bridle; and scarcely was the foot of the Paris advocate in the stirrup, ere the new guide, as silent as his predecessor, began to jog on.

"In about two hours, during which M. Berryer did not exchange a single word with his guide, they arrived, about nightfall, at the door of one of those farms honored by the appellation of chateaux. It was now half-past eight. M. Berryer and his conductor both alighted and entered the house.

"The latter, addressing a servant, said:

" 'Here's a gentleman who must speak to your master.'

"This latter was already in bed. He had passed the preceding night at a rendezvous, and the whole day on horseback; being therefore too tired to get up, one of his relations came down in his stead.

"The moment M. Berryer stated who he was, and that he wished to see the Duchess of Berri, orders were instantly given to prepare for their departure, he himself undertaking to conduct the traveller.

"In ten minutes, both were on horseback. After a quarter of an hour's riding, a loud cry was uttered about a hundred yards before them. M. Berryer started, and inquired what it meant.

" 'It is our scout,' calmly replied the Vendean chief, 'who is asking after his fashion, whether the road is free. Listen, and you will hear the reply.'

"At these words he extended his hand, seized M. Berryer's arm, and thus forced him to pull up. An instant after, a second cry was heard, much farther off than the former, of which it seemed an echo, so perfectly similar was the sound.

" 'We may now advance,' resumed the chief, making his horse walk forward; 'the road is free.'

" 'Are we then preceded by a scout?' asked M. Berryer.

" 'Yes. We have a man two hundred yards in advance of us, and one two hundred yards in our rear.'

" 'But who replied to the former?'

" 'The peasants whose cottages border upon the road. Take notice, when we pass before one of them, and you will see a small wicket opened, and a man's head appear. If we were soldiers belonging to some neighboring cantonment, the man who would have seen us pass would immediately go out by a back door, and if there were a meeting in the neighbourhood, which we were going to surprise, it would receive notice of our approach a quarter of an hour before our arrival.'

"At this moment the Vendean chief ceased speaking. 'Listen,' said he, stopping his horse.

" 'What is the matter?' inquired M. Berryer; 'I heard only the cry of our scout.'

" 'Yes, but no cry replies to it; there are soldiers in the neighbourhood.'

"So saying, he set off at a trot, and M. Berryer followed him; almost at the same moment they were overtaken by the man in the rear, who advanced at full speed.

"Here the road branched off into two directions, and they found their scout motionless and undecided, between the two paths. His cry had been answered on neither side, and he knew not which to take; for both led to the place whither the travellers were bound.

"The chief and the guide having conversed together an instant in an under-tone, the guide took the dark avenue on the right, and was soon lost in the gloom. Five minutes after, the chief and M. Berryer entered the same road, leaving motionless, at the place they quitted, their companion, who, five minutes after, followed them in his turn.

"About three hundred paces further on, they found their guide at a dead stand; having made them a sign to keep silence, he whispered the words, 'A patrole.'

"And in fact, they heard, immediately after, the regular tramp of footsteps made by soldiers marching. This happened to be one of my movable columns going its night round.

"The noise soon came nearer, and they perceived the bayonets of the men standing out in relief upon the dark sky. The detachment, to avoid the water running in the hollow roads, had taken neither of the two paths, — which was what caused the momentary hesitation in the guide, — but had climbed the slope, and was marching on the other side of the hedge upon the ground which commanded the hollow path forming its boundaries. The situation of the travellers was at this moment very critical; for if one of the four horses had neighed, all would have been made prisoners. But, as if the poor beasts had understood the danger of their masters, they remained still and silent, and the soldiers passed without suspecting near whom they were. When the sound of their footsteps had died away, the travellers resumed their journey.

"At half past ten they turned off from the road, and entered a small wood, where they alighted, and, leaving their horses under the care of the two peasants, M. Berryer and the Vendean chief continued their route on foot.

"They were now not very far distant from the farm inhabited by the Duchess of Berri; but, as they wished to enter by a back door, it was necessary to take a circuit, and cross marshes, in which they sank up to their knees in mire. At length they perceived a little dark mass, which was the farm-house surrounded by trees. They soon reached the door, at which the chief knocked in a particular manner.

"Footsteps were immediately heard inside, and a voice exclaimed, 'Who's there?'

"The chief replied by a known pass-word, and the door was opened.

"An old woman performed the duties of porter; but, for greater security, she was attended by a stout and robust peasant armed with a stick, a weapon of terrific power in such hands.

"'We want to see Monsieur Charles,' said the chief.

"'He is asleep,' the old woman replied; 'but he gave orders to be immediately informed if any one arrived. Come into the kitchen, and I will go and awake him.'

"'Tell him that it is M. Berryer from Paris,' said this gentleman.

"The old woman left them in the kitchen.

"In about ten minutes she returned, and informed M. Berryer that Monsieur Charles was ready to receive him. He accordingly followed her up a rickety staircase outside the house. It led to a small room on the first floor, the only one indeed in the house at all fit to be inhabited.

"This was the apartment of the Duchess of Berri, into which the old woman ushered M. Berryer, then, shutting the door, remained outside.

"All M. Berryer's attention was now directed to Madame, who was in bed, upon a wooden bedstead clumsily made with a hedging-bill. She had sheets of the finest lawn, and was covered with a Scotch shawl of green and red plaid. She had on her head one of those woollen coifs worn by the women of the country, the pinners of which fall over the shoulders. The walls of the room were bare, the apartment was heated by an awkward chimney of plaster of Paris, and the only furniture, besides the bed, was a table covered with papers, upon which were two brace of pistols, and in a corner a chair, upon which lay a complete dress of a peasant boy, and a black wig.

"I have already stated that the object of M. Berryer's interview with the Duchess was to persuade her to quit France; but, as I cannot give the particulars of this conversation without compromising many persons, I shall pass it over in silence. The reader, with the details already given, may easily supply this deficiency by conjecture. At three o'clock in the morning, but not until that hour, Madame yielded to the arguments urged by M. Berryer in his own name, and in that of his party. Nevertheless, though the Duchess might of herself have seen that very little advantage could be expected from an armed insurrection, it was not without tears and cries of despair that she gave way.

" 'Well, it is settled,' she said: 'I must then quit France; but I will not return, you may depend upon it, for I will not come back with foreign armies. They are only waiting for a time, as you well know; and then, when the day comes, they will demand my son:—not that they trouble themselves much more about him now than they did about Louis XVIII. in 1813. But he will prove a means of their having a party at Paris. Well! but they shall not have my son; they shall not have him upon any consideration; I would rather he should labor in the mountains of Calabria. Look you, M. Berryer; if he is to purchase the throne of France by the cession of a province, of a city, of a fortress, of a house,—nay, of a cottage such as I now inhabit, I give you the word of a regent and a mother that he shall never be king.'

"At four o'clock the Duchess seemed completely resigned. M. Berryer took leave of her, having her promise that she would meet him at noon at the second house at which he had stopped on the preceding evening, and which was four long leagues from the inn where he had left his cab-driver. On their arrival at this latter place, Madame was to enter his cabriolet, return with him to Nantes, take the post then with a fictitious passport, and, crossing the whole of France, leave it by Mount Cenis.

"M. Berryer stopped at the place appointed, and waited from twelve till six in the afternoon, when he received a despatch from the Duchess informing him that she had changed her mind.

"She stated that she had linked too many interests with her own, to fly from the consequences of her entrance into France, and allow them to weigh upon others; that she was therefore resolved to share to the very last extremity the fate of those whom she had brought into peril; only the assumption of arms fixed for the 24th of May was adjourned to the 3rd—4th of June. In consternation, M. Berryer returned to Nantes.

"On the 25th M. de Bourmont received a letter from the Duchess, confirming the one she had written to M. Berryer. It is here subjoined:—

" 'Having come to the firm determination of not quitting the western provinces, and to trust myself to their long-tried fidelity, I depend upon you, my good friend, for the adoption of every necessary measure for the assumption of arms on the night of the 3rd—4th of June. I call to my standard all men of valor; God will aid us in saving our country; no danger, no fatigue shall discourage me; I will appear at the very first meetings.

" 'MARIE-CAROLINE,

" 'Vendée, May 25th, 1832.' "

" 'Regent of France.' "

The presence of the Duchess in La Vendée had now ceased to be a secret, and the most active military measures were taken by General Dermoncourt. He resolved no longer to act on the defensive, but, if possible, to arrest the chiefs. Several reports having reached him, that La Chalière was the centre of operations, he procured a warrant, and proceeded there forthwith. The difference of feeling among the people of the towns and villages, as explained before, is here evident enough. M. Dudoré, having been apprehended and carried into Nantes, was with the greatest difficulty protected from the mob, who threatened to throw him, carriage and all, into the river; whereas, on General Dermoncourt passing through La Chapelle-sur-Erdre, though enough men were assembled "to form a noble battalion," not one would serve as guide, and he was obliged to summon and compel the Maire himself to accompany him.

"Three quarters of an hour after," says the General, "we reached La Chalière; but, being behind time when I arrived, I found the chateau invested by my detachments.

"I was then informed that my soldiers had been near apprehending two individuals, one of whom was just getting on horseback, and had escaped only by leaving his horse and portmanteau behind him. The other had returned to the chateau, pursued by one of my voltigeurs; but, the door being immediately closed after him, my men, the slaves of discipline, had waited for my arrival before they proceeded farther; and, in fact, I was the bearer of the only warrant which gave legality to the domiciliary visit I was about to make.

"We now entered the chateau without loss of time, and our search immediately commenced.

"For a whole hour it was fruitless; but at length a man, with nothing on but his shirt, was brought before me. He had been found in a secret recess, with a pistol in each hand. He informed me that he was master of the house, and that his name was M. de Laubépin.

"As we were discussing with him about the rank he held in the army, a grenadier came into the room with three bottles in his hands.

"'General,' said he, with a somewhat embarrassed air, probably caused by a consciousness of the motive which had led him to the cellar, 'here are some bottles which have a very seditious appearance.'

"'How so?'

"'General, allow me to establish a fact: bottles are intended to hold wine and sometimes other liquors, are they not?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, then,' said the man, holding the bottles near my eyes, 'there is no wine in them, nor spirits either, but papers.'

"I immediately perceived, by the looks of the master of the house, that the discovery by no means pleased him; and this excited my curiosity still more. Having broken the bottles, I found the letters, memoranda, and notes, written in cipher, which the reader has already seen in the preceding chapter, and which explained so minutely the military operations already effected by the party, and those which remained to be performed. Among these papers was a commission conferring upon M. de Laubépin the title of Intendant-General of the armies of the West. This came very seasonably, to put an end to our discussion as to the rank he held; and M de Laubépin, probably considering the whole discovered, said not a word more."

Madame de Laubépin was at this time confined to her bed, her accouchement having just taken place; but, an opinion being current among the soldiers, that the lady was in truth the Duchess of Berri, the General thought it necessary for his own after security, to keep a garrison in the house until the contrary should have been legally certified, and accordingly a whole cargo of the authorities from Nantes were forthwith despatched by steam-boat to La Châlière, for this purpose. When they were introduced to the sick lady, she could not but smile through her tears, at the commotion this mistake had caused among so many grave gentlemen.

The important result of this expedition determined the General to undertake others of a like nature, — but at day-break on the 4th of June, the peasants came in from all quarters, announcing that the tocsin was sounding. The news of the insurrection spread everywhere.

The General now received orders to attack Montbert. “This,” he observes, “was a thing very easily talked about at Nantes, but extremely difficult to effect at Aigrefeuille.” He learned soon after, that the Duchess and Charette had been at Montbert, — and, on the evening of the 6th, that some fighting had taken place at Vieille-vigne, at which the Duchess was present. She had dressed the wounds of the men with her own hands, and had escaped only by changing her horse for that of Charette. Another encounter took place on the same day, the particulars of which will give the reader some notion of the heroic daring of the Chouans :

“A meeting had been appointed for the 6th, at the chateau of La Penissière de la Cœur, situated a league and a half from Clisson. The object of this meeting was to march against Cugnau and Buffière, and disarm the national guard. At nine o’clock in the morning there were forty-five Chouans assembled at the place indicated. These were all young men of family; they were commanded by two brother ex-officers in the royal guard, and had with them two peasants, who, having learned at Nantes to play upon the light infantry bugle, formed their band of military music.

“The adjutant-major of the 29th having been informed, in the absence of the chef-de-bataillon Georges, that this meeting was to take place, took with him forty-five voltigeurs and two gendarmes, and proceeded to the chateau appointed for the Chouans to assemble. On reaching this place, he found that his detachment was not sufficiently numerous to invest the habitation, which was defended by a wall forming the enclosure of a park. A gendarme was therefore despatched for reinforcements, and ninety men were sent, who were soon after followed by forty more under the command of Lieutenant Saneo. The adjutant-major now ordered the attack to be made. After a short defence, the external wall was abandoned, and the Chouans retreated into the house, where they barricaded all the doors.

“They then stationed their forces on the ground and the first floor, placing a man with a bugle on each floor, who did not cease playing during the whole action; and from the windows they began a fire which was well kept up and very ably directed. Twice the soldiers advanced within twenty paces of the house, and were as often repulsed.

“The adjutant-major ordered a third attack to be made, and whilst preparations were making for it, four men, aided by a mason, advanced towards the chateau, selected a part of the gable end which had no opening

into the garden, and the approach to which could not therefore be defended. Having reached the wall in safety, they placed a ladder against it, and ascending to the roof of the house, in which they made an opening, threw lighted combustibles into the garrets and withdrew. In an instant a column of smoke burst from the roof.

"The soldiers uttered loud cries, and again marched towards the little citadel, which seemed to have planted a standard of flame upon its summit. The besieged had perceived the fire, but had not time to extinguish it, and as flame has always a tendency to ascend, they hoped that when the roof was destroyed, it would become extinguished for want of something to feed on. They therefore replied to the cries of our soldiers by a volley of musketry, as well sustained as the former, and during the whole time the bugles continued playing warlike airs.

"At this juncture, the chef-de-bataillon Georges arrived with a few men. He immediately ordered the charge to be beat, and the men, in emulation of each other, rushed towards the chateau.

"This time they reached the doors of the building, and the sappers and miners prepared to break them open. The officers commanding the Chouans, ordered those stationed on the ground floor to ascend to the story above it. They immediately obeyed; and whilst the sappers were breaking open the doors, half the besieged continued to fire at their assailants, whilst the other half occupied themselves in taking up the paving tiles, and making holes through the floor, so that the moment the soldiers entered, they were received by a volley fired between the beams and joists.

"This force then withdrew, and the Chouans hailed their retreat with their screeching bugles and loud cries of 'Long live Henry V!'

"The chef-de-bataillon now directed that the ground-floor should be set on fire in the same manner as the garrets had been. Accordingly the men advanced with lighted torches and dry wood, all of which they threw into the house through the windows, and in ten minutes the Chouans had fire above and below them. It seemed therefore impossible for them to escape death, and the firing which they kept up, and which had not intermitted for a single moment, appeared to be the last act of vengeance of men driven to desperation.

"And in truth their situation was dreadful. The fire soon reached the beams, and the rooms filled with smoke which escaped through the windows. The garrison had therefore nothing left but the choice of their mode of death: to be burned to death, suffocated by the smoke, or massacred by our soldiers.

"The commanders of the rebels adopted a desperate course: they resolved to make a sortie. But as it was necessary that, to give it the least chance of success, it should be protected by a fire of musketry which would occupy our soldiers, they asked who would volunteer to sacrifice themselves for the safety of their comrades. Eight offered their services.

"The little band was therefore divided into two platoons. Thirty-five men and a bugle-player were to make an attempt to reach the other extremity of the park, closed only by a hedge; and the eight others with the other bugle-player were to protect the attempt. The two brothers embraced each other, for they were to separate: one commanded the garrison that remained, the other led the sortie.

"In consequence of these arrangements, and whilst those who remained continued, by running from window to window, to keep up a tolerably brisk fire, the others made a hole in the wall of the house opposite to the side attacked; and on a passage sufficiently large being made, they came forth in good order, bugle at the head, and marched in double quick time towards the extremity of the park where the hedge was.

"Their retreat brought upon them a discharge of musketry, which killed two. A third, mortally wounded, expired near the hedge. The bugle-player at the head received three balls, but still continued to play. It is a pity that I dare not publish the names of such men.

"Meantime the situation of the eight who remained in the house had become more and more dangerous. The burning rafters cracked and seemed no longer able to bear the weight of the besieged, who therefore retired into a species of recess formed by the wall, resolved to defend themselves there to the last extremity; and scarcely had they reached it ere the floor fell in with a dreadful crash. The soldiers uttered shouts of joy at this event; for the musketry ceased to annoy them at the same instant, and they thought the garrison had been crushed in the ruins. This error saved the lives of the latter.

"When the Chouans in their recess perceived that the besiegers were convinced they had fallen into the immense furnace which flamed fearfully, they remained silent and motionless. Our soldiers, on the other hand, with a horror quite natural in such a case, speedily quitted a burning building whose flames devoured at the same time both friends and enemies, whether alive or dead. Meantime, night soon came, and amid its darkness the eight men, supposed to have been either crushed to death or burned alive, glided like wandering spectres along the heated walls, and reached in safety the hedge through which their companions had escaped; so that there remained nothing upon the field of battle except the red and smoking house, and around it a few corpses rendered visible by the last flashes of the expiring flame."

The General now renewed his exertions, and not an hour's rest was allowed to the Duchess: one day her horses' harness was taken; another, her baggage was captured, and she escaped with only the clothes on her back. Life at last became intolerable; — "she had not now even an entire night's rest," says the General, "and when daylight came, danger and fatigue woke with her." A novel plan was therefore determined on. It was resolved that she should proceed secretly to Nantes: the military, thus losing all trace of her, would it was hoped, become alarmed; fresh troops would be withdrawn from the city to scour the country, when the Chouans, disguised as peasants, were to enter the town on the market-day, seize on the castle, and declare the regency of the Duchess, who would immediately put herself at their head. The scheme was daring; and, says the General, "the chiefs calculated greatly on the presence of mind and courage of the Duchess; and in this they were right: for it was La Vendée which failed the Duchess, not the Duchess who failed La Vendée." The plan being determined on, she resolved to enter Nantes on foot, in the dress of a peasant girl, accompanied only by Mademoiselle de Kersabiec and M. de Ménars.

"In consequence of this decision, on the very next market-day, which I believe was on the 16th of June, the Duchess, at six o'clock in the morning, set out from a cottage at which she had slept, situated in the neighbourhood of Château-Thébaud. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec was dressed like the Duchess, and M. de Ménars as a farmer. They had five leagues to travel on foot.

"After journeying half an hour, the thick nailed shoes and worsted stock-

ings, to which the Duchess was not accustomed, hurt her feet ; still she attempted to walk, but, judging that, if she continued to wear these shoes and stockings, she should be unable to proceed, she seated herself upon the bank of a ditch, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued the journey barefooted.

"A moment after, she perceived, as she remarked the peasant girls who passed, that the fineness of her skin, and the aristocratic whiteness of her legs, were likely to betray her ; she therefore went to the road-side, took some dark-colored earth, and rubbed her legs with it. She had still four leagues to travel before they reached the place of her destination.

"This sight, it must be confessed, was an admirable theme to draw philosophical reflections from those who accompanied her. They beheld a woman, who, two years before, had her place of Queen-Mother at the Tuileries, — who rode out in a carriage drawn by six horses, with escorts of body guards resplendent with gold and silver, — who went to the representation of theatrical pieces acted expressly for her, preceded by runners shaking their torches, — who filled the theatre with her sole presence, and on her return to her palace, reached her splendid bed-chamber, walking upon double cushions of Persia and Turkey, lest the floor should gall her delicate little feet ; this woman, the only one of her family, perhaps, who had done nothing to deserve her misfortunes, they now saw, still covered with the powder of the action of Vieilleville, beset with danger, proscribed, a price set upon her head, and whose only escort and court consisted of an old man and a young girl, going to seek an asylum, from which she might perhaps be shut out, clad in the garments of a peasant, walking barefooted upon the angular sand and sharp pebbles of the road. And it was not she who suffered ; it was her companions : for they had tears in their eyes, and she, laughter, jests, and consolation in her mouth.

"At length, Nantes appeared in sight, and Madame put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. On reaching the Pont Pyrmil, she found herself in the midst of a detachment commanded by an officer formerly in the guard, and whom she recognised as having often seen on duty at her palace.

"Opposite to the Bouffai, somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder ; she started and turned round : the person guilty of this familiarity turned out to be an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable by herself to replace it upon her head.

"'My good girls,' she said, addressing the Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, 'help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple.'

"Madame immediately seized a handle of the basket, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and the load was quickly placed upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when Madame seized her by the arm, and said,

"'Stop, mother, where's my apple ?'

"The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, she saw a placard headed by these three words in very large letters :

"'STATE OF SIEGE.'

"This was the ministerial decree which outlawed four departments of La Vendée, and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard and calmly read it through, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mademoiselle de Kersabiec who pressed her to hasten to the house where she was expected. But the Duchess replied, that the placard concerned her too nearly for her not to make herself acquainted with its contents.

The alarm of her two companions, whilst she was reading it, may easily be imagined.

"At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the house at which she was expected, and where she took off her clothes covered with dirt. They are now preserved there as relics. She soon after proceeded to the residence of Mesdemoiselles Deguigny where an apartment was prepared for her, and within this apartment a place of concealment. This apartment was a sort of garret on the third floor, and the place of concealment a recess within an angle closed by a chimney. An iron plate formed the entrance, which was opened by a spring."

Here, in the very head-quarters of the army, the Duchess remained concealed for five months; but the vigilance of the military prevented the execution of the intended project for seizing on the castle. It was, however, generally rumored that she was in Nantes: "and my agents," says the General, "brought me positive proof of it; but the prudence of her friends left us without a single clue that would lead to her discovery." It was towards the end of this period that the ever-infamous Deutz arrived from Paris. A minute, and not uninteresting, history of this scoundrel is given in the work; but it will be enough for us to repeat, after the public journals of the period, that he was a converted Jew, who had, in consequence, been taken under the especial protection of the Pope, by whom he was introduced to the Duchess as an active and trustworthy agent; and that he had been repeatedly employed by her, and, so far as was or is known, he executed his trusts faithfully. The last mission, on which he was employed, was to Paris; where, in conjunction with an agent of Don Miguel, a loan was to be raised, to be shared equally between the parties. On that occasion Deutz was discovered, and he immediately sold the Duchess to the minister, and himself to everlasting infamy. He was forthwith despatched to Nantes.

"I have already stated how jealously the Duchess was watched by those around her, and that a coterie had possession of her person, and prevented almost all her friends from seeing her. This circumstance had nearly caused the failure of Deutz's treachery. This individual well knew that the Duchess was at Nantes, but in that respect the whole town knew as much as he did. The house she inhabited was the important thing to know, and of this Deutz was ignorant.

"He succeeded, however, in making her acquainted with his arrival; but the Duchess, fearing at first that this information was a snare laid by the police, or that another person might obtain access to her by assuming the name of Deutz, refused to see him unless he entrusted his despatches to a person she sent to him. This he declined, stating that he was going to spend some days at Paimbœuf, and on his return would, in the hope of being more fortunate, have the honor again to solicit an audience of her Royal Highness."

In truth he did quit Nantes, and was absent ten days. On his return he again solicited an audience and was again refused.

"He then consented to forward to the Duchess, by a third person, the important despatches of which he was bearer. On receiving these papers, she no longer felt any doubts about the identity of Deutz, and consented to see him.

"Accordingly, on Wednesday the 31st of October, at seven o'clock in the evening, Deutz was taken to the house of the Demoiselles Deguigny, into which he was conducted, however, without knowing where he was, or even the street he was in.

"After a conference of an hour and a half, he took leave of the Duchess, convinced that she quitted the house at the same time he did, and that she received him as she had done at Massa, at the house of a person devoted to her, and not at her own residence. He was unable, therefore, either to give any precise information concerning the house in which he had seen her, or to affirm positively where the royal fugitive was sure to be found. It would therefore have been folly to have risked an attempt to arrest her, which might have produced no other result than that of putting her upon her guard.

"Deutz, therefore, solicited a second audience, under the pretence that the agitation caused by the sight of the Duchess at the last audience she granted him, had made him forget to communicate to her matters of the most urgent importance. The Duchess felt less difficulty in granting his request, because she had herself despatches to give him. A second interview was therefore fixed for Tuesday the 6th of November, of which he immediately informed the police.

"At four o'clock, Deutz was conducted to the Duchess; but it seems that he was followed by some skilful police agents, who watched all his motions.

"The same day, at about two o'clock, this wretch had passed before the house in which the Duchess was concealed, the better, no doubt, to reconnoitre the premises. Scarcely had he entered, ere he recognised the place; it was therefore probable that the Duchess resided there.

"On entering her apartment, he found her pale and agitated. She rose, walked straight to him, rumpling a letter in her hand, and fixing her eyes upon him as if she would scrutinize his innermost thoughts.

"'Sir,' she said, 'do you know what they write to me from Paris? They inform me that I am betrayed; is it by you?'

"Deutz remained silent at this unexpected reception; he had not a word at his command wherewith to defend himself.

"'You see, Sir,' continued the Duchess, showing him the despatch, 'I am to be arrested to-morrow. Do you know any thing about it?'

"Deutz, having recovered himself, assumed a certain degree of assurance. He attributed to wounded feelings the confusion he had betrayed on her accusing him, protesting that he was innocent and faithful, and appealed for a proof of his incorruptibility to the prudence and economy with which he had executed every mission she had entrusted him with. The Duchess acknowledged the truth of his appeal, and immediately said that she believed him incapable of such baseness. This audience lasted about an hour.

"As Deutz withdrew, he passed near the dining-room, the door of which was ajar. Casting a rapid glance into the room, he perceived a table set out for seven persons; and as he knew that the Demoiselles Deguigny lived alone, he concluded that the Duchess was about to sit down to dinner. On that day she had invited Madame de Charette and Mademoiselle Kersabiec to dine with her."

Deutz immediately communicated all he had observed to the police, and within a few minutes the military were in motion, and twelve hundred men soon surrounded the whole row of houses, in one of which it was now known that the Duchess was concealed.

It happened that M. Guibourg, coming accidentally to the window, saw the glitter of bayonets, and a column of troops in full march towards the house.

"He immediately started back, and exclaimed,

"'Hide yourself, Madam! for God's sake, hide yourself!'

"On reaching the garret, the recess was immediately opened, and a dispute arose as to who should enter it first. This was really not a vain quarrel about etiquette and precedence; the passage into the place of concealment was by no means easy, and the soldiers might reach the room before the last of the party had time to enter it; the opening would then be closed, and this person, whoever it might be, taken prisoner. Moreover, the recess was so small, that two men would have found great difficulty in entering it after the females of the party had preceded them. The Duchess of Berri, however, put an end to the discussion by *commanding* that all should enter according to their stature, the tallest first. The Duchess and Mademoiselle Stylite Kersabiec still remained, and the latter would not pass in before the royal fugitive. But the Duchess with a smile said to her,

"'In good strategy, Stylite, when a general effects a retreat, he always goes last.'

"Mademoiselle Stylite therefore, went into the recess, and the Duchess followed, and she was actually closing the aperture when the soldiers opened the door.

"M. Joly perfectly recognised the interior of the house from the description given him by Deutz. He found the dinner-table for seven persons still laid, for it had not yet been used; whilst the two Demoiselles Deguigny and Mad. de Charette seemed the only occupants of the house. He began by securing the persons of these ladies; then proceeding up the staircase like one to whom the locality was well known, went straight to the door of the garret, which, having recognised, he said in a tone sufficiently loud for the Duchess to hear it from the recess:

"'Here is the hall of audience.'

"There was now no further doubt in the mind of the Duchess of Berri that Deutz was the author of the treachery announced to her that day from Paris.* An open letter lay upon the table; M. Joly took it up. It was the one which the Duchess had that morning received from Paris, and which Deutz had seen her crumple in her hand. This removed every doubt of the Duchess of Berri being in the house, and the sole object was now to find her place of concealment.

"Sentries were immediately placed in every room.

"The search now began: the drawers, and cupboards, and other pieces of furniture were unlocked when the keys were found, and broken open when this was not the case. The sappers and masons, who were in attendance, sounded the floors and walls with hatchets and hammers. Architects were taken into every room, and after having compared their external with their internal form, declared it impossible that any of them could contain a place of concealment. In one of the apartments different articles were found, and among them printed papers, trinkets, and plate, which gave a certainty to the supposition that the Duchess of Berri was residing in

* "The Duchess of Berri had agents at Paris among the individuals whom King Louis-Phillippe considered the most devoted to him; and these persons gave her information of every thing that passed in the offices of the Ministers and at the Tuileries. It would, indeed, astonish the public, if I named the person from whom she received the information alluded to; but my naming him would be a denunciation."

the house. The police then proceeded to the adjoining houses, where they continued their search; and in a short time the Duchess heard blows struck with a hammer against the wall of the apartment contiguous to her recess. These blows were struck with such force, that several pieces of plaster were detached from the wall, and fell upon the fugitives, who, for an instant, feared that the entire wall would fall and crush them."

The search having continued many hours, the police began to despair, and it was imagined that the Duchess must have escaped: still the soldiers continued to occupy every room in the house, and the Duchess and her friends were obliged to remain quiet, although their situation was dreadful, — confined in a small recess *three feet and a half long, and eighteen inches wide at one extremity, but diminishing gradually to eight or ten.* The sufferings of M. de Ménars and M. Guibourg must have been extreme, for they had scarcely room to stand upright, even by placing their heads between the rafters.

"Moreover, the night was damp, and the cold, humid air, penetrating through the slates of the roof, fell upon the party, chilling them almost to death. But no one dared complain, as the Duchess did not.

"The cold was so piercing, that the gendarmes stationed in the room could bear it no longer. One of them, therefore, went down stairs and brought up some dried turf, and in ten minutes a beautiful fire was burning in the chimney, behind the plate of which the Duchess and her friends were concealed.

"This fire, which was lighted for the benefit of only two individuals, gave out its warmth to six; and, frozen as the prisoners were, they at first considered this change of temperature a great blessing. But the chimney-plate and wall, having become heated, produced in a short time a frightful degree of heat, which continued gradually to increase. The wall at length became so hot, that not one of them could touch it, and the cast-iron plate was actually red-hot. Almost at the same time, and although the dawn had not yet appeared, the labors of the workmen, in search of the Duchess, recommenced. Iron bars and beams were struck with redoubled energy against the wall of the recess, and shook it fearfully. It seemed to the prisoners as if the workmen were pulling down the house and those adjoining. The Duchess then had nothing to hope, even if she escaped the flames, but to be crushed to death by the falling ruins. Nevertheless, in the midst of these trying moments, neither her courage nor her gayety left her; and several times, as she has since stated to me, she could not help laughing at the conversation and guard-house wit of the two gendarmes on duty in the room. But their talk being at length all spent, one of them went to sleep, and slept soundly, notwithstanding the horrible noise close to him, proceeding from the neighbouring houses.

"His companion, being sufficiently warm, had ceased to keep up the fire; the plate and the wall therefore gradually cooled. Meantime M. de Ménars had succeeded in pushing aside some of the slates, so as to make two or three little openings, through which they got a breath of fresh air. Now all the fears of the little party turned towards the workmen, who were sounding with heavy blows the walls which touched them, and the plate of the chimney close to them, but belonging to another house. Each blow detached the plaster from the wall, and it fell upon them in powder. The prisoners saw, through the cracks which all this violence made every moment in the wall, almost all the persons who were in search of them.

They had at length given themselves up for lost, when the workmen abandoned that part of the house, which, from an instinct I cannot explain, they had so minutely explored. The prisoners now drew their breath freely: the Duchess thought herself safe; but this hope did not last long.

"The gendarme, who had kept watch, anxious to take advantage of the silence which had succeeded the noise made by the workmen, and which had made the whole house totter, now awoke his companion in order to have a nap in his turn. The other had become chilled during his sleep, and felt almost frozen when he awoke. Scarcely were his eyes open, ere he thought of warming himself. He therefore relighted the fire, and as the turf did not burn fast enough, he threw into it a great number of bundles of the *Quotidienne*, which happened to be in the room. They soon caught, and the fire again blazed up in the chimney.

"The paper produced a thicker smoke and a greater heat than the fuel which had been used the first time. The prisoners were now in great danger. The smoke passed through the cracks made by the hammering of the workmen against the wall; and the plate which was not yet cold, soon heated to a terrific degree. The air of the recess became every instant less fit for respiration: the persons it contained were obliged to place their mouths against the slates in order to exchange their burning breath for fresh air. The Duchess was the greatest sufferer, for, having entered the last, she was close to the plate. Each of her companions offered several times to change places with her, but she would not consent.

"At length, to the danger of being suffocated, another was soon added,—that of being burned alive. The plate had become red-hot, and the lower part of their clothes seemed likely to catch fire. *The dress of the Duchess had already caught twice*, and she had extinguished it with her naked hands, at the expense of two burns, of which she long after bore the marks. Each moment rarefied the air in the recess still more, whilst the external air did not enter in sufficient quantity to enable them to breathe freely. The lungs of the prisoners became dreadfully oppressed; and to remain ten minutes longer in such a furnace would have endangered the Duchess's life. Each of her companions entreated her to go out: but she positively refused. Big tears of rage rolled from her eyes, and the burning air immediately dried them upon her cheeks. Her dress again caught fire, and again she extinguished it; but the movement she made in doing so, raised the latch which closed the door of the recess, and the plate of the chimney opened a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately put forward her hand to close it, and burned herself dreadfully."

Some of the incidents we must here omit. At length, the Duchess declared she could hold out no longer, and M. de Ménars threw open the plate, to the astonishment of the gendarmes, who called out—

"'Who's there?'

"'I,' replied the Duchess. 'I am the Duchess of Berri; do not harm me.'

"The gendarmes immediately rushed to the fire, and kicked it out of the chimney. The Duchess came forth the first, and as she passed was obliged to place her hands and feet upon the burning fire-place: her companions followed. It was now half past nine o'clock in the morning, *and the party had been shut up in this recess for sixteen hours.*"

The Duchess immediately sent for General Dermoncourt, and delivered herself up to him.

"I led her (continues the General) towards a chair. Her face was pale, her head bare, her hair standing up over her forehead like that of a man. She wore a plain merino dress of a brown color, burnt in several places at the bottom, and on her feet she wore small list slippers. As she sat down, she said, strongly pressing my arm, and in a short and strongly accentuated tone of voice, —

" 'General, I have nothing to reproach myself with ; I have performed the duty of a mother in trying to reconquer the inheritance of my son.'

"Scarcely was she seated ere she looked round for the other prisoners, and perceived them all with the exception of M. Guibourg, whom she requested might be sent for. She then leaned towards me :

" 'General,' said she, 'I wish not to be separated from my companions in misfortune.'

"This I promised she should not be, in the name of Count D'Erlon, who I was sure would do honor to my word.

"The Duchess appeared very thirsty, and, though pale, seemed animated like a person in a fever. I had a glass of water brought to her ; she dipped her fingers into it and its coolness seemed to calm her a little. I then proposed that she should drink one, to which she acceded ; but as the house had been turned topsy-turvy, it was no easy matter to get a second glass of water. * * *

"Meantime, my secretary and my aide-de-camp had gone over, the one to Count D'Erlon, the other to M. Maurice Duval, to inform them of what had occurred, and request their attendance. M. Duval arrived first.

"He entered the room in which we were, with his hat upon his head, as if there had been no female prisoner there, who, from her rank and misfortunes, was deserving of greater deference and respect than she had enjoyed even during her prosperity. He approached the Duchess, cavalierly placed his hand to his hat, and scarcely raising it from his head, exclaimed, 'Ah ! yes, it is she !' and then went out to give his orders.

" 'Who is that man ?' inquired the Princess. * * *

" 'Does Madame not guess ?' I said.

"She looked at me with a smile.

" 'It can be nothing but a prefect,' she replied ; and she could not have guessed nearer the mark had she even seen M. Duval's commission.

" 'Did that man serve under the Restoration ?' she asked.

" 'No, madam.'

" 'I am very glad of it, for the Restoration's sake.'

"At this instant Count d'Erlon arrived. * * *

"The Duchess then briskly rose from her chair, and went straight to him.

" 'Monsieur le Comte,' said she, 'I have trusted myself to General Derroncourt, and I am sure you will do me the favor to allow him to remain with me. I have asked that I may not be separated from my unhappy companions, and he has promised it to me in your name : will you do honor to his word ?'

" 'The General has promised nothing,' the Count replied, 'which I am not ready to ratify ; and in whatever you may ask me that is within my power to grant, you will always find me most anxious to comply with your desires.'

"These words tranquillized the Duchess. * * *

"I now approached her, and said that if she felt a little better, it was urgent that we should leave the house.

" 'To proceed whither ?' she asked, fixing her eyes steadfastly upon me ; 'whither would you take me ?'

" 'To the castle, Madam.'

“‘Ah! well, and from thence to Blaye, no doubt?’—She then took my arm. * * *

“‘Oh! General,’ said she, casting a last parting glance at the room, and the now open chimney-plate, ‘if you had not waged a war with me after the fashion of St. Lawrence’s martyrdom, which,’ added she, laughing, ‘is unworthy of a brave and loyal knight, you would not now have my arm under yours.’”

The Duchess was so exhausted and worn out with suffering and fatigue, that it was with difficulty she reached the castle, though not more than sixty yards distant.

“On her arrival at the apartment of the colonel of artillery, who was governor of the castle, and who had immediately given it up for her use, she felt a little revived, and told me she would willingly take something to eat.

“‘For,’ she added, ‘as I was just going to dine when you came, I have eaten nothing for the last thirty-six hours.’ * * *

“I now asked permission of the Duchess to take my leave of her, as Count D’Erlon and the Prefect were reviewing the troops, and I was under the necessity of being present.

“‘When shall I see you again?’ she said.

“‘Whenever your Royal Highness chooses to send for me. You know, Madam, that I am entirely at your commands.’

“‘And you would obey them?’ said she smiling.

“‘I should consider it both an honor and a duty,’ I replied. At these words I bowed and left the room.

“Scarcely had I advanced thirty paces from the castle, ere a trumpeter of gendarmerie overtook me out of breath, and told me that the Duchess of Berri *ordered* me to return to her that minute; and he added, that her Royal Highness seemed in a great rage with me. I asked him if he knew the cause of this sudden anger. He replied, that from some words which the Duchess had said to Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, he attributed it to the circumstance of M. de Ménars being taken to the tower instead of an apartment next to hers. Fearing that all the respect and attention which I had directed to be shown to this gentleman, might not have been paid to him, I immediately went to his apartment, and found him so ill, that he had thrown himself upon his bed without having the strength to undress himself. I offered to be his valet-de-chambre, but as there was neither chair nor table in his room, and he could not stand, this was by no means an easy office. I therefore called a gendarme to my assistance, and we succeeded between us in putting him into bed. * * *

“I immediately after proceeded to the apartment of the Duchess. The moment she saw me, she sprang rather than advanced towards me.

“‘Ah, ah! Sir,’ she said, in a voice of great anger, ‘it is thus you begin; it is thus you keep your promises; this is of good augury for the future. This is dreadful.’

“‘What is the matter, Madam?’ I asked.

“‘The matter is that you promised not to separate me from any of my companions, and you have already begun by placing Ménars in another building.’

“‘Madam, you are mistaken,’ I said; ‘M. de Ménars is in the tower, it is true; but the tower belongs to the corps-de-logis, inhabited by your Royal Highness.’ * * *

“‘If this is the case, come with me then, Sir; I will go and see poor Ménars this instant.’

“So saying, she took hold of my arm, and dragged me towards the door. I stopped her.

“Does your Royal Highness forget that you are under arrest?”

“Ah! that is true,” said she sighing; “I thought myself still in a palace, whilst I am in a prison. At all events, General, I hope I am not forbidden to send and inquire how he is?”

“I am come to tell your Royal Highness how he is, for I have just left him.”

“Well! how is he?”

“I then informed the Duchess what I had done.”

“General,” she said, in a tone which showed that her anger had entirely vanished, “I thank you for your kindness to Ménars. He is well worthy of it, for he was no advocate for my silly enterprise. He urged everything he could to dissuade me from it; but when he saw that I was fully bent upon it, he said to me, “Madam, I have now been sixteen years with you, and it is my duty to follow you; but in so doing, it is without approving of your projects, which may produce the most unhappy results both for yourself and France.”’ The Duchess stopped for an instant, and then added with a sigh, ‘Poor Ménars was perhaps right.’”

Here we must omit many interesting incidents. The Duchess asked if she might be permitted to receive the public journals, and, permission being given, she named, among others, *L'Ami de la Charte*; and when the General expressed some surprise, she gave this strange and not unwomanly reason:

“‘This last, General, is from another motive,’ she said, in a tone of deep sadness. ‘In it I am always called Caroline; it is the name of my childhood; and I regret it, because that which has been conferred upon me in my womanhood has never brought me good fortune.’”

M. Maurice Duval, the prefect, again annoyed the Duchess: he came into her presence without being announced, went straight to the sideboard, and, turning his back on the Duchess, began eating some partridges. “She looked at him,” says the General, “with an expression I shall never forget, and then turning to me, —

“‘General,’ she said, ‘do you know what I regret most in the rank I have lost?’

“‘No, Madam.’

“‘Two ushers to punish that man’s insolence.’

“Indeed,” says the General, “the prefect’s conduct filled me with as much indignation as the Duchess.” Here again we must make large omissions; and we regret it the more, as every line and word is interesting. There cannot be the least doubt, that in the following conversation the Duchess had a hope that it might by possibility become known, yet it will be read with interest.

“‘Did you ever see my son, General?’

“‘I never had that honor, Madam.’

“‘Well, he is a brave child; very mad like me, very obstinate like me; but, like me, devoted body and soul to France.’

“‘You love him much, no doubt?’

“‘As dearly as a mother can love her son.’

“‘Such being the case, your Royal Highness must allow me to observe, that I cannot comprehend how, after all was over in La Vendée, when, after the actions at Vieilleville and La Penissière, all hope was lost, you

did not think of returning to that son whom you loved so dearly. We gave you plenty of time and opportunity.'

"General, I think it was you who seized my correspondence?'

"It was, Madam.'

"And you read my letters?'

"I committed that indiscretion.'

"Well, you must have seen in them, that from the moment I put myself at the head of my brave Vendéans, I resolved to submit to all the consequences of the insurrection. What! they rose for me, they risked their lives for me, and could I desert them? Never, General; their fate was mine, and I have kept my word with them. Besides, I should have been your prisoner long ago, — I should have given myself up to you, to put an end to the thing, but for one fear.'

"May I ask what that was?'

"I knew very well that as soon as it was known I was a prisoner, I should be claimed by Spain, Prussia, and Russia. The French government, on the other hand, would have me tried, and this is quite natural. The Holy Alliance would never suffer me to appear before a Court of Assize; for the dignity of every crowned head in Europe would be compromised by it. From such a conflict of interest to a coldness, and from a coldness to war, is only a step; and I have already told you that I would never become a pretence for a war of invasion. "Every thing for France and by France," was the motto I had adopted, and from which I determined not to depart. Besides, who would assure me that France, if once invaded, would not be divided? I will have the whole of it, or none!'

"I smiled.

"What are you laughing at?' she said.

"I bowed without making any reply.

"Come,' she said, 'tell me what you are laughing at. I will know.'

"I am laughing at seeing in your Royal Highness so great a dread of foreign war.'

"And so little of a civil war. This is what you mean, is it not?'

"I beg your Royal Highness to remark, that you have completed my thought, but not my sentence.'

"Oh! I don't feel at all annoyed or offended at this; for I came to France under an illusion with regard to the public feeling. I thought that the whole kingdom would rise in my favor, and that the army would join me. In short, I expected a species of return from Elba. After the combats at Vieilleville and La Penissière, I gave positive orders to all my Vendéans to return to their homes; for I am a Frenchwoman above all things, General; and a proof of it is, that if I only turn towards those good French faces, I fancy myself no longer in prison. The whole of my fear is, that I shall be sent elsewhere. I am sure they will not leave me here. I am too near the focus of insurrection. No matter, they are more embarrassed than I am, General; you may depend upon that.'

"As she uttered these words, she rose and walked about the room like a man, with her hands behind her back. An instant after, she stopped short. * * *

"It was half-past six, and the Duchess was going to dine. I therefore took leave of her.

"Good-bye till to-morrow, General,' she said with the liveliness of a child."

The result is well known, — her subsequent life has been matter of public history. We here, therefore, close our notice of a work which cannot fail to have greatly interested the reader.

NOTICE OF EMINENT INDIVIDUALS LATELY DECEASED.

RAMMOHUN ROY.

Died, September 26th, 1833, at Stapleton, near Bristol, in England, Rammohun Roy.

Of this great man, philosopher, patriot and philanthropist, we have not the means to lay such an account before our readers, as we should be glad to furnish. We have seen nothing concerning him in any English publication, particularly deserving preservation, except the following short autobiography, contained in a letter written by him in the autumn of 1832.

“My Dear Friend, — In conformity with the wish you have frequently expressed, that I should give you an outline of my life, I have now the pleasure to send you the following very brief sketch.

“My ancestors were Brahmans of a high order, and from time immemorial were devoted to the religious duties of their race, down to my fifth progenitor, who about one hundred and forty years ago gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits and aggrandizement. His descendants ever since have followed his example, and, according to the usual fate of courtiers, with various success, sometimes rising and sometimes falling; sometimes rich and sometimes poor; sometimes exulting in success, sometimes miserable through disappointment. But my maternal ancestors, being of the sacerdotal order by profession, as well as by birth, and of a family than which none holds a higher rank in that profession, have, up to the present day, uniformly adhered to a life of religious observances and devotion, preferring peace and tranquillity of mind to the excitements of ambition and all the allurements of worldly grandeur.

“In conformity with the usages of my parental race, and the wish of my father, I studied the Persian and Arabic languages; these being accomplishments indispensable to those who attached themselves to the Court of the Mohammedan Princes; and, agreeably to the usage of my maternal relations, I devoted myself to the study of Sanscrit, and the theological works written in it, which contain the body of Hindu literature, law, and religion.

“When about the age of sixteen, I composed a manuscript, calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindus. This, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels, and passed through different countries, chiefly within, but some beyond, the bounds of Hindustan, with feelings of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in India. When I had reached the age of twenty, my father recalled and restored me to his favor; after which, I first saw, and began to asso-

ciate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government. Finding them generally more intelligent, more steady, and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudices against them, and became inclined in their favor; feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead most speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants. I enjoyed the confidence of several of them even in their public capacity. My continued controversies with the Brahmans on the subject of their idolatry and superstition, and my interference with their custom of burning widows, and other pernicious practices, revived and increased their animosity against me with renewed force; and, through their influence with my family, my father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to me.

“After my father’s death, I opposed the advocates of idolatry with still greater boldness; availing myself of the art of printing, now established in India, I published various works and pamphlets against their errors in the native and foreign languages. This raised such a feeling against me, that I was at last deserted by every person except two or three Scotch friends, to whom and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful. The ground which I took in all my controversies was not that of opposition to Brahmanism, but to a perversion of it: and I endeavoured to show that the idolatry of the Brahmans was contrary to the practice of their ancestors, and the principles of the ancient books and authorities, which they profess to revere and obey. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition and resistance to my opinions, several highly respectable persons, both among my own relations and others, began to adopt the same sentiments.

“I now felt a strong wish to visit Europe, and obtain by personal observation a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religion, and political institutions. I refrained, however, from carrying this intention into effect until my friends, who coincided with my sentiments, should be increased in numbers and strength. My expectations having at length been realized, in November, 1830, I embarked for England, as the discussion of the East India Company’s Charter was expected to come on, by which the treatment of the natives of India and its future government would be determined for many years to come; and an appeal to the King in Council against the abolition of the practice of burning Hindu widows was to be heard before the Privy Council; and his Majesty the Emperor of Delhi had likewise commissioned me to bring before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East India Company. I accordingly arrived in England in April, 1831.

“I hope you will excuse the brevity of this sketch, as I have no leisure at present to enter into particulars; and I remain, &c.

“RAMMOHUN ROY.”

[Abridged from "The Christian Advocate."]

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

We have endeavoured to glean a few facts of the biography of this celebrated man, to satisfy the anxious wishes of our readers.

His ancestors for many years were successfully engaged in trade at Hull. His great-great-grandfather was a Mr. William Wilberforce, who was one of the Governors of Beverley in the year 1670. The grandson of this gentleman married Sarah, the daughter of Mr. John Thornton, about the year 1711; and hence, we believe, originated that intimate connexion with the Thornton family, which continued to the end of Mr. Wilberforce's life. There were two sons and two daughters, the issue of this marriage. William, the elder son, died without issue in the year 1780, Robert, the younger, married Miss Elizabeth Bird; the aunt, as we believe, of the present Bishops of Winchester and Chester. The late Mr. Wilberforce was the only son of Mr. Robert Wilberforce. There were two daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah: the former died unmarried; the latter was twice married, first to the Rev. — Clarke, and then to Mr. Stephen, the late Master in Chancery.

Mr. Wilberforce was born at Hull in the year 1759, in a house in High Street, now the property of Mr. Henwood. He went to St. John's College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner, at the usual age, and there formed an intimacy with Mr. Pitt, which remained unbroken till his death. Mr. Wilberforce did not obtain academical honors; and in fact, such honors were rarely sought at that time by those who wore a fellow-commoner's gown: but he was distinguished as a man of elegant attainments and acknowledged classical taste. Dr. Milner, the late president of Queen's College in the same University, was another intimate of Mr. Wilberforce, and accompanied him and Mr. Pitt in a tour to Nice. We believe Miss Sarah Wilberforce was also of the party. This little event deserves particular mention, even in this hasty memoir of him; for he has often been heard to acknowledge that his first serious impressions of religion were derived from his conversations with Dr. Milner, during the journey. Milner was a man worthy of the proud distinction of having thus led Mr. Wilberforce's mind into paths of pleasantness and peace.

Mr. Wilberforce was chosen as the Representative of his native town as soon as he attained his majority. We first find his name in the Parliamentary Journals in the year 1781, as one of the Commissioners for administering the oaths to Members. We believe that he represented Hull for two, if not three parliaments. He does not appear to have taken an active part in the business of the House till 1783, when he seconded an address of thanks on the Peace. The next occasion on which he came forward was in opposition to Mr. Fox's India Bill, in 1783. We have never seen any

report of his speech : we have heard it mentioned in terms of approbation, but as marked with more asperity of style than generally characterized his oratory. It cannot but be interesting at the present time, to find that in 1785 Mr. Wilberforce spoke in favor of a reform in Parliament, when that subject was brought forward by Mr. Pitt. The plan then suggested was infinitely short of that which has since been carried into effect. Mr. Pitt proposed to suppress thirty-six decayed boroughs ; to distribute their members among the counties ; and to establish a fund of one million for the purchase of the franchise of other boroughs, to be transferred to unrepresented towns. It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Fox, who avowed himself favorable to the principle of reform, but resisted the plan of purchasing it, complained of Mr Wilberforce for not taking the "most conciliatory mode" of acquiring strength in the cause, and for "reproaching characters of the greatest weight in Parliament."

In the following year Mr. Wilberforce succeeded in carrying through the Commons a Bill for amending the Criminal Law. It was crude and imperfect in its forms, and opposed by Lord Loughborough in the Upper House, principally for this reason. It was rejected without a division. Its principal object was to give certainty to punishment ; but, if we may judge from Lord Loughborough's comments upon it, it reflected more credit upon Mr. Wilberforce's benevolent feelings than upon his legal skill : nor is this improbable ; Mr. Wilberforce was not a man to subject his enlarged views to the trammels of special-pleading precaution. It is not, indeed, likely, that he was qualified by any professional study for that petty dexterity which is necessary to adapt legislation to the correction of abuses strictly legal.

It is instructive to observe the early Parliamentary career of this great man. If there ever was a being gifted with more than human kindness, it was Mr. Wilberforce. His tone, his manners, his look, were all conciliatory, even to persuasive tenderness ; yet we have already seen him reprov'd for undue severity by Fox, and we next find him tutored in meekness by Pitt ! In 1787, in a debate on the commercial relations with France, Burke had provoked Mr. Wilberforce into some acrimony of retort, when Mr. Pitt checked him for his imprudence, telling him that 'it was as far beyond his powers as his wishes, to contend with such an opponent as Burke, in abuse and personality.'

We have not space to follow in detail the Parliamentary history of Mr. Wilberforce. We must hasten on to that great question, to which he devoted his best powers and his best days ; the Abolition of the Slave Trade. It was in 1788 that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his purpose to draw the attention of the Legislature to this subject ; but indisposition prevented him from executing it ; and, on the 9th of May in that year, Mr. Pitt undertook the duty for him. A resolution passed the House, that it would proceed in the next session to consider the state of the Slave Trade, and the

measures it might be proper to adopt with respect to it. Even at that early period of his life, so well acknowledged were his talents and his character, that both Pitt and Fox expressed their conviction that the question could not be confided to abler hands. Before the House proceeded with the inquiry, Sir William Dolben, the Member for the University of Oxford, moved for leave to bring in a bill to regulate the transportation of slaves. The bill was lost upon a question of privilege; but, in its passage through both Houses, evidence at great length was examined, proving all the horrors of the system. We have been much struck, in the perusal of the debates, by the identity of tone and sophism between the pro-slavery men of that day and their successors in the present. Lord Thurlow talked pathetically, not of the murder of the slaves, but of the ruin of the traders; Lord Sydney eulogized the tender legislation of Jamaica; the Duke of Chandos deprecated universal insurrection; and the Duke of Richmond proposed a clause of compensation!

On the 12th of May, 1789, Mr. Wilberforce again brought the question before the House, introducing it with one of those powerful and impressive speeches which have justly classed him among the most eloquent men of his day. He offered a series of resolutions for their consideration and future adoption; and on the 25th of May the debate was renewed. The usual evasion of calling further evidence was successfully practised by his opponents, and the further consideration of the matter was adjourned to the following session. Sir William Dolben's Act, however, for the regulation of the trade, was passed.

In 1790, Mr. Wilberforce revived the subject; but, though more evidence was taken, and on this occasion before a select committee, nothing effectual was done, and the question was again postponed. In the following year, another committee above stairs was appointed to prosecute the examination of witnesses, and on the 18th of April Mr. Wilberforce again opened the debate with a copious and energetic argument. Pitt, Fox, William Smith, and other members, came forward to support him; but in vain: slave traders in 1791 were not more accessible to the voice of reason, or the cry of humanity, or the reproach of conscience, than slave owners of 1833; and his motion was lost by a majority of 75.

But Mr. Wilberforce was not to be discouraged. It was the noble trait of his long and useful life, that he uniformly adhered to principle: neither calumny, nor difficulty, nor defeat could make him swerve, even for a moment, from his determined purpose: and by principle he triumphed. On the 3d of April, 1792, he again moved the abolition; and he was again opposed by all the virulence and all the sophistry of colonial interest. The West-Indian Advocates recommended, then as now, palliatives and ameliorations, but protested against the only cure. Mr. Bailey talked of the great religious cultivation of the slaves: Mr. Vaughan recommended schools for education: Colonel Thornton predicted the ruin of our ship-

ping : and Mr. Dundas had the merit of first proposing "gradual measures!" The *ruse* succeeded, and *gradualism* was carried by a majority of 68. Another attempt was made, on the 25th of April, to alter the period of abolition, fixed by Mr. Dundas for the 1st of January 1800, to the 1st of January 1793. This was lost by a majority of 49; but a compromise was subsequently effected, limiting the time to the 1st of January 1796. The Bill, however, did not pass the Lords. There, of course, further evidence was required!

In 1794, Mr. Wilberforce limited his exertions to the introduction of a Bill to prohibit the supply of slaves to foreign colonies. It passed the Lower House, but was also thrown out in the Lords, by a majority of 45 to 4.

In 1795, Mr. Wilberforce moved an Amendment on the Address. His object was to promote a pacific relation with France; and, at a later period of the session, he made another motion to the same effect; but we purposely refrain from entering upon this topic.

Nothing could long divert him from the theme of Abolition; and, even in the midst of these busy times, he made an opportunity of again calling to it the attention of the Legislature. On the 26th of February he moved for leave to bring in his Bill. Mr. Dundas moved an amendment, postponing the motion for six months; and it was carried by a majority of seventeen. On the 18th of February 1796, Mr. Wilberforce again brought the question forward; but on this occasion he failed, by a majority of four in favor of postponement; and he was defeated by the same majority in 1798, although in the intervening year an address to the Crown, praying for its interposition with the Colonial Legislatures to encourage the native population of the islands, had been carried. The same bad success attended his exertions in 1799, although on this occasion he was strenuously supported by Mr. Canning.

We believe that it was not till 1804 that Mr. Wilberforce renewed his attempts to awaken the Parliament to their duty: in that year, on the 30th of May, he moved that the House should resolve itself into committee, and he prefaced his motion with one of the most impassioned speeches ever made within its walls. We have generally heard it acknowledged to have been his grandest effort in the cause. His Bill passed the third reading, by a majority of thirty-six; but at so late a period of the session that it was too late to discuss it in the Lords; and, on the motion of Lord Hawkesbury, it was postponed to the ensuing session. This was the last time that Mr. Wilberforce took the lead in this great question. On the 10th of June, in 1806, Mr. Fox, being then in office, brought it forward at Mr. Wilberforce's special request. He introduced it with a high eulogium upon him. "No man," he observed, "either from his talents, eloquence, zeal in the cause, or from the estimation in which he was held in that House and in the country, could be better qualified for the task."

Bitter experience has since proved how little either talents or eloquence, zeal or public estimation, have to do with the success

of public measures that have no better foundation than humanity and justice, even when backed by popular opinion. Mr. Wilberforce rightly calculated on the superior influence of Ministerial power. The Bill, under the auspices of Government, passed the Lower House by a majority of 114 to 15; and, through the efforts of Lord Grenville, was, at length, triumphant in the Lords. But the triumph was fairly given to Mr. Wilberforce. He was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations on reëntering the House after his success; and the country reëchoed the applause from shore to shore. In the following year, his return for Yorkshire, which county he had represented in several successive Parliaments, was warmly contested; but such was the ardor with which the friends of humanity espoused his interest, that their subscriptions far exceeded the expense of his election, though more than 100,000*l*. We do not recollect the exact sum; but we believe that money to more than double that amount was subscribed.

He remained in Parliament for many years, until he was nearly the father of the House. About the year 1825 he retired altogether into domestic life, his increasing infirmities having latterly obliged him to relieve himself from the heavy burthen of the county business, by accepting a seat for the borough of Bramber, then in the nomination of Lord Calthorpe. Mr. Wilberforce frequently took an active part in public affairs, after the termination of his Abolition duties. On the arrival of the late Queen he exerted himself strenuously to avert those revolting discussions which he too plainly foresaw must ensue; and he moved his well-known address to her Majesty, entreating her to return to France, as we have heard whispered, in concurrence with the feelings of one at least of her legal advisers, who promised his influence to obtain her assent. That influence, if exerted, availed but little. Mr. Wilberforce, however, had the satisfaction of feeling, that he had discharged an important duty to his conscience, as well as to his public character. Had he been accessible to the vanity of ordinary men, he must have felt flattered by the confidence reposed in him by the House on this occasion. His suggestion was received with almost reverential attention, and one and all seemed to regard him as the only man whose acknowledged address, and weight of character, afforded a hope of extrication from the painful dilemma in which they found themselves placed.

We do not recollect that Mr. Wilberforce ever personally introduced any measure of importance after the Abolition Bill had passed.

The general bias of his politics was towards the Tories; but a man more free from servile attachment to his party was never found in Parliament. Though the intimate friend and constant supporter of Mr. Pitt, he never accepted or solicited either place or honor. We doubt if he ever asked a favor for himself, though he never refused his influence to support the applications of men who possessed fair claims on the public justice. Few members attend-

ed with more assiduity in their places in Parliament. Though his frame was always weak, and his health indifferent, he rarely absented himself from public duty: he had, indeed, a higher motive to its discharge, than most men. Though more destitute of self-importance than most men, he was sensible that he had gradually risen to a peculiar responsibility, which there were few, if any, to share with him. He was regarded by the religious world, as the protector, in the Lower House, of the public morals and religious rights. He was justly conscious that this was the highest trust confided to his care, and he was vigilant in proportion. He was never to be found sleeping when any question trenching on public decorum, or the interests of religion, came before the legislature. We believe that this high motive impelled him to a more frequent attendance than consisted with his physical strength. In his later years he often availed himself of the too frequent opportunity given by a heavy speaker, to indulge himself with an hour's sleep in the back seats under the galleries; and this indulgence was cheerfully and respectfully conceded by the House. To have disturbed the slumber of Mr. W. would have been with one consent scouted, as a breach of privilege, for which no ordinary apology could have atoned.

We have scarcely reserved time or space for a few particulars of his private habits. He married Miss Barbara Spooner, the daughter of an opulent banker at Birmingham, in the year 1797. We believe that it was about this time that he published his celebrated work on Christianity. It was his only work on religious or miscellaneous subjects; but it procured for him great celebrity, not less for the elegance of its style than the sterling value of its principles. It has passed through many editions, and is now a standard book in every library. For some years after his marriage, he resided at Bloomfield House, on Clapham Common, except during the Session, when he was generally at his town residence in Old Palace Yard. He removed from Clapham to Kensington Gore, where he lived many years. For a short time, he occupied another house at Brompton; but on leaving public life, we think about the year 1825, he purchased an estate at Highwood-hill, about two miles from Barnet, where he remained till within two years of his death. His lady and his four sons have survived him. His eldest daughter died unmarried four years ago. His other daughter married the Rev. J. James, and died within twelve months of her marriage. Her loss deeply affected her venerable parent; but, faithful to that God who had never failed him throughout his arduous life, the morning of her decease found him in his usual seat at church, seeking at the altar that peace which the world cannot give. Mrs. James inherited too much of her father's beautiful mind, not to leave a wound in the parent's heart which never healed during the short time that he survived her.

We dare not presume to describe the character of this illustrious servant of God. Nor is it necessary: every one among us,

high or low, rich or poor, has been more or less familiar with his virtues ; for, in private or in public, the man was still the same. He had formed a little paradise around him, and it attended him wherever he went. Tenderness, affectionate sympathy for the least want or suffering of his neighbour, yet a benevolence so expanded that every man seemed his neighbour, characterized him at home or abroad. He was happy in himself, for he wished and he sought the happiness of all around him. The protection of the Negro was only an emanation from that principle of love which seemed to govern every action and every thought ; a brighter coruscation of that light which radiated in all directions, and spread warmth and comfort on all within its rays. He lived for others ; he died for himself, to enjoy in all its fulness the heaven which he had endeavoured to realize on earth, by following the footsteps of that Saviour, on whose atonement he entirely rested for salvation.

In his domestic life, Mr. Wilberforce was playful and animated to a degree which few would have supposed, who had been accustomed to regard him only as the leader of the religious world. He was extremely fond of children, and would enter into their gambols with the gayety of a school-boy. We need scarcely add, that he was the idol of his own. Their veneration, their filial attachment, bordered on enthusiasm ; their hourly attendance on his wants resembled the maternal anxiety of a widowed parent for an only child. Mr. Wilberforce was particularly happy in conversation : his memory was richly stored with classical allusion ; a natural poetry of mind constantly displayed itself ; a melodious cadence marked every thought and every expression of the thought. He was seldom impassioned ; not often energetic ; but his tones were mellifluous and persuasive, exactly according with the sentiment they conveyed. Those who studied the character of his elocution in public, cannot fail to recognise the same distinguishing traits in all the speeches of his later years.

We must not conclude even these lengthened remarks without noticing his religious habits. His attachment to the Established Church was deep and inviolable ; but never was a Churchman less tainted with the least approach to bigotry. His feelings were truly liberal. We recollect on one occasion that he received the Sacrament in a Dissenting chapel : a gentleman had expressed some doubt of the circumstance, and Mr. Wilberforce was asked if the report was true. " Yes, my dear," he answered in a tone that intimated surprise : " is it not the church of God ? "

In person Mr. Wilberforce was not calculated to excite attention ; but, when his countenance was animated by conversation, the expression of the features was very striking. An admirable likeness of him, though inferior as a work of art, was lately painted for Sir Robert Inglis, by an artist of the name of Richmond. It appeared in the late Exhibition.

His remains are interred close to those of Pitt and Canning. It was not less honorable to the age than his memory, to witness

men of every rank, and every party, joining together to pay the last tribute of homage to a man whose title to public gratitude was exclusively founded upon his private worth and disinterested services to mankind.

Oh! may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!

DEATHS.

At Paris, died recently, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, M. ANDRIEUX, perpetual secretary of the French Academy, respected and beloved by all parties. He was the author of several excellent comedies. He was originally destined for the bar, but was diverted from it by his taste for literature. He embraced the cause of the Revolution, and in 1798 was elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and, after the Revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, a member of the Tribunate, from which he was *éliminé* by Bonaparte. He was, however, appointed Professor of Grammar and Belles-Lettres to the *École Polytechnique*, which office he filled for twelve years; after the restoration of the Bourbons, he was nominated to the chair of French Literature at the Royal College.

M. Arnault has been elected his successor to the secretaryship of the French Academy.

At Paris, in April last, CORAY, the celebrated Greek, and author of so many works tending to revive among his countrymen a love of knowledge and of the literature of their illustrious ancestors, died in his eighty-fifth year. He was born at Chios in 1748, and went to Montpellier in 1782 for the purpose of studying medicine and natural history. Having received the degree of Doctor, he settled in Paris in 1788, where his learned labors and his numerous publications have powerfully contributed to produce that lively interest, which France has taken in the regeneration of his country. With such views he wrote his *Memoir on the present state of civilization in Greece*, read in 1803, before the Society of the Observers of Man, as well as the numerous Prefaces, which he inserted in his editions of the Greek Authors. He has left his valuable library to his country, which he had the consolation to see in the enjoyment of that independence for which she had combated with such heroism.

At Florence, on the 18th of April last, died RAFAEL MORGHEN, the celebrated engraver, aged 73. Reared up from his infancy among the arts, — for both his father and his uncle followed engraving, and early initiated him into its technical practice, — Rafael enjoyed advantages that do not always second the impulses of youthful genius. He afterwards studied under the eminent Volpato, whose daughter he married in 1781. His works are by far too numerous to be specified here. We shall therefore con-

tent ourselves with naming the *Madonna della Seggiola*, and the *Transfiguration*, after Rafael, and the *Last Supper*, after Leonardo da Vinci, *chefs-d'œuvre* of the art, and in every respect worthy of the illustrious originators.

INTELLIGENCE.

"Every body," said Dr. Johnson, "at the present day writes in a good style." With whatever truth this might be said in Dr. Johnson's time, it cannot be affirmed in our own. The art of good writing among English authors seems to be falling into decay. We have been particularly led to make the remark by looking into three of "the Bridgewater Treatises." From the authors of works almost of a national character, a good acquaintance with the signification, power, and use of their native language might have been expected. But Dr. Chalmers expresses himself with his usual incorrect and verbose grandiloquence; Dr. Kidd had no reputation to lose, and has consequently lost none, by his ill-written, loose, desultory book; and the style of Dr. Whewell is encumbered, perplexed, and wearisome. An imperfect nucleus of thought is dimly discernible through a nebula of words.

We have given in this number a review of the work entitled (in the English translation of it), "*The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée*." There is a controversy about the degree of credit to which it is entitled, as will appear from the following article taken from "*The Athenæum*," for October 5.

"When *The Times* did us the honor to quote so largely from our notice of this work, the editor characterized the work itself as a most interesting *novel*. We let this description pass without comment, presuming that our *political* contemporary thought it not becoming in him to allow the *Duchess* to go forth as a heroine, on the mere strength of her bold and insane daring; but, on Saturday last, when acknowledging the receipt of the original work, he observed:—

"We do not know whether we shall increase or diminish its popularity as a romance by giving it its real title, but truth compels us to state that it is as much a history of the late war in La Vendée as '*Waverley*' is a history of the last rebellion of 1745. Nay, we shall go further, and state that General Dermoncourt, who calls himself on the title-page its author, no more wrote the book than he wrote the *Commentaries* of Cæsar. The General, no doubt, was an agent in arresting the *Duchess*, and had collected a number of facts, which, when he quarrelled with the government, he thought he might turn to account. He therefore communicated his materials to M. Alexandre Dumas, well known for his works of fiction, who has built upon them a very interesting narrative, and very clever dramatic scenes, in which there is more of imagination than truth. The book ought to lose nothing by this account of its concoction, for it is very amusing and

very well written, and nobody but a simpleton could have thought it a true narrative, though its secret history had never been revealed.'

"Now, the point in this argument we do not very clearly comprehend. That such a man as Alexandre Dumas was likely, with the materials furnished by the General, to make a highly interesting narrative, is very true, and for that especial purpose he was employed; but, unless the facts are pure creations, and the documents false, which is not asserted, nothing here stated can affect the authenticity of the work. There is hardly an English volume, professedly written by a military man of rank and fortune, that has not been so prepared. It is pretty generally known, that the Campaigns of the Earl of Londonderry were got up by the Rev. Mr. Gleig; that the Earl of Munster's Travels were prepared by another *littérateur*; that a scientific officer revised the Travels of the Landers; that Mariner's Tonga Islands was written by Dr. Martin; or, more notorious still, that Captain Cook's ever-famous Voyages were written by Dr. Hawkesworth: yet it never entered the head of man to think, that these works were on that account less authentic. How could old General Dermoncourt, — a veteran of a hundred battles, and who, probably, in his whole life never read one-half as many volumes, — write such a work? But he could, and did, furnish the facts and documents. Of all the literary men in Paris, M. Dumas was the one best suited for the purpose; — not because he was "well known for his works of fiction," but because he had been personally employed on a special mission in La Vendée, as appears in the very outset of this volume. But, enough; as *The Times* acknowledges, — however the book may have been concocted, — 'it is very amusing, and very well written': and with this general commendation we take leave of the subject. We had, indeed, intended to quote some further extracts, but there can be no doubt that, by this time, the work itself is being read all over the kingdom. We may, however, observe, that Mr. Bull's edition is a very handsome one, and contains portraits of the Duchess and of the General, and a view of the Château of La Penissière, where, our readers will remember, the desperate battle was fought; besides an Appendix, containing copies of the papers seized in the wine bottle at La Chalière."

The following character of the Duchess from the book in question is not given in the article we have quoted.

"Marie Caroline, like all young Neapolitan girls of whatever rank or station, has received scarcely any education. With her, all is nature and instinct. She is a creature of impulse; the exigencies of etiquette are insupportable to her, and she is ignorant of the very forms of the world. She allows her feelings to carry her away, without attempting to restrain them; and when any one has inspired her with confidence, she yields to it without restriction. She is capable of supporting the greatest fatigue, and encountering the most appalling danger, with the patience and courage of a soldier. The least contradiction exasperates her; — then her natural pale cheeks become flushed; she screams, and jumps about, and threatens, and weeps, by turns, like a spoiled child; and then again, like a child, the moment you give way to her, and appear to do what she desires, she smiles, is instantly appeased, and offers you her hand. Contrary to the general nature of princes, she feels gratitude, and is never ashamed to own it. Moreover, hatred is foreign to her nature; no gall ever tinged her heart, even against those who have done her the most injury. Whoever sees her for an hour, becomes well acquainted with her character; whoever sees her for a whole day, becomes acquainted with all the qualities of her heart."

In the preceding part of this number, we have given an account of a very remarkable mosaic, lately discovered at Pompeii; the following is the account of another very curious one lately found at Rome. We quote from "The Gentleman's Magazine," for July.

THE UNSWEPT MOSAIC AT ROME.—A Mosaic Pavement of the greatest curiosity and beauty has been recently discovered at Rome; and has been described by an eminent antiquarian in the following letter addressed to the editor of the *Diario di Roma*:—

SIR,—I beg you to acquaint the public, that in the vineyard of Dr. Achille Lupi, near the walls of Rome, between the two gates of St. Sebastian and St. Paul, I have discovered a pavement of the finest mosaic, which will not fail to excite the attention of the *literati* and artists now directed to other similar and lately discovered monuments.

This mosaic, composed of colored marbles and enamel, is a square of eighteen palms, and is in the centre of the pavement of a large apartment forty-eight palms square, adorned with columns, which, like the walls, are covered with beautiful marbles. The floor between the mosaic and the walls is paved with most elegant designs, formed of an extraordinary variety of porphyry and serpentine, inlaid in oriental alabaster and marbles of the rarest kind; and the mosaic in the centre is surrounded with a raised border of Parian marble, which shows that it was not to be trodden on, so highly was it valued.

It begins externally with a cornice, in perspective, half a palm deep. Two palms eight inches and a half from this outward cornice there is a black stripe four inches broad, adorned with a band of various colors, forming a second internal square; and the interval between the first and the second of these two lines gives us, with much probability, the idea of that famous *asaroto*, or *pavement not swept*, the only mosaic mentioned by Pliny as the most celebrated of his time, made by Sosus in Pergamos, on which were represented as left on the floor those remnants of an entertainment which it was usual afterwards to sweep away. (*Plin. xxxvi. 25.*) "Celeberrimus fuit in hoc genere (speaking of mosaic pavements) Sosus, qui Pergami stravit quem vocant ἀσάροτον δίκον, quoniam purgamenta cœnæ in pavimento, quæque everri solent, veluti relictæ fecerat, parvis e testulis, tinctisque in varios colores: mirabilis ibi columba bibens, et aquam umbrâ capitis infuscans: apricantur scabentes sese in cantuari labro."

On our mosaic there are precisely, as Pliny expresses it, the remains which used to be swept away after the entertainment, — as of chicken and meat, fish-bones, shells of many kinds of shell-fish, such as crabs and lobsters, of snails, apple-peelings, husks of nuts, grapes from which the stones are taken, lettuce-leaves, and even a little mouse, which finds a delicious repast among these fragments. And these things, which would seem so ill calculated to furnish an elegant subject for the artist, are yet so well chosen, and disposed with such effect, that they really justify the celebrity which that invention of Sosus enjoyed among the ancients.

At two of the four angles of the inner square, diagonally opposite each other, are two Egyptian figures, the one male, the other female, each one palm nine inches high, in colors resembling bright red granite. The top of the heads of these figures touches the angles of a third line, which at the distance of one palm eight inches within the second, bounds a third square of seven palms eight inches, which is in the centre. Within the second square, i. e. between the second and third lines, there are represented in colors, on a black ground, between the Egyptian figures, animals and plants of the Nile; and in the central square there are only a few re-

mains of limpid water, and perhaps of some birds. The foundation of a wall, unhappily built in other times across the middle of the whole mosaic, has damaged it not a little, and has almost totally destroyed the centre, which, if it had remained entire, might perhaps have decided the question, whether the doves of the Museo Capitolino, called *dci Furietti*, are, as has been believed from what is said by Pliny, an imitation of those which were on the celebrated pavement of Pergamos.

But a no less important part remains in one of the four sides of the first square, where, instead of the fragments which fill the three other sides, there are six scenic masks, and the distinctive attributes of the proper character annexed to each.

The delicacy and skill, with which the whole mosaic is executed, render doubly interesting the memory of the artist, who has recorded his name in beautiful letters, above two inches high, of the most ancient square form, thus: ΗΡΑΚΛΙΤΟΣ ΗΡΓΑΣΑΤΟ, that is, *Heracritus executed the work*. As this verb is not usually employed in designating the names of artists in their original works, without excepting the most rare mosaics, in which the name is marked, as in that at Pompeii, mentioned by Winklemann, ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΗΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣ. *Dioscorides Samius fecit*; or as in that found in the Appian Way, ΑΡΙΣΤΟ. ΕΑC. (which some persons foolishly interpreted *Aristophanes Acharnensibus*): this verb, I say, *ἐργάζεσθαι*, seems very well to express, that Heracritus, in executing this work, copied, or imitated at least, wholly or in part, some original of another artist, which does not lessen, but rather adds to the probability of the conjecture, that this mosaic is a copy or imitation of that of Sosus, *the most celebrated, perhaps*, as Visconti says, *of all the mosaics of antiquity*.

LUIGI VESCOVALI.

Rome, May 2, 1833.

We have in this number of the "Select Journal" given an article upon the Life of Jean Paul Richter. There is a short character of him in "The New Monthly Magazine" (No. 150.) It is written by one of the Teufelsdröck school, if not by the true Dr. Teufelsdröck himself.* We quote as follows: "Amidst the crowd of talented men whom Germany produced in the last century, Jean Paul was the most remarkable, if not the greatest. Jean Paul was the most German of them all; the freest thinker and the boldest swimmer in the ocean of thought; the most perfect master of his language, and one of the deepest philosophers who ever was a great poet, or one of the loftiest poets who ever was a great philosopher. * * *

* * "Drunk with brandy" (we have heard champagne) "one half the day, and with ambrosial dreams the other half, he was one of those strange mixtures of coarseness and refinement, purity and vulgarity, illusion and clear-sightedness, perturbed hopes and soothing sentiments, which the world only witnesses in its moments of earthquake."

"Thus it was," observes the writer eight lines after, "that Jean Paul preserved his mind unstained and pure to the last." * * * * "Jean Paul," he proceeds, "was no mystic, because in fact his form and not his method was symbolical; he adopted the most poetical expressions for his philosophical ideas, and hence he has been accused of being too difficult to be understood, because few have been clear-sighted enough to understand

* See Select Journal for 1833, Vol. I. p. 255.

him. * * * * * "If, as we may be sometimes tempted to imagine in the despondency of ignorance, all the wisdom of the world is nothing but the science of mistakes, Jean Paul is one of those authors who endear us to our convictions by the energy and depth of his own. Few men are capable and willing to renounce all authority, and to protest against the creeds of fashion and creation with as much courage as our author."

This notice in the "New Monthly" precedes a translation of a Vision, entitled "Annihilation," by Richter. We were disposed to extract this Vision for our work. But considering the twenty-seven pages concerning the "Continuation of Faust," we doubted whether our readers would have an appetite for more "transcendental" literature. We do not mean, however, to place the Vision of Richter exactly on a level with the production of Goethe. The former discovers a power of imagination, which might, perhaps, have been admired even before the Teufelsdröck epoch in literature.

In the last (the 17th) volume of the "Asiatic Researches," there is an article by the very distinguished Orientalist, Professor H. H. Wilson, entitled "Sketches of the Religious Sects of the Hindoos"; being the sequel of a paper published in the preceding volume. "The author" (says "The Asiatic Journal") "concludes his admirable sketch by some reflections upon the actual state of the Hindu religion, which he considers to present an appearance very different from that which it originally wore. The corruptions, however, have not destroyed the primitive system, which is to be found in the *Védas*, and there can be little doubt that, with the diffusion of education, inquiry into the merits of the prevailing systems will become more universal and be better directed. 'The germ is native to the soil; it has been kept alive for ages under the most unfavorable circumstances, and has been apparently more vigorous than ever during the last century. It only now requires prudent and patient fostering to grow into a stately tree, and yield goodly fruit.'"

Some of our readers may recollect the accounts which have been published of individuals in the Mauritius, possessing the power of discerning the approach of ships at a distance from land far beyond the range of direct vision. There is a notice of this pretended art in the account of the proceedings of the "Society of Natural History of the Mauritius," published by the secretary, M. Desjardins. He thus speaks of it. "A science, or if you prefer it, an art, which is in a manner inherent in the country, since nowhere else, I imagine, is it mentioned, and which, practised in this island for more than fifty years, has been the wonder of some and the amusement of many others, — *nauscopy*, in short, — a term which has been invented in Europe to express those visions, of which we have heard so much said here, — has been treated of in our Society by our president, Mr. Telfair, who, from some hints from our colleague, Mr. Richard Barry, took up the subject, and with the sagacity and talent which we all know he possesses, has clearly demonstrated that this pretended art is a mere

chimera, which has imposed upon the very persons who pretended to have discovered it. If fact, it ought to be a matter of astonishment that an optical effect, which was not remarked by Le Gentil, La Caille, Pingré, Rochon, D'Après, Borda, Thompson, Lislet-Geoffroy, Freycinet, and, still more recently, was not perceived by Capt. Dumont D'Urville, who had several conferences on this subject with M. Feuillafé, the Coryphæus of these visionaries, — should have been discovered by two or three persons almost destitute of science, and whose aspect is so grotesque that it never fails to excite laughter ; not that I mean by this that they are deficient in the qualities which constitute men of integrity."

We have been gratified to observe that "The Well-Spent Hour" has been republished in England, and has come to a second edition. Most or all of the other well known publications of the authoress of this pleasing and useful book have been reprinted in that country.

We observe likewise an English republication of "Counsels and Consolations," by the Rev. Jonathan Farr.

Titles of late English Publications not noticed in the preceding part of this Number.

The Chronology of History, containing Tables, Calculations, and Statements indispensable for ascertaining the Dates of Historical Events, and of public and private Documents, from the earliest Periods to the present Time. By Sir Harris Nicolas, [Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. 44.] See Eclectic Review for August.

Trials and other Proceedings in Matters Criminal before the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland; selected from Records of that Court, and from the Original Manuscripts preserved in the General Register House, Edinburgh. By Robert Pitcairn, Writer to his Majesty's Signet, F. S. A. &c. (completed) in 4 vols. 4to. Edinburgh. See Tait's Magazine, No. 16

Old Bailey Experience. demi. 8vo, pp. 439. Price 12s. [This is a reprint, with additions, of a series of papers published in Frazer's Magazine. The author was Schoolmaster to the juvenile thieves in Newgate.]

Journals of Excursions in the Alps. By Wm. Brockedon, Author of Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, &c. 12mo. 1833. Map. Price 10s. 6d. See Eclectic Review for August.

Domestic Manners and Social Condition of the White, Colored, and Negro Population of the West Indies. By Mrs. Carmichael, Five Years a Resident in St. Vincent and Trinidad. 2 vols. 8vo. Lond. 1833. [We should judge from the extracts which we have seen from this book, that it contains more poetic fiction than fact.] See Monthly Review for September.

A Subaltern's Furlough, descriptive of Scenes in various Parts of the United States, Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, during the Summer and Autumn of 1832. By E. Coxe, Esq. Lieutenant of the 45th Regiment. Large 8vo. Lond. 1833. With illustrations. See Monthly Review for August.

The Colonies: treating of their value generally, — Of the Ionian Islands, in particular, &c. By Colonel Charles James Napier, C. B. See Westminster Review, No. 38.

Report of Proceedings on a Voyage to the Northern Parts of China in the Ship Lord Amherst. Extracted from papers printed by the House of Commons, relating to the trade with China. 8vo. 1833. [The object of this voyage was to ascertain the practicability of opening a free inter-

course with China.] See Westminster Review, No. 38. Monthly Review for September. Electic Review for October.

Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia, during the years 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831. By Capt. Charles Sturt, 39th Regiment. 2 vols. 8vo. With maps and illustrations. Lond. 1833. See Monthly Review for August.

The Headsman. By the Author of the Spy. [Republished by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.]

Godolphin, or the Oath. 3 vols. 12mo. [Republished by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.]

Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers, excluding Men of Genius from the Public. 12mo. pp. 330. Lond. 1833.

Asiatic Researches. Vol. 17th. See Asiatic Journal, Nos. 45, 46.

Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal; from August, 1832, to February, 1833. Calcutta. See Athenæum, No. 307.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. III. Part 2. 4to. Lond. 1833. See Asiatic Journal, No. 44.

We find in the "Journal des Savants" for June last, the following account of the new edition of Stephens' Greek Thesaurus now publishing at Paris.

"The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, having been consulted by the Government concerning the merit and utility of this edition, has made a report on the subject by a committee of four of its members, MM. Boissonade, Letronne, Raoul-Rochette, and Thurot; which report, drawn up by M. Thurot, has been printed [by MM. Didot, the publishers of the Thesaurus,] in six pages folio. The conclusions of the committee, which have been adopted by the Academy, are thus expressed: 'The English edition of the Greek Thesaurus contains, without doubt, an immense number of useful additions, but it is often deficient in precision in the citations of authors; it presents us with a great number of notes drawn from the *Adversaria* of very able men, who had, however, no occasion to remark their application and purpose, so that they are, as here given, of very little use; it is in fine, notwithstanding the just and honorable praises which it has everywhere received, rather a vast collection of materials necessary in the composition of a complete Greek lexicon conformed to the present state of our knowledge, than such a lexicon itself. In the French edition of the same work, on the contrary, an easy and natural order has been adopted, affording the means of a more exact knowledge of words and of their different senses; there is a scrupulous exactness in the citations; the prosody of all words is marked with as much accuracy as the present state of this part of grammar admits; a considerable augmentation of the number of words and senses has been substituted for idle and superfluous dissertations; the text is remarkably correct, a merit so often neglected and so important in works of this kind; the typography is of the same elegance which we are accustomed to find in the publications of MM. Didot; and, what is not a consideration to be overlooked in books of such general and great utility, the price of the whole work is diminished more than two thirds. On these grounds we have determined to propose to the Academy to recommend this great undertaking to the patronage of the Min-

ister, laying before him those considerations of public utility and national honor, which may induce him to grant all the favor and encouragement necessary to its complete accomplishment.' We transcribe also what M. Thurot says in this report of the new editor and printers of this excellent dictionary. 'We know with what indefatigable ardor, with what constancy and faithfulness, our associate, M. Hase, who has the principal superintendence of this great undertaking, has devoted his whole time to the work. We are not ignorant of the extensive and various learning, the solid and mature judgment, and the sound taste in literature, which he has brought to its execution. If France will always derive honor from the composition and publication of this Thesaurus by one of its most learned and able typographers, Henry Stephens, whom it glories in reckoning among the many illustrious names which shine in its literary annals; if the immense utility of this great work has, since its first appearance, been acknowledged by the learned of all nations in every age; will it be less honorable for our country, that here again a family of able typographers, commendable for their great ability in their art, and for the advance which it owes to their talents and faithfulness, and distinguished also by their information and literary merit, should reproduce this principal work of Henry Stephens, enriched with an abundance of precious materials, and, as regards its substance and its form, carried to that degree of perfection, which the present state of our knowledge in this department of literature demands.' "

We have seen a review of Pellico's Account of his Imprisonments by the celebrated Sismondi, just published in "The Protestant," a religious periodical of Geneva. We take pleasure in quoting a few passages.

"The pages of *The Protestant* should not be devoted to politics, particularly such as may excite hatred or the desire of vengeance; but we can have no motive of this kind for avoiding an analysis of the Memoirs of Silvio Pellico. Although this distinguished victim of the revolution of Italy experienced from 1820 to 1830 all the sufferings of the most rigorous imprisonment, we do not find in his Memoirs even an allusion to his political principles. On the contrary, Pellico speaks of the agents in his sufferings, only to point out traits of goodness in all those who, one after another, were appointed to take charge of him; he does more than forgive his enemies, he loves them; and he made all who approached him, love him also;—he thinks of those who have done him the greatest injuries and whom he has never seen, only to explain how in judging differently from himself, they may have been conscientious, even in aggravating his distress. Universal good-will, Christian charity, have never been carried further.

"It may be asked why *The Protestant of Geneva* should give an account of an affecting work of a celebrated poet, and that poet a zealous Catholic and a Piedmontese. We hope, however, that our readers will not make this query;—that they know, that, although we have sometimes been engaged in polemical discussions, we regard our mission, the Christian mission, as

that of uniting rather than dividing, of preaching love, not hatred, of cementing peace, not perpetuating war. Whoever loves God above all, and his neighbour as himself, we call our brother. This double precept of the Gospel has never been put in practice by a heart filled with more love, than that of Pellico. Thus we have thought it for the edification of our readers to present to them the example and the confessions of a virtuous man, patient under the most trying misfortunes, resigned when smote by the hand of God, and pouring out love on every being who approached him, from his angelic heart. The view of such a character, we believe to have much more power to console and to sanctify, than the search, however ingenious it may be, for truths which escape from us; than the effort to believe what we do not understand; or, in fine, than the art of reasoning applied to the rectification of our faith; because the errors of such a one can never have a bad influence upon our obedience to the commands of Jesus Christ, which are always so clear.

“Silvio Pellico, of Saluzzo, the author of *Francesca da Rimini*, a tragedy admired by all Italy, was at Milan, when on the 13th of October, 1820, he was arrested and carried to *Santa Margherita*, the prison of the police. He was then scarcely thirty-one years of age, but he was already connected by friendship with all the distinguished literary men of his country, and his name was generally known to the public to whom he had afforded so much gratification.” * * * *

The next extract relates to the touching account, which Pellico gives of his intercourse with the deaf and dumb boy whom he saw from the window of his cell in the prison of *Santa Margherita*.

“The affection with which Pellico inspired this unfortunate child, the affection which he felt for him, his joy when the turn-key once permitted the little dumb boy to enter his room, and he ran to embrace his knees, his hope of contributing to his education, by giving him, through the bars of his prison, useful lessons by signs, all admirably exhibit his uniform tenderness of heart. Those who have seen Silvio Pellico, who recollect his feeble and suffering air, and his eye which fixed itself with so touching an expression of tenderness and protection upon the children of Count Porro, whom he educated before his misfortunes, will understand how the dumb child had learned to love him.” * * * *

The Review concludes in the following manner.

“Seven years were yet to pass before, in the month of August 1830, liberty was restored to Pellico and to Maroncelli. But we shall say nothing more of the sufferings, of the new privations, which awaited the two friends, during these long years. The details are too painful to us. We are not sure of being able, like their angelic victim, to abstain from all resentment, from all bitter expressions towards those who inflicted so much suffering; and we would not that even just indignation should disturb this pure and tender expression of universal charity, of love for God and all his creatures, and of forgiveness.

“We hope that the book itself will be read, that it will be much read; we hope that it will elevate, purify, and support those who are exposed to great

trials, or who experience great injustice; we hope that it will make them perceive what an abundant source of consolation, of courage, and of happiness, is open to those who have nourished in their hearts a lively faith, and universal charity. We dare not say, Be like Silvio Pellico. The heart of a poet, open to the most tender impressions as well as to the most pleasing dreams of the imagination, is not bestowed upon all; this religion of love, of confidence, of enthusiasm, is not in every one's power. We have elsewhere in this journal shown that, among Christians, some seek God through the intellect, others through the affections; we have said that the difference we observe in them ought not to be attributed to religion, but to the individual, to the different manner in which the faculties of different men are proportioned. In now presenting a sublime example of the religion of the heart, we have had only one object, that of exciting in our readers admiration for 'those who have loved and suffered so much, not hatred towards those who caused the suffering.'

The work of Pellico has been translated into French and likewise into German. The German translation is said to be good. Of the English, which is rather a travesty than a translation, we have spoken in our last number. It is to be regretted that we have no better version in our language. It is particularly to be regretted, for the work is one preëminently adapted to do good in the present most unsettled, and, in many respects, most disastrous state of opinion and feeling upon religion and morals, throughout a large portion of the civilized world. There are few exhibitions of the true Christian character, which are more highly to be commended. There is throughout an openness, artlessness, and simplicity of style, which are in striking and beautiful contrast with the affected, overstrained, feverish, convulsionary literature of which we have so much. It is a book adapted to be universally popular among all classes in society, so far as the influence of our better feelings extends.

The French "Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres" yearly decrees two sets of prizes, one for "acts of virtue," and the other for writings "the most useful to morals." In the last year (1833), it assigned for acts of virtue, one prize of 6000 francs and another of 5000 francs, two medals, one of the value of 3000 francs, and the other of 1500 francs, and seven medals of the value of 600 francs each. We find the names of the individuals to whom the prizes were adjudged; but not, what it would be agreeable to know, the grounds of the assignment. Of the eleven given, however, it may be interesting to learn that eight were assigned to females, and among them the highest.

The prizes for writings "the most useful to morals" were, one of 6000 francs to Madame Necker de Saussure (the biographer of Madame de Staël) for a work entitled *L'Éducation progressive, ou Étude du Cours de la Vie*, 2 vols. 8vo.; another of 6000 francs to MM. G. de Beaumont and A. de Tocqueville, for their work *Du Système pénitencier aux États Unis et de son application en France*; a medal of the value of the 2500 francs to M. Huerne de Pommeuse for a work entitled *Des Colonies agricoles et de leur avantages*, 8vo.; and a medal of the value of 1500 francs to

M. Ferdinand Denis for his work, *Le Brahme voyageur, ou la Sagesse populaire de toutes les Nations*, 18mo., which makes a part of the *Bibliothèque populaire*. — See *Journal des Savants* for August.

There are several articles by M. Tessier on the abovementioned work of M. Huerne de Pommeuse, in the volume of the *Journal des Savants* for 1832; and others by M. Girard upon the work of MM. Beaumont and Tocqueville "on the Penitentiary System in the United States," in the volume for 1833. A translation of the last work by Dr. Lieber has been published by Messrs. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Bopp's Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit and other Languages (*Vergleichende Grammatik des Sanscrit, Zend, Griechischen, Lateinischen, Lithauischen, Gothischen, und Deutschen*; von Franz Bopp. Berlin, 1833. 4to. pp. xxiii. 288.) is reviewed by M. Eugène Burnouf in the *Journal des Savants*; the first article being in the number for July.

The Destination of Man (*Destination de l'homme*; Ueber die Bestimmung der Menschen), a work by Fichte, has just been translated into French by M. Barchou de Penhoen. We read, says the *Journal des Savants*, in an analysis of this book, that "*la subjectivité objective du moi, sortie des profondeurs de son essence indéterminée, se manifeste par son opposition et crée la conscience*," which being interpreted (if one may so say) is as follows: "The subjective objectivity of 'I,' emerging from the depths of its indeterminate essence, manifests itself by its opposition and creates consciousness," — a proposition which we will venture to say no man in his senses will ever undertake to controvert.

A collection of the Latin writers with notes is publishing at Turin by Jos. Pomba (*Collectio Latinorum Scriptorum cum notis*.) In 1832, it had extended to 96 volumes, the last two being the seventh of the Natural History of Pliny after Hardouin's edition, and the sixth of Virgil after Heyne's.

The collection of Latin writers, commenced by the late M. Lemaire, and beautifully printed by Didot, is proceeding at Paris. An edition of *Plautus* in three volumes, edited by Jos. Naudet, has just been completed.

The well known literary Journal, the *Antologia* of Florence, after twelve years of an honorable existence, was suppressed in April last, by an order from the Tuscan government. An article, in the December number last, on the downfall of Greece under the Roman invasion, with a slight allusion to the Austrian dominion in Lombardy, is said to have been the cause of this determination. The article had passed the ordeal of the censorship, which in Tuscany has been till now comparatively indulgent, and the number in question had freely circulated for more than two months all over Italy, at Milan as well as elsewhere, without attracting any animadversion from the respective authorities, when the Journal called *La Voce della Verità*, published at Modena, and believed to be under high patronage, made a violent attack on the *Antologia*, on the subject of the said article, and its general tendency. Soon after this the order for the suppression of the *Antologia* was issued. This step, which seems out of the general tenor of Tuscan policy, has made a considerable impression on the people of Florence. A subscription has been made to indemnify the proprietor, M. Vieusseux, for the injury he has sustained by this act of the government. The *Antologia* was one of the two principal Italian literary journals, and

was supported by some of the first literary and scientific characters in that country. Its suppression will be felt as a loss. Such is the precarious tenure of literary property in a country subject to the censorship. — *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 23.

Various works in old French literature have lately been republished at Paris, among which are the following :

Lai d'Havelok le Danois, xiii^e siècle, 8vo. 1833. Edited by M. Francisque Michel. See *Journal des Savants* for February, 1833.

Sensuit le mistère du très-glorieux martyr Monsieur Saint Christophe, 8vo. 1833, pp. 48, printed by Didot in gothic characters after the original edition. Edited by MM. H. de Châteaugiron et Artaud.

Les Vaux de Vire, éditées et inédites, d'Olivier Basselin et de Jean Lehoux, 18mo. 1833, pp. 252. [Edited by M. Julien Travers, member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy.]

Li Romans de Garin le Loherain ; publié pour la première fois, et précédé de l'examen du système de M. Fauriel sur les romans carlovingiens ; par M. Paulin Paris. Paris, Didot, 1833, 2 vols. 12mo. See an article by M. Raynouard in the *Journal des Savants* for August, 1833.

Tableau des Mœurs au x^e Siècle, ou la Cour et les Lois de Howel le Bon, roi d'Aberfraw, de 907 à 948 ; suivi de cinq pièces de la langue française aux xi^e et xiii^e siècles, telle qu'elle se parlait en Angleterre après la conquête de Guillaume de Normandie. Paris, Crapelet, 1833. 8vo. pp. x. 104. Prix 12 fr. C'est le tome X. de la *Collection des anciens Monuments de l'Histoire de la Langue Française*, collection qui doit se composer de 14 volumes.

Les demandes faites par le roi Charles VI., touchant son état et le gouvernement de sa personne, avec les réponses de Pierre Salmon, son secrétaire familial ; publiées, avec des notes historiques, d'après les manuscrits de la bibliothèque du Roi ; par M. G. A. Crapelet, imprimeur, chevalier de la légion d'honneur, etc. Paris, Crapelet, 1833. 8vo. max. pp. 22 et 176. avec dix planches et un fac-simile. Prix 30 fr. See *Journal des Savants* for March, 1833. pp. 180, seqq.

De l'Oustillement au Vilain (xiii^e siècle.) Paris, Didot, 1833, 8vo. pp. 18. 100 copies. [Edited by M. Monmerqué. This work in 256 verses contains the names of most of the articles necessary to a *villain* or peasant with a family.]

Des XXIII. Manières de Vilains (in prose and verse of the 13th century, edited by M. Francesque Michel.) 15 pp. 8vo. 1833. This piece begins thus.

“Chi ensaingne qantes manières i sont de vilains. Il a en cest siècle xxiii manières de vilains : archivilains, et mategris, et primatoires, etc. Chi ensaingne de coi il servent. Li archivilains anonche les fiestes dessous l'orme devant le moustier. Li mategris si est cius ki siet avec les clers el moustiers et torne les fuelles dou livre et vient au prosne avant ke li prestres, etc.”

It finishes with these verses :

“Je lor donne bënëichon
De Tervagant et de Mahom,
De Belzebus, de Lucifer,

Qui les puist mener en infer,
Auctoritate domini,
Se il ne viennent à merchi.”

(*Chi define des Vilains.*)

Poésies gothiques françaises, 8vo. 1832, chez Silvestre, libraire. [A collection of different pieces apparently of the 15th century by M. Silvestre, already well known for his zeal in publishing the works of the *trouvères*.] See an article by M. Raynouard in the *Journal des Savants* for July, 1833.

[From the "Nouvelle Revue Germanique."]

JOCHMANN, FREDERIC THE GREAT, SCHLABENDORF, CHRISTIAN VII.

In the new journal, which the indefatigable Zschokke has published since the commencement of this year (1832), under the significant title of *Prometheus*, (Aarau, edited by Sauerländer, Vol. I.), we meet with some very curious accounts of a writer, whose anonymous works are better known than his name, Charles Gustavus Jochmann, a Russian subject, of German origin, but an Englishman in his genius and sentiments. He lived for some time in England, afterwards in Switzerland, and finally on the banks of the Rhine, where he died. Jochmann is the author of several very remarkable writings, *On (sacerdotal) Hierarchy and its allies in France; Reflections on Protestantism; On language; Letters on Homœopathy.* Among the papers left by Jochmann, several new details have been found respecting the celebrated Count de Schlaberndorf, whom he visited in his retirement. Jochmann made notes of what appeared to him most interesting in his conversations with this noble recluse, of which the following are some fragments. "The former Prussian minister de B.....," said the Count of Schlaberndorf, "once related to me the following anecdote, which he had from *Herzberg* himself, whose pupil he was, and by whom he was patronized.

"When Frederic's affairs were in a very critical situation after the battle of Collin, Winterfeld proposed to him to enter France at the head of a chosen body of troops, and to attempt the conquest of that country. The king ought, said he, to make war in France, not against France, but against the worst of governments, and to promise the country a better one. Some energetic proclamations, addressed to the French people, would be of greater service than as many victories. I should like to know what the great Frederic, then so much admired by the French, replied to Winterfeld. When we recollect what was the condition of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, the general's idea no longer appears to us so rash as at first sight. Nothing is easier than to cause a nation to rise against a government which it detests or despises."

"The famous traveller Forster said to Frederic the Great: 'I have seen in all five kings; three were savages, and two were civilized; but none of them resembled your Majesty.'"

"King Christian the Seventh, of Denmark, who commenced his reign in 1766, and who, like many other men of high rank, was even, according to the usages of Cambridge, made a doctor of laws, finished, as is well known, by becoming a madman, or pretty nearly so; but he nevertheless continued to be king in name even to the day of his death in 1808. He had sometimes lucid intervals, or rather his madness had some of those singular traits which generally distinguish the madmen of Shakspeare. He still signed all the orders and official despatches of government, but frequently in so illegible a manner, that it was necessary to present to him the same paper several times. Sometimes he would sign in characters of an ell in length, or instead thereof, he would draw a ludicrous figure, or again he would sign a cabinet order, 'Christian VII. and Company.' Often too, when he had passed an hour in affixing signatures, he would throw away his pen and exclaim: 'I have governed enough for to-day!'

"The persons who dined at his table, generally paid no attention to him, and conversed with each other as if the king were not present. One day when some ladies, who were seated on either side of him, put their heads before his face, to speak with each other, he, without much gallantry, separat-

ed them with his arms, and casting upon the company, who were rather noisy, a long, stern look, exclaimed in a loud voice; 'What now if at this instant I had suddenly recovered my reason; what would happen then?' At these words every one became silent, fearing that the calamity had really happened. The king left them for some minutes in this cruel uncertainty; then, regarding them with a courteous smile, he said; 'Make yourselves easy, children; for this time it may pass.' "

Besides those already mentioned, the following French and Italian works have lately appeared.

Histoire littéraire de la France; ouvrage commencé par des religieux bénédictins de la congrégation de Saint Maur, et continué par des membres de l'Institut (Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres); tome XVII., suite du xiii^e siècle, jusqu'à l'an 1226. Paris. 1832. 4to. A full account of the contents of this volume, by M. Raynouard, may be found in the *Journal des Savants* for November, 1832, and January and February, 1833.

Recueil des historiens des Gaules et de la France, tome XIX., contenant le troisième et dernière livraison des monuments des règnes de Philippe Auguste et de Louis VIII., depuis l'an 1180 jusqu'en 1226; par Michel Jean Joseph Brial, &c. 8vo. 1833. See an article by M. Raynouard in the *Journal des Savants* for May, 1833.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 23, pp. 259, 260.

Histoire des Français, par M. J. C. L. Sismonde de Sismondi. Tome XVI. Paris. 8vo. pp. 590. Prix 8 francs. This volume contains the history of the first twenty-four years of the reign of Francis I. See an article by M. Daunou, in the *Journal des Savants* for June, 1833.

Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger. Par M. Rozet. Paris, 1833. 3 vols. 8vo., with an Atlas in 4to of 31 plates. Price 33 francs.

Voyage de la corvette l'Astrolabe, exécuté par l'ordre du Roi pendant les années 1826, 1827, 1828, et 1829, sous le commandement de M. J. Dumont d'Urville, capitaine de vaisseau, publié par ordre de Sa Majesté. Paris. See an account of this work by M. Frédéric Cuvier in the *Journal des Savants*.

Notices et extraits des manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi et autres bibliothèques, publiés par l'Institut Royale de France, faisant suite aux notices et extraits lus au comité établi dans l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres; tome XII. Paris. Imprimerie royale, 1832. 4to. pp. viii. 664 et 111. See an article by M. Daunou in the *Journal des Savants* for February, 1833.

Anecdota Græca; e codicibus regiis descripsit, annotatione illustravit J. S. Boissonarde. Volumen quintum. Paris, 1833. 8vo. pp. 519.

Recherches sur les véritables noms des vases grecs et sur leur différents usages, d'après les auteurs et les monuments anciens; par M. Théodore Panofka, Secrétaire de l'Institut de correspondance archéologique, etc. folio, 64 pages with 8 plates. See articles by M. Letronne in the *Journal des Savants* for May, July, &c.

De l'Éducation publique considérée dans ses rapports avec le développement des facultés, la marche progressive de la civilisation et les besoins actuels de la France. Par M. F. Ch. L. Naville de Genève. 2^e édition, considérablement augmentée. Paris, 1833. 8vo.

Mélanges philosophiques, par M. Théodore Jouffroy. 8vo. 1833. Prix 8 fr. [Praised in the *Journal des Savants* for June, p. 377.]

Histoire Politique de l'Église; par M. A. de Vidailan. Paris. See *Athenæum*, No. 310.

Lettres de Napoléon à Joséphine pendant les Premières Campagnes d'Italie, le Consulat, et l'Empire. (Publiées par la Princesse Hortense.) 2 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1833. With seven fac-similes.

Les Conteurs Russes, ou Nouvelles, Contes et Traditions Russes; par MM. Boulgarine, Karamsine, Narcini, Pogodine, Orlof, Pogorelsky, Panaief, Fedorof, Aladine, Pouchkine, Batiouchkof, Bestoujef, &c.; traduites de russe en français par MM. Ferry de Pigny et J. Haquin; avec une préface et des notes par M. E. M. Paris. 1833. Paris. 2 vols. 8vo. Prix 15 fr.

Thse Hioung Hioung Ti, c'est à dire, Les deux Frères de sexe différent, nouvelle traduite du chinois par M. Stanislas Julien, professeur de langue et de littérature chinoises au collège de France. 60 pages in 8vo.

Précis historique de la destruction des Janissaires par le sultan Mahmoud, en 1826; traduit du turc, par M. A. P. Caussin de Perceval (fils), professeur d'arabe vulgaire à l'école des langues orientales vivantes. Paris, Didot. 1833. See *Journal des Savants* for March, p. 183.

Essais sur la Philosophie des Hindous, par H. T. Colebrooke, Esq. &c. Traduits de l'Anglais et augmentés de l'extes Sanscrits et de Notes nombreuses. Par G. Pauthier de l'Académie de Besançon. Paris, 1833. See *Journal des Savants* for May, pp. 318, 319. — *Asiatic Journal*, No. 44.

I monumenti dell' Egitto e della Nubia, disegnati della spedizione scientifica-letteraria toscana in Egitto, distribuiti in ordine di materie, interpretati ed illustrati dal dottor Ippolito Rosellini, direttore della spedizione, professore di lettere, storia e antichità orientali nell' I. e R. università di Pisa. Parte prima, monumenti storici. Pisa. 1832. 8vo. Dispensa seconda, composta di 18 tavole in folio atl.

Dissertazione esegetica intorno all' origine ed al sistema della sacra Architettura presso i Greci. (By Sig. Carelli, late perpetual secretary of the Academy of Herculaneum.) Napoli. 1831. fol. with nine plates. See an article by Raoul-Rochette in the *Journal des Savants* for March, 1833.

Storia degli antichi popoli italiani, di Giuseppe Micali. Florence. 1833. 3 vol. 8vo, with an Atlas in folio, containing a map of ancient Italy after D'Anville, with 120 plates. Price about \$30.

Manno, the historian of Sardinia, has recently published at Milan two curious little works; the first is entitled "De' Vizi de' Letterati," in the contents of which we notice the following heads:— *Of literary men too young: Of those who remained always young: Of those who are too old: Of the rash: Of the pedantic, the barren, the flowery, the jocose, the proud, the unjust, the mercenary, &c.* We find also chapters on the literati who are exclusive admirers of a single science, on the encyclopedists, on the liberty of language, on the idolatry of language, on the *risacimento* of old works, and, lastly, on classicism and romanticism. The title of the second is "*Della fortuna delle Parole,*" or on the good and bad luck of particular words, in which he traces how certain words once noble have become vulgar, while vulgar ones have been admitted into good company, words which may be traced to an historical or sacred origin, words which have usurped the place of others, words which are a perpetual lie, &c. The whole is written in a vein of considerable humor. — *Foreign Quarterly*, No. 23.

Professor Sebastian Ciampi has published at Florence a hitherto unknown translation of the Moral Essays of Albertano Giudice of Brescia, by the notary Sofredi Del Grazia of Pistoja. This is the most remarkable and genuine monument of the old Tuscan dialect, and the perfect character of that idiom appears in it, without the slightest alteration, as it existed

before the time of Dante. The preface and notes of the editor are principally intended to show how little known, or rather how entirely unknown, the history of the language of the Italian people was before the discovery of this MS.; 2dly, to determine, at least approximatively, at what time the language of the people began to be generally used in publications and literary works; 3dly, to show in what the peculiar merit of Dante, and his literary contemporaries, consisted, as creators of the Italian language; 4thly, to show the alterations permitted by subsequent writers and copyists of MSS. No more need be said to show the importance of the work to the linguist, the historian, and the antiquary. — *Ibid.*

Another Italian historial romance of the middle ages, entitled *Ettore Fieramosca*, by M. Alzeglio, son-in-Law of Manzoni, has just appeared at Milan, in 2 vols. 8vo., with plates from the author's drawings, and is attracting a good deal of attention, probably from the idea of the author having been assisted by his father-in-law. — *Ibid.*

The Milan Editors of the *Classici Italiani* are publishing, as a sequel to that series, a collection of the best Italian Writers of the Eighteenth Century, which will consist of 136 volumes, 8vo. The eighteenth century was to Italy an age of revival of philosophical studies and critical investigation. The names of Giannone, Muratori, Maffei, Genovesi, Filangieri, Beccaria, &c., bear sufficient evidence of this. We are, however, surprised not to find in the list of writers of which the collection is to consist, those of Vico, Pietro Verri, and Appiano Buonafede. The *Storia d'Ogni Filosofia* of the last-mentioned writer, which has been in part translated into German by Heydenreich, is, notwithstanding its imperfections, the most complete work Italy possesses on the subject. We hear that Fontana of Milan is preparing a new edition of it. — *Ibid.*

The first part of the first volume of the long announced *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*, to be completed in about twelve volumes, or twenty-four parts, large 8vo., has just made its appearance at Paris. The materials for the work have been in preparation for the last four years, and the list of contributors includes the names of several of the most distinguished men of the present day in literature, science, and art, in France as well as other countries. The delay in its commencement, in order to give it the necessary maturity and perfection, has allowed another undertaking under the title of *Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture* to take the priority in publication; with this the *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde* has nothing in common save their common origin, namely, the German *Conversations-Lexicon*. The plan of the *Encyclopédie* is developed at considerable length in a *Discours Préliminaire*, in which it is explained to be neither a popular, alias elementary, Encyclopædia, nor a scientific (savante) Encyclopædia; but a work calculated for persons in active life (*gens du monde*); it is designed for readers of all nations; it will be written with a spirit of moderation and tolerance; it will be made as complete as its proposed limits will admit of; and the various articles will occupy a space proportioned to their relative importance in a scale of historical or scientific unity previously fixed. Finally, all the articles are marked with the initials of the authors' names, the list of whom is given at the beginning. It is supposed that the number of separate articles will amount to 20,000, of which the letter *A* alone will occupy one-eighth (the first part contains 740 articles in 400 pages); the publication of the future parts will take place at short intervals. — *Ibid.*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

[From "The Edinburgh Review," No. 117.]

ART. I. — *The Life of William Roscoe.* By his Son, HENRY ROSCOE. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1833.*

THERE is a point of view in which the biographies of private persons, and particularly of men of letters, have not been sufficiently contemplated, nor their value duly acknowledged. Such works, when written considerably in detail, and presenting, through the medium of extracts from correspondence, a record of opinions as well as of events, may be regarded as running commentaries on the history and spirit of an age, more interesting, and more instructive in some respects, than any others. Whilst an important addition is made to our means of estimating the character and principles of an individual, by learning to what kind of public measures he gave his commendation or reprehension, his opposition or support; we often gain, conversely, more insight into the real nature of a public measure, or, at least, the contemporary understanding as to its objects and tendencies, from the sentiments of that individual, as thrown out in conversation or in familiar letters, than is to be obtained by the most assiduous study of official documents, parliamentary speeches, or political pamphlets. Opinions, too, on subjects of taste and literature, and incidental notices of manners and modes of life, which show the man in connexion with his age, have all, from that connexion, a value which augments with the lapse of time, and which an enlightened posterity will not fail duly to appreciate.

The biography of Mr. Roscoe is peculiarly rich, from various causes, in these adventitious sources of interest, as well as in intrinsic value. The protracted duration of his life, extending through the space of nearly eighty years, — the energy, activity, and philanthropy of his character, which led him to regard none of the great concerns of mankind as foreign to himself, — the variety of his own pursuits, and his distinguished success in many of them, — and, finally, the circumstance of his being almost entirely self-taught, and indebted to his own efforts for his rise from a very humble station to great local influence and high social and literary distinction, all conspire to render his career eminently the object of rational curiosity. Mr. Henry Roscoe has likewise performed his task with great modesty, taste, and judgment, and with the frankness and evident good faith of one conscious of having nothing to disguise or conceal on behalf of the excellent man and parent whom he commemorates.

[* Republished by Messrs. Russell, Odiorne, & Co., Boston.]

Mr. Roscoe was born at Liverpool in 1753. To Sir Isaac Heard, who, on forming an acquaintance with the author of *Lorenzo de' Medici*, had expressed a wish to trace and record his pedigree, he thus replied: — "From all that I can learn, it appears, that whilst other families have rolled on for centuries in distinct and appropriate channels, mine has always been mingled in the common mass, and has composed a part of the immense tide that daily falls into the ocean of oblivion. The *Origines Guelficæ* occupy five folio volumes, whilst the *Origines* in question will find ample space in five lines." At the period of his birth, his father was the master of a public-house, with gardens, and a well-frequented bowling-green; but this situation, however unfavorable in appearance, was not destitute to him of some advantages, with respect both to moral and intellectual culture, which his happy dispositions enabled him to turn to the best account. At the age of six he was placed at a school where the master frequently admitted him to the use of his little book-case, filled with the best authors of the time. "To his care," says his pupil, in an interesting sketch of his early days, inserted in the present work, "and the instructions of a kind and affectionate mother, I believe I may safely attribute any good principles which may have appeared in my conduct during my future life. It is to her I owe the inculcation of those sentiments of humanity, which became a principle in my mind. Nor did she neglect to supply me with such books as she thought would contribute to my literary improvement."

He was removed in due time to a higher school, which he quitted at twelve years old, having, by the confession of the master, learned all that he could teach him, that is, the common branches of a purely English education. Instruction of a higher kind came neither within the plan, nor probably within the means, of his parents; and from this time all his acquirements were to be the fruit of his own voluntary and strenuous exertions. "Having quitted school," he says, "and committed my English grammar to the flames, I now began to assist my father in his agricultural concerns, particularly in his business of cultivating potatoes for sale, of which he every year grew several acres, and which he sold, when produced early in the season, at very advanced prices. His mode of cultivation was entirely by the spade; and, when raised early, they were considered in that part of Lancashire as a favorite esculent. When they had attained their proper growth, we were accustomed to carry them to the market on our heads, in large baskets, for sale, where I was generally entrusted with the disposal of them, and soon became a very useful assistant to my father. In this, and other laborious occupations, particularly in the care of a garden, in which I took great pleasure, I passed several years of my life, devoting my hours of relaxation to reading my books. This mode of life gave health and vigor to my body, and amusement and instruction to my mind; and to this day I well remember the delicious sleep which succeeded my labors, from which I was

again called at an early hour. If I were asked whom I consider to be happiest of the human race, I should answer, those who cultivate the earth by their own hands.

"Being now in my fifteenth year, I was called upon to make choice of a profession, when my attachment to reading induced me to prefer that of a bookseller. I was accordingly placed with Mr. Gore, a respectable tradesman in Liverpool; but after remaining there for a month, and not finding the attendance on a shop reconcilable to my disposition, I quitted him, and returned to my labors. In the following year, (1769,) I was articled, for six years, to Mr. John Eyes, jun., a young attorney and solicitor in Liverpool; and thus entered upon an anxious and troublesome profession."

His leisure hours, however, were still, as in the unshackled freedom of his boyhood, devoted to literature, and particularly to English poetry; for it was one of those periods of political calm when elegant literature, and especially verse, was enabled to take its station highest amongst the objects of public attention and individual ambition. In the present day, a youth in humble life, gifted with his abilities and energies, would naturally become the orator of a political union, and oblige the world with his sentiments on tithes, poor's laws, and an "equitable adjustment"; in those, he as naturally became an admirer and imitator of Shenstone and of Goldsmith. Mr. Roscoe's attachment to these favorites and models of his youth was deep and lasting. To the end of his career, he continued to prefer their mild and polished strains, both to the simplicity and the intensity of later schools of poetry. Whatever may be thought of the correctness of his judgment in this respect, it can scarcely be doubted that it was to this predilection for the elegant and refined in composition, which accorded well with the spirit of humanity breathed into him by his mother, that he owed the remarkable amenity and dignity of manners by which he was early distinguished, and which, as we have been informed, often gained for him in society the appellation of "Nature's Nobleman."

With less rectitude of mind and manliness of character, such tastes might have diverted him from the sober aims of life, and rendered him an idler and a dreamer; but these qualities, joined to the consideration that his exertions formed the sole reliance of a father and a sister, were sufficient to preserve him from undue indulgence in any pursuits not likely to lead to an honorable independence; and his professional diligence and acquirements were such as to give full satisfaction to his employer.

A friendship which he formed with an accomplished young man, of the name of Holden, then an assistant in a school, was the means of stimulating him to the acquisition of foreign languages. His friend gave him instructions in French; and, in concert with other congenial associates, he always devoted some hours, before the business of the day commenced, to the study of Latin; to which, at a much later period, he added a slight acquaintance

with Greek. It was by Holden also, that, a few years subsequently, his attention was drawn to the literature of modern Italy. From passages of the celebrated poets of that country, recited by his friend, he imbibed a taste for the language, became a proficient in it by degrees, and, it is remarkable, very early conceived such an idea of the extraordinary talents and merits of Lorenzo de' Medici, as to form the project of becoming at some future time his biographer. Mr. Roscoe formed a striking exception to that indifference for the works of art which artists have laid to the charge of the poets, with whom indeed, in youth especially, the charms of external nature, and the emotions of the heart, are usually all-engrossing interests. In him a fondness for the imitative arts seems to have been almost instinctive; his Italian studies nourished doubtless the predilection; and the first of his published poems, an "Ode on the Formation of a Society in Liverpool for the Encouragement of Painting and Design," composed in his twentieth year, gave an earnest of that enlightened curiosity respecting those objects which was to contribute to the illustration of his chosen theme. Four years later, in a poem of very considerable merit, entitled "Mount Pleasant," he sang the praises of his native town, now fast rising in opulence and commercial importance; and at the same time made a commencement of those laudable endeavours, in which he constantly persevered, to direct the attention of his townsmen to the more liberal pursuits of science and literature; and, in his own words, "to abate that spirit of enterprise and thirst of gain, which, when too much indulged, is seldom productive either of virtue or happiness." In this poem, he likewise entered his earliest protest against that peculiar reproach of Liverpool, its large concern in the African slave trade. Thus early had his well-constituted mind seized upon objects of interest and pursuit, both highly important and worthy in themselves, and so well adapted to his own powers, and to the circumstances by which he found himself surrounded, as never afterwards to be abandoned by him as impracticable, or dropped as useless.

Scarcely had he completed his clerkship, and formed a connexion in business, than he likewise made his selection of a partner for life. Prudential considerations obliged the young couple to defer the completion of their union for several years; but the time was not lost. They read together, and communicated their thoughts on authors, especially on the poets, with equal improvement to their tastes and their affections. Several very pleasing specimens of their correspondence are here given. His wife proved herself a woman of such sound understanding, and so exemplary for all the virtues of her sex, that "Mr. Roscoe, to the close of his long and eventful life, never found reason to regret for one instant the judgment of his youth."

The increase of his professional employment, whilst it obliged him to withdraw his attention in some degree from the pursuits

of literature, enabled him to gratify his tastes, by becoming, on a small scale, a collector of books on art, and of prints. On a visit to London, in 1782, he formed an intimacy with Fuseli the painter, who was afterwards indebted to him for very solid proofs of friendship; and he found leisure to deliver before a Liverpool Society some lectures on the progress of art in general, on engraving, and on prints.

Benevolent and enlightened men had for several years been exerting themselves singly to awaken the public conscience to the enormity of the trade in human beings, when, in 1787, as the result of their efforts, a society was formed in London, which met weekly, to consider of the best means of procuring the abolition of the traffic, and, by their joint efforts, to render them effective. Mr. Roscoe again took up his pen in the cause, and appealed to the feelings of his countrymen in a highly-wrought poem, entitled "The Wrongs of Africa," designed to illustrate the horrible nature of the means by which the slaves were procured on the coast of Guinea, and the sufferings of the passage to the West Indies. "Throughout the poem, that love of freedom, that inextinguishable hatred of oppression, are displayed, which were such signal features of the writer's character." He likewise gave a general view of the subject in an excellent pamphlet, which attracted attention in France as well as England, and seems to have been translated by Madame Necker. In a second pamphlet, he administered due castigation to the Reverend Raymund Harris, who had attempted to defend slavery as consonant to Scripture; and, in 1791, he published an "Account of the Causes of the Insurrection in St. Domingo," designed to refute the arguments against the abolitionists, drawn from the cruelties committed by the negroes in that island.

The French Revolution now broke forth, and even in this country the flames of political animosity soon blazed up with fury. It could not be doubtful from the previous course of Mr. Roscoe's public conduct and the leading principles of his character, which side was to receive his support. His feelings and his convictions were all enlisted in the cause of freedom, which he regarded as that of human nature. He attended the two meetings held in 1790 and 1791, in commemoration of the destruction of the Bastille; and, at the second, he recited his celebrated song, beginning "O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," which was written for the occasion. But the excesses of the French leaders soon became shocking to humanity like his, and grief and shame took place of the exultation with which he had hailed the dawn of French liberty. Through some propitious circumstance, of which his biographer has omitted to inform us, Mr. Roscoe had before this time obtained the acquaintance of the late Marquis of Lansdowne; and that discerning nobleman, struck with his talents and his merit, had established with him a frequent and confidential correspondence, chiefly on political topics, which was main-

tained to the termination of his Lordship's life. To his Lordship, he thus expressed his sentiments on the aspect of affairs at home and abroad, immediately after the destruction of the Brissotines :

"The event which has pressed upon me with more weight than almost any other I ever as yet experienced, either of a public or private nature, is the execution of the Deputies in France, — men whom I had long been accustomed to look up to as the best friends of their country and of mankind; and for whom, if affection be acquired without a personal acquaintance, I may say I had a real esteem. Of these men, Verniaux was the most particular object of my regard. He seems to have possessed a grandeur and sublimity of imagination, coupled with an accuracy of judgment, beyond any of his associates; and, if ever the love of his country was apparent in any man, it was so in him. In lamenting the fate of these great men, I cannot, however, forget their errors, which, I am convinced, they themselves discovered when too late. Their graves were dug on the 10th of August, and the 2d of September passed their sentence. The remainder of their lives was a struggle to repair either their mistake in assenting to, or their want of energy in resisting, the violence that then took place. Fatal day! that overthrew the labor of years, and placed the fortunes of the human race on the chance of a die. Surely, nothing less than absolute despotism can admit of the application of the principle of force.

"Wherever the sense of a whole community can be peaceably taken, the insurrection of a part is treason. This forms the distinction between the destroyers of the Bastille, and the heroes of the 10th of August, or their rivals of the 2d of September.

"As to the great point which the French think they have gained by the destruction of their monarchy, I think it of little consequence; not that I am become a believer in the maxim, that 'whate'er is best administered is best,' but because I think that a monarchy is capable of being as well constituted for the happiness of a people as a republic. And though, I hope, not superstitious, I cannot help thinking that the voluntary and solemn oath of a whole nation, to abide by a constitution which they took three years in framing, ought, if there be any thing serious or binding in human affairs, to have some weight. I will not trouble your Lordship with my feelings on the conduct of the French rulers subsequent to this shocking event. The horrid industry employed in the discovery of the other proscribed Deputies, the deliberate mockery of their trial, and the bloody indifference of the people at large, on the execution of such men as Rabaut, who first rescued them from despotism, freezes my affections, and gives me a dislike, not only to the French, but to my species. Sorry am I to say, that this dislike is not much removed by any thing I can see in my own country, where the same selfish and slavish spirit that has contributed to bring on the enormities of France is apparent in the prosecution of all those who aim, by a cool, rational, and deliberate reform, to prevent a similar catastrophe here. With what face can our present administration commit Thomas Muir to the hulks, preparatory to his transportation to Botany Bay, when it is apparent to all the nation, that if *he* has been guilty, Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond ought to accompany him? But the leaders have apostatized, and the disciples perish. This is enough. The founders of a sect become its persecutors! To whom shall we compare those who punish what they have themselves endeavoured to promote?

"I cannot conceive what can be the views of the people assembled in Edinburgh, under the name of the British Convention; but the whole

is so ill-timed, and so ill-conducted, that I should easily be persuaded it was intended to bring additional odium on the cause of reform, did I not know, that one person appeared amongst them whose motives are beyond suspicion. I mean Lord Daer, whom I have seen in Liverpool, and whose heart, I am sure, is right. Why has he committed himself in such a business, and nipt his usefulness in the bud? Great harm has been done by the doctrine, so industriously inculcated by a sect of which I am a professing member, that whatever is ultimately right is to be pursued at all times. Perhaps, however, this arises rather from a misapprehension of the precept, than from the precept itself. It might be admitted in its general purport, but then, whatever is right is always to be sought for by means likely to obtain it, and not by such as can directly tend only to the injury of the cause, and the ruin of the individual. If I wish for a prosperous voyage, I must wait for the wind and the tide; but if I resolve to attempt it in spite of both, I become the unpitied cause of my own destruction." — Vol. i. p. 210.

We next find Mr. Roscoe among the answerers of Burke; urging, in a separate pamphlet, the practicability and expediency of peace with France; and in a town meeting using strenuous efforts to carry an address to the throne, so moderate in its language, that, by both parties concurring in it, a clash of factions might have been avoided, and the tranquillity of the town preserved. But in this laudable endeavour he was baffled by the violence of the stronger party, and in common with his brother dissenters, who had been his associates and supporters, and with the friends of peace and freedom throughout the kingdom, found himself exposed to suspicion, and calumny, and a kind of social proscription. A record, which ought not to perish, of the spirit of Mr. Pitt's administration, and the working of his celebrated proclamation against seditious meetings, is preserved in the following extract from the correspondence with Lord Lansdowne:—"It was my intention to have stated to your Lordship some other instances of the consequences felt under the present system, where every man is called on to be a spy upon his brother; but I have already intruded much too far on your Lordship's time. I must, however, mention that I have, for upwards of ten years, been a member of a little society of about a dozen persons (Dr. Currie and others), who have, during that time, met in rotation at each other's houses. The object of our meeting was merely literary; but suspicion has for some time gone abroad about us, and I have good reason to believe we have been thought of importance enough to be pointed out to the Government by the collector of the customs here. Some of us having openly appeared on the late address, has, I believe, completed the business; and, in the present state of things, we have thought it expedient to suspend our future meetings."

In the study of the Italian writers, with a view to his great literary object, Mr. Roscoe now sought relief from the vexations of politics; and his activity found further exercise for itself in an undertaking, to which he was partly prompted by his early love

of agricultural occupations and a country life, — the drainage of an extensive tract of moss-land in the neighbourhood of Manchester, which occupied for many years a large portion of the time he was able to snatch from professional and literary pursuits.

After several years of anxious preparation, the "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici" was given to the public in 1796. The persevering efforts of the author, aided by some signal circumstances of good fortune, by which the difficulties attending the collection of his materials were triumphantly overcome, are narrated by his biographer with considerable but interesting detail; as are the warm testimonies of approbation, domestic and foreign, which the publication justly earned for him. Lord Lansdowne assured the author that the success had been far beyond any book he remembered, "though Hume's publication of his first volumes was within his memory." Lord Orford was enchanted with the graces of the narrative, and the beauty of the poetical translations. The Earl of Bristol, from his residence at Rome, wrote to inquire the place of residence of "the ingenious, learned, and elegant author; and what present of books, pictures, or statues, might be most welcome to him. His early friend, Dr. Aikin, assured him that but one opinion was heard as to its being the most elegant and interesting work, of a literary nature, which had appeared for many years; and congratulated him that a merit long conspicuous in the circle of his friends was now fairly manifested to the world at large. Dr. Parr introduced himself to his acquaintance with a long list of learned remarks and corrections; and he was at once gratified and embarrassed by a glowing compliment, from the author of the "Pursuits of Literature." Even the periodical critics gave nearly unalloyed praise to the new candidate for fame. In Italy, the book was received with similar marks of approbation and esteem. The learned Fabroni laid aside a life of Lorenzo, which he had himself begun, and promoted in its stead a translation of the English work. Other eminent Italian scholars wrote letters of compliment to the author; and his literary reputation, at this day, stands even higher in that country than in his own. The work was also translated into the French and German languages, with the accompaniment of learned notes. It was subsequently reprinted at Philadelphia.

All these triumphs had no power to corrupt the modesty and manly simplicity of the author's mind. Not a trace of vanity or self-importance is discernible in his answers to the flattering addresses of friends or strangers; but a success so far beyond his hopes seems to have hastened the accomplishment of his long-cherished project of retiring to a life divided between the cultivation of letters and the cultivation of the earth, and free from that circumstance by which his profession had long disgusted him, — its affording "a continual opportunity of observing the folly and villany of mankind." He withdrew from the occupation of a solicitor very shortly after the appearance of his Lorenzo; and the

next spring, he indulged himself with a visit to London, where his celebrity, his merits, and the friendship of Lord Lansdowne, gave him facilities for forming new and valuable acquaintances, both in the literary and political world. His correspondence at this time affords some interesting notices and details.

"How you will envy me," says he in a letter to his friend Mr. Rathbone, "when I tell you, that last Saturday I had an hour's familiar conversation with Mr. Fox, at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, where I before had accidentally met Mr. Grey! Of these rencontres, I put nothing on paper; not altogether because of the old proverbs, '*Litera scripta manet*,' and '*Nescit vox emissa reverti*;' nor yet because of the provisions of the *two acts*; but because it would occupy too much of my paper, and require more time than I can at present spare. I dine to-day with the Marquis; but think there will be no company. Should any thing interesting occur, either there or elsewhere, I will again take up my pen.

"The people here are of opinion the French will pay us a visit: but they have no doubt that British courage will, with God's assistance, soon make them repent of their temerity. A shopkeeper in the Strand told me, that as God had fought for us when the enemy appeared off Ireland, He would not surely desert us when they attacked England. What can such a pious people have to fear from a nation of Infidels? When miracles are daily performed in our favor, it seems absurd to have recourse to human means. A few days since, I sent a short paper to '*The Morning Chronicle*,' pointing out the necessity of *immediately* adverting to the alternative of peace, whilst it was yet practicable; but it has not been suffered to appear. In fact, every thing is matter of party; and as the Ministry set up the cry of danger, the Opposition papers take the other side of the question, and affect to consider their wailings as a farther pretence to raise loans and impose taxes; and those who have only at heart the real good of the country, without regarding either Ministry or Opposition, cannot obtain even a hearing. I much fear the predominating idea of men of all parties is *individual, personal* aggrandizement, and that the welfare of the country is only a secondary consideration; or rather, perhaps, a cloak to cover their real purpose. There are only two classes of men; viz. those who would sacrifice themselves for their country, and those who would sacrifice their country to themselves. Which of these are the most numerous I shall not pretend to say; though I think I have in the course of my life met with an instance or two of the former."

"During his stay in town," says his biographer, "Mr. Roscoe had hoped to have an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with Lord Orford, who had frequently expressed a desire to meet him. Unfortunately at this period his Lordship's state of health was such as to preclude the possibility of an interview. 'Soon after my arrival in town,' says Mr. Roscoe in a letter addressed to Dr. Currie, 'I called at Lord Orford's, but found him dangerously ill, and not in a state to be seen. I therefore introduced myself to his intimate friends, the Miss Berrys, who resided a long time in Italy, and with whom I dined yesterday. They told me they had mentioned to him that I was in town, to which he answered "*Alas! it is now too late, — I shall never see him.*" He afterwards said, "*It is a melancholy thing to be so much dead and so much alive!*" It is not yet improbable that he may so far recover, as that I may get a sight of him, which I confess would much gratify my

curiosity.' The illness, however, of this venerable nobleman, who had held a distinguished rank in the literary world for more than half a century, proved fatal.

"Amongst the persons with whom Mr. Roscoe at this time became acquainted was the late Sir Isaac Heard, Garter principal King at Arms. This acquaintance led him to the knowledge of a singular fact respecting General Washington, which he afterwards communicated to an American gentleman in the following letter:—

"I have now the pleasure of performing my promise of repeating to you, by letter, the information I gave you in Liverpool respecting the memorial of General Washington and his family, drawn up in his own handwriting, and sent by him to the late Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King at Arms, to be enrolled by him in the records of the Heralds' College, London.

"It is now about thirty years since I had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with Sir Isaac Heard, who was a kind friend, an excellent patriot, and, I need scarcely add, a very worthy man. On visiting him one day in his office in Doctors' Commons, I observed a portrait over the chimney-piece, not sufficiently characterized for me to decipher, and, to the best of my recollection, not in the first style of art.

"I could, however, perceive that it was not the representation of the personage who might have been expected to preside at the fountain of honor; and on expressing my surprise to Sir Isaac and enquiring whose portrait it was, he replied, in his usual energetic manner, "Whose is it? Whose should it be? but the portrait of the greatest man of the age,—General Washington." On my assenting to this remark, he added, "Now, sir, I will show you something farther." And turning to his archives, he took out some papers, consisting of several sheets, closely written, saying, "Here, Sir, is the genealogy and family history of General Washington, with which he has, at my request, furnished me, in his own handwriting, and which I shall have a particular pleasure in preserving amongst the most precious records of my office;" which I have no doubt he has accordingly done, and where I presume they may still be seen on application to the proper authorities.'—Vol. i. p. 218.

It was not till after a considerable interval that Mr. Roscoe felt himself disposed to sit down in earnest to a second work on Italian history, and, on his return from London, we find him engaged in botanical science, and in making botanical collections,—in learning Greek, and in amusing himself with translating into the elegant verse which flowed so freely at his command, Tansillo's Italian poem, entitled, "Balìa," "The Nurse." The most pleasing part of this publication was, perhaps, the affectionate and appropriate sonnet in which he inscribed it to his wife.

"As thus in calm domestic leisure blest
I wake to British notes th' Ausonian strings,
Be thine the strain; for what the poet sings
Has the chaste tenor of thy life exprest.
And whilst delighted, to thy willing breast,
With rosy lip thy smiling infant clings,
Pleased I reflect, that from those healthful springs
— Ah, not by thee with niggard love repress —
Six sons successive, and thy later care,
Two daughters fair, have drunk; for this be thine

Those best delights approving conscience knows ;
And whilst thy days with cloudless suns decline,
May filial love thy evening couch prepare,
And soothe thy latest hours to soft repose."

At this period, the death of Robert Burns, amid supposed indigence and neglect, called forth, in an extraordinary degree, the generous sympathy, and the equally generous indignation, of Mr. Roscoe. These feelings roused his muse, and in the Verses affixed by his friend, Dr. Currie, to his admirable "Life of Burns," will be found his own best passport to fame as a poet. We should have been pleased to meet with this beautiful Dirge in the present work, where its insertion would have been the more desirable as there is no separate publication of the poems of the author.

That fair idea of a life of rural retirement, supported by competence, cheered by domestic attachments, and embellished by elegant literature, which, from early manhood, had been the object of his aspirations, appeared to be agreeably and lastingly realized, when, in 1799, he was enabled to make the purchase of Allerton Hall, a mansion six miles distant from Liverpool, and there to sit down to the composition of the great work to which he had now devoted himself,—the "Life of Leo X." But his lot was not thus cast. The busiest and the most chequered portion of his private life, and the whole of what, strictly speaking, may be called his public life, was still to come. The motives and circumstances under the influence of which he consented to relinquish his favorite plan, are thus detailed :

"In less than twelve months after removing his residence to Allerton, he became deeply involved in the laborious anxieties of commercial life. The family of Mr. William Clarke had been long engaged in an extensive banking-house in Liverpool, the affairs of which, owing to various circumstances, were, at the conclusion of the year 1799, found to be in a position of considerable difficulty. The aid of Mr. Roscoe, as a confidential adviser, was requested by the partners, and he did not hesitate to lend his best assistance. Chiefly through his instrumentality, the difficulties which existed between the Liverpool bank and their London correspondents, were removed ; and it was the anxious wish of the latter, as well as the former, that Mr. Roscoe should render his labors complete, by becoming an active partner in the banking-house at Liverpool. The sacrifice which this change required was undoubtedly great. It compelled him to resign a mode of life which had long been the cherished object of his wishes ; to forego, at all events for a time, those literary pursuits upon which his mind was so ardently bent ; and to plunge into an untried and hazardous occupation. The motives which led him to take the part he did, are explained in the following extract from a letter addressed by him, in the spring of 1800, to Dr. Parr. After stating how happy he had felt in his country retirement, he says, 'The step I took was not a matter of choice and inclination, but of imperious necessity. No sooner did it offer itself to me than my determination was fixed. It was not my gratification, my pursuits, or even my interest, upon which the question arose. It was the irresistible claim of friendship, the right which society at large has upon the exertions of every individual, when he conceives

he can be useful, that determined my purpose. I felt that my non-compliance would have embittered my future life. But though I have thus heartily devoted myself to my new undertaking, it need not surely follow that I have lost my individuality, and am become a new being. From the wreck of my former life and pursuits can nothing be saved? Must I for ever hereafter open no books but journals and ledgers, and breathe no air but that of the town? Happily for me, this is by no means the case; and though, from the peculiar state of the business when I engaged in it, it has hitherto required my unremitting attention, yet I already perceive the probability that, at no great distance of time, I may again enjoy some portion of those pleasures to which I supposed I had bade a last farewell. The daily routine of my engagements does not appear so irksome as I had reason to expect. I have the advantage of kind colleagues and able assistants. My province, to say the truth, has already become rather that of superintendence and direction than of labor and detail. I still can retain with ease and satisfaction my country residence; my daily exercise is conducive to my health; my evenings, and occasionally a larger portion of time, will soon be spent with my family; and, upon the whole, what I have sacrificed appears to me to be much less than what I at first expected."

The habits of his early life, joined to that constitutional energy which enables its possessor to exert on demand all the talent of which he is master, rendered it possible for Mr. Roscoe to pass at once, without distraction of mind, from the business of the office or the banking-house to the exercise of the pen. Thus, he had no sooner succeeded in reducing his new occupation to a routine, than he resumed the composition of his great work; his interest in which was revived by some valuable manuscript materials obtained for him from Florence by the kindness of Lord Holland.

He likewise found leisure for some correspondence on the state of public affairs. A letter to Lord Holland, dated in October, 1800, is remarkable for the able manner in which he traces to the continuance of the war the distresses of the country, and the earnestness with which he calls for the efforts of his noble correspondent in the Upper House, and of Mr. Fox in the Lower, to place this truth in the strongest light before the eyes of the nation. Of peace he was indeed always, on all occasions, and even, as some might think, in season and out of season, the earnest, eloquent, uncompromising advocate. The continuance of a war hostile to the communications of the republic of letters, and the advancement of the arts, revolting to reason and philosophy, and agonizing to humanity, was deplored by him with that profound sorrow which most men reserve for their personal misfortunes; and it even seems at times to have materially interfered with his enjoyment of the blessings of private life.

Mr. Roscoe, as already mentioned, was much devoted to Botanical science; and to him is due the honor of founding that splendid institution, the Liverpool Botanic Garden. The subsequent invitation given to the late Sir James E. Smith, to deliver botanical lectures at Liverpool, led to a sincere and lasting friendship with that amiable and accomplished person, who was sur-

prised to find in the historian "so good a practical botanist," and also to the enrolment of Mr. Roscoe amongst the fellows of the Linnæan Society, to the Transactions of which he contributed some valuable papers.

In 1805, Mr. Roscoe was called to lament an irreparable loss in the death of Dr. Currie, equally with himself the opposer of the war with France, the defender of civil and religious liberty, and, for many years, his associate in all plans for promoting, by public institutions, the moral and intellectual improvement of the rising population of Liverpool;—in private life the critic, counsellor, and friend, on whose accurate discernment, and tried affection, he had the strongest reliance. Another friend, Mr. Clarke, to whom he had been greatly indebted for procuring materials for the "Life of Lorenzo," closed his career about the same time. Both these deaths were preceded by long and severe sufferings; and they suggested to Mr. Roscoe the following reflections expressed in a confidential letter:

"Surely, the misery that usually attends the close of life, affords one of the strongest proofs of a future state of existence. For how is it possible to suppose, that the same Supreme Being, who has distributed such various and extensive happiness to his creatures, would finally conclude the whole with pain or distress? This view of the subject is the only one that can afford us any real consolation, either for the sufferings of our friends, or for those which we must experience ourselves. After a life evidently intended to exercise our virtues, and improve our moral powers, death may be considered as the last great trial of our fortitude; the display of which, as it exhibits a complete triumph over the weakness of human nature, seems the best calculated to terminate our labors in this world, and accompany us on our entrance into the next. In the mean time, we who survive are like soldiers in an army, who, as their ranks are thinned by the enemy, draw nearer to each other."

A fine remark respecting Mr. Fox, in a letter to Lord Holland on his death, characterizes the writer no less than the subject of his eulogium:

"Among the many great and striking endowments of Mr. Fox, there is one in particular to which I cannot help adverting, and which I trust will still continue to animate all those who have admired him in public, or loved him in private life. I mean that deep and intimate feeling for human nature, which has generally been estranged from the bosom of statesmen, but which was with him a part of his existence, ever actuating him to alleviate the evils, to vindicate the rights, to soften the calamities, and to increase by every means in his power, the happiness of mankind. In this respect he is not lost to us. As long as our language remains, the powerful effusions of his mind will continue to improve and enlighten his countrymen, and to diffuse a milder and more benevolent spirit, not only in the recesses of private life, but in the direction of nations and the intercourse of states."

A journey of business to London in 1804, gave Mr. Roscoe the opportunity of paying an affecting visit to the Marquis of Lans-

downe, then nearly approaching the termination of his course. Of the correspondence between them, extending from the year 1790 to his Lordship's last illness, but delicately withheld from the public eye, Mr. H. Roscoe thus speaks: — "Confidence, attachment, and respect for the opinions of each other, are freely manifested throughout the whole course of it. There were few subjects of political interest upon which the Marquis did not address his correspondent; and in his open expression of sentiment, his capacious and liberal views, his attachment to freedom, and the accurate foresight of his judgment, reflect the highest honor on his statesman-like character. On the part of Mr. Roscoe, the correspondence is conducted with freedom, with sincerity, and with respect due to the station and talents of his correspondent, and to the conspicuous part he had long acted in public affairs."

The "Life and Pontificate of Leo X." was at length given to the public in the summer of 1805, in four volumes quarto. The second work of an eminently successful author has always a severe ordeal to pass. Under the most favorable circumstances, it is not probable that the "Life of Leo," like its predecessor, would have been received with a full chorus of thanks and plaudits; but, from the operation of peculiar causes, its author was destined to a treatment very much the reverse. That he was not altogether unprepared for such a result, and that he deliberately incurred the hazard of a loss of popularity in preference to the suppression of what he regarded as useful truth, appears from a letter which he addressed to Earl St. Vincent, a few weeks previously to the appearance of the work:

"Your Lordship's repeated kindness encourages me to mention, that a work on which I have been employed for several years, the 'Life and Pontificate of Leo X.' is now nearly printed, and will, I expect, make its appearance in the course of two months. On referring to this period it will immediately occur to your Lordship, that a publication on this subject must comprise some topics of considerable delicacy, as well in religion and politics, as in morals and literature; or, in other words, must involve those questions which have given rise to dissension and persecution in all subsequent times. In the account of the Reformation, I am well aware that my book will give satisfaction neither to the Catholics nor the Protestants; yet, of the two, I apprehend most the displeasure of the latter. The former have been so accustomed to be abused, that they will receive with patience any tolerable degree of castigation; but the latter, who conceive their principles and conduct to be above all censure, will be surprised to find their early leaders accused of a spirit of intolerance and uncharitableness, which has, unfortunately, continued with but little diminution to the present day. Should your Lordship ever honor the work by a perusal, I shall hope for a liberal and candid construction of my opinions, both on this and other subjects; assuring your Lordship that, however contradictory some of them may appear to the received notions, both of characters and of events, they have not been hastily adopted, nor are they now delivered to the world without the most serious and deliberate conviction that, if they attract any notice whatever, they cannot but be favorable to the cause of civil

and religious liberty, and have a tendency to soothe those animosities between nation and nation, and sect and sect, which have so long afflicted our quarter of the world."

The work, as the author had anticipated, encountered the effects of political hostility in some quarters, and of theological rancor in others; and there were some impartial critics who thought that the style tended to prolixity, and that in some cases there was too much detail of minute facts. Its many merits were, however, acknowledged by very competent judges. Combined with the former work of the author, it was perceived to answer most of the purposes of an express narrative of the revival of letters; and it had the further recommendation of forming a connecting link between Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and Robertson's "Charles V." Nor was it unobserved, that the sentiments were every where those of an enlightened lover of mankind, and of a promoter of their best and highest interests.

From his youth, Mr. Roscoe had interested himself, as we have seen, in public questions, but he had never contemplated the entering personally into public life, when, on the eve of the general election in 1806, he was surprised by a requisition from a number of the most respectable burgesses of Liverpool, to become a candidate for the representation of his native town. He acceded, however, readily to a request so strongly expressive of the respect and attachment felt towards him in the place where he was best known; and after a severe contest, he was brought in at the head of the poll, and by a great majority, to the exclusion of General Tarlton, one of the former members.

The Parliamentary career of Mr. Roscoe opened auspiciously. He spoke repeatedly, and with success; especially on that subject which he had had so long at heart, — the Slave Trade, — to the abolition of which, now triumphantly carried, he enjoyed the satisfaction of giving his vote. He also came forward as a supporter of Sir S. Romilly's bill for making real property liable to simple contract debts, and of Mr. Whitbread's plan for the education of the poor; and he had at least the consolation of protesting against the Catholic disabilities, when the Whig Administration broke up on that question. In general society, and in the highest political circles, he was received with the respect due to his literary reputation, to his public principles, and his excellent character; and with the favor which the amenity of his disposition and the charm of his manners never failed to conciliate. But the flattering scene was abruptly closed by the hasty dissolution of Parliament at the end of the session. Mr. Roscoe, thus sent back to his constituents, was requested by a numerous meeting of his friends to stand again, and he had again consented. But great changes had occurred since the last election. His conduct respecting the slave trade had exasperated many, — the cry of "No Popery," had been raised, — the Whig Ministry was at an end. Great efforts had likewise been made by the adherents of the new Administration; Mr. Roscoe's

entry into Liverpool was obstructed by a furious mob ; his return was evidently more than doubtful ; and dreading to endanger the peace of the town, and the persons of his friends and supporters, he withdrew from the contest. His friends, public and private, were earnest in their expressions of regret and mortification on this occasion ; but his own mind was speedily reconciled to the change : " I sink back," he wrote, a few months afterwards, to a friend, " with such a rapidity of gravitation into my natural inclination for quiet and retirement, that I totally despair of ever being roused again to a similar exertion."

Soon after his retreat from Parliament, the Earl of Derby handsomely proposed to nominate him to the King as one of the Deputy-Lieutenants for the county of Lancaster. To this proposal Mr. Roscoe, a dissenter by birth, returned the following answer : —

" I should have esteemed it a very great honor to have been recommended by your Lordship to his Majesty, as a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county, had I not been one of those, whom the operation of the test laws excludes from all offices of trust under Government. I well know, that, if others thought with the same liberality as your Lordship, these disabilities would be removed ; but whilst they remain, I think it better that those affected by them should implicitly submit to them, rather than by an occasional conformity to, or an open disregard of them, invalidate the reasons for their repeal."

Mr. Roscoe did not lose with his seat his interest in public affairs. To the cause of peace his wishes and his energies were, as ever, devoted. He published in 1808 a pamphlet on the subject, written with considerable power, and which contained an impassioned denunciation of the attack upon Copenhagen. He also republished in a single volume his Occasional Tracts on the War. He was an active member of the African Institution, on the affairs of which, as well as on general topics, his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, during a long series of years, held frequent and intimate correspondence with him.

From this period, no considerable undertaking, of a purely literary kind, was achieved by Mr. Roscoe. He projected and commenced, but never completed, a " History of the Progress and Vicisitudes of Art and Literature " ; and, on the whole, it is pretty apparent that the taste of public life had somewhat impaired his relish for literature and the arts. The subject of Parliamentary Reform was one on which he had long made up his mind and taken his part. On his election, he had explicitly stated his opinion of its necessity ; he had further unfolded his sentiments in a letter to the Duke of Gloucester ; and, in 1811, in compliance with the written request of Mr. Brougham, who was then collecting opinions on the best means of bringing into Parliament a measure for this purpose, he cast his thoughts respecting it into the form of a letter, which that distinguished statesman received with favor and communicated to Mr. Bentham, by

whom it was highly approved. Thus sanctioned, Mr. Roscoe gave it to the public as a pamphlet. The principal aim of this eloquent, and well-considered piece, was to encourage his Parliamentary friends not to stop at the imperfect measure which they then contemplated, and which, as he showed, without giving any satisfaction to real reformers, would create as much alarm and opposition in the Tory party as a much more effectual one, from which the people would derive substantial benefit and full satisfaction. "At the close of his life," says his biographer, "he had the happiness of seeing a scheme of reform introduced, founded upon the principles which he had himself thus earnestly supported. He witnessed an attempt made to abolish 'the various and capricious qualifications' of voters, and to substitute, in place of them, a franchise at once just, simple, and rational, in those 'who as householders are heads of families, and contribute to the exigencies of the state.' He saw a system proposed which realized, in almost every particular, the plan recommended by himself. He did not, indeed, live to see the completion of this great measure, or to witness the confirmation which it afforded of the many important truths contained in his Letter to Mr. Brougham: to mark the accuracy of his assertion, that 'the feelings of the people, when once warmed and excited, will not stop short of an ultimate and substantial reform,' and that 'alterations or reforms in government are more to be dreaded from the opposition they meet with, than from the effects they are likely to produce.'"

On the general election in 1812, the sense entertained by the friends of freedom of his integrity and abilities, was flatteringly manifested, by a request from a number of the electors of Westminster to know whether, if returned free of expense, he would be willing to perform the duties of their representative,—by his nomination, without his knowledge, at Leicester, where 412 votes were polled for him,—and by the earnest individual entreaties of many of his friends, that he would again become a candidate for his native town. But to all these flattering requests, his increasing years and his engagements in business induced him to return a decided negative. The most considerable event in three or four succeeding years was a visit paid by Mr. Roscoe to Mr. Coke at Holkham, where, in addition to the gratification which he prized the most, that of cultivating the friendship of the excellent owner, whose tastes and opinions met his own at many points, he had that of examining the treasures of MSS. and rare and early printed books, chiefly collected in Italy by Lord Leicester, the uncle of Mr. Coke, which had remained, as it were, buried during a long series of years, in the repositories of Holkham. By the interposition and under the superintendence of Mr. Roscoe, these precious objects were rescued from the injuries of time and neglect; repaired, bound, arranged, and afterwards accurately catalogued. It is

probable that his early ardor for Italian history and literature, roused by the discovery of documents of the very existence of which he had previously been ignorant, might have urged him to appear again in that field of investigation, but for the cares and distresses in which he was unhappily plunged by the stoppage of his banking-house at the beginning of the year 1815. Without entering farther into this unfortunate occurrence than to express our approbation of the manliness with which his son has met and treated so painful and delicate a part of his subject, we may mention, as one of its most deplored results, the necessity under which it placed Mr. Roscoe of parting with those interesting collections of books, pictures, prints, and drawings, the formation of which had been to him far more than an elegant pleasure; since the presence of these objects, and his taste and knowledge of them, had served to impart much of their distinguished merit and attraction to his writings. But if he had well known how to acquire, and how to employ his acquisitions, the time of trial evinced that he knew still better how to resign them. His conduct on the occasion was that of a true philosopher. Amid the distraction of innumerable other engagements,—for the settlement of the affairs of the partnership had then been confided to him by the creditors,—he performed, almost entirely with his own hand, the task of preparing for the press catalogues of his collections; on which, his intimate acquaintance with bibliography and with the history of art, and his anxiety to give the public some benefit of his knowledge, enabled him to bestow a character much superior to that of common sale-catalogues. The celebrity of his name attracted the most eminent purchasers from all parts of the kingdom, and the profits of the sale formed a solid testimony to his taste and judgment as a collector. The affection of his friends was manifested on this occasion by a private subscription to repurchase for him the books which he would most have desired to retain; but he declined, though with gratitude, to avail himself of this honorable mark of their esteem.

Four years of trouble elapsed before Mr. Roscoe found himself liberated from his unfortunate concern,—withdrawn entirely from business,—secured from indigence by the generous contributions of a band of friends, and at liberty to apply his yet unbroken powers to objects of spontaneous exertion. The subject of penal jurisprudence had occupied many of his thoughts even during this interval; and, for several years subsequently, it was that on which his feelings were the most keenly awakened. We have not left ourselves space to enter into a particular account of his various publications, and his extensive correspondence, relative to this momentous topic; and it is sufficient here to observe, that native benevolence, a generous faith in human nature.—perhaps it should be added, the ardent and sanguine spirit which always tinged his opinions, led him to become the strenuous defender

of the position, that the reformation of the offender is one of the principal ends of punishment; that this end, by judicious and lenient measures, may be, in a large proportion of cases, attained; and that to it the employment of vindictive and terrifying punishments ought to be sacrificed. The Penitentiaries in different parts of the United States were the institutions to which he principally appealed in confirmation of his system. The substitution, in some of these establishments, of solitary confinement for the system of productive labor by day, and separate cells by night only, affected him with the keenest sense of sorrow and disappointment; and it was after writing a whole night, for the purpose of early despatch, some observations addressed to one of his American correspondents on this subject, that (in consequence probably of excessive exertion and over-excited sensibility) he was seized with a paralytic affection, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

In the mean time, various other occupations filled up his time and his thoughts, and evinced his unwearied activity in laudable pursuits. He twice revisited Holkham, and engaged in drawing up a catalogue of its valuable MSS.; — he published, in refutation of the objections of M. Sismondi and others, a volume of “*Illustrations of the Life of Lorenzo de’ Medici*”; — as president of a society in Liverpool for the abolition of slavery, he drew up a declaration of its objects, and offered a plan for their accomplishment; — he printed for the benefit of its subject, a memoir of a self-taught linguist, named Roberts; — and, whilst on a visit to London, undertook to superintend a new edition of the works of Pope, to which he prefixed a copious Life of the poet. He had the satisfaction of being called upon to prepare new editions of his two great works; — and, finally, resuming his botanical studies, he undertook, and at length published, in a splendid form, a work on the Monandrian plants, of which he gave an entirely new arrangement, which has placed his name high in the list of scientific botanists. All these undertakings had been completed, or nearly so, when paralysis overtook him at the close of the year 1827. From this period, his weakness, and the necessary attention to his health, confined him almost entirely to his chamber, and a cheerful adjoining apartment, fitted up with books, busts, vases, and basso-relievos, — almost all offerings of friendship, or tributes of respect. His serious pursuits were of necessity given up; but he retained the warmth of feeling, and the animating views of human nature, which had distinguished his early life; and never, under the pressure of misfortune or the weight of years, lost his lively sympathy in the welfare of others. His sensibility to the beauties of poetry remained unimpaired to the last; and so serene was his mind, that “there probably never was a period of his life when his spirits were more uniformly cheerful than the last three years of it, during which he was

awaiting its close." That event took place without suffering, on the 30th of June, 1831.

Want of space has obliged us to pass over with slight notice the extensive correspondence of Mr. Roscoe, which, as we began by stating, serves to connect him with many of the most distinguished public characters of his age, and with almost all the topics and events which, during a space of nearly sixty years, most exercised the powers and excited the passions of individuals, influenced the destinies of nations, and the moral and intellectual progress of the species. We have likewise been compelled to refrain from paying a due tribute to the attractive graces of the occasional poetry interspersed in these volumes; but we hope we have done enough to awaken attention to their contents generally, and to the extraordinary beauty and merit of the character which they commemorate.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review," No. 24.]

ART. II. — *Mémoires de MADAME LA DUCHESSE D'ABRANTES, ou Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoléon, la Révolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* Tom. VII. — XII. 8vo. Paris. 1833.

[*Memoirs of the DUCHESS OF ABRANTES, or Historical Recollections respecting Napoleon, the Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration.*]

WHEN we despatched the first six volumes of Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes,* we proposed to ourselves the comprising the whole of the remainder in another article; but again we are foiled. The lady has put forth six more volumes, reaching only to some early period of the Peninsular war, — we suspect, for she still despises dates, the beginning of the year 1810, — but containing matter well entitled to notice; and, as the bookmaking propensity, of which the former volumes discovered few traces, appears to be rapidly gaining upon the fair and noble authoress, we are apprehensive that, should we wait the completion of her task, this middle portion of her labors might be altogether forgotten, ere we could sit down to review it. We must therefore proceed with these Memoirs, as we begun, piecemeal.

Great as was the political importance of the period comprised in the six volumes now before us, their chief interest lies in the

* For a review of the preceding volumes, see the Select Journal for 1833, Vol. I. P. II, p. 170, seqq.

writer's personal reminiscences of Bonaparte, and to these we shall principally confine our extracts. Some few other matters are, however, too remarkable to be altogether passed over; and, amongst these, are the feelings, the regrets, of those who had once been that extraordinary man's comrades, upon the transformation of the republic into an empire; touching which she says, —

“I have seen my husband weep over this farewell to all the customs, to all that so thoroughly constitutes what the French have ever desired far more really than liberty, — equality. * * * But these regrets had nothing hostile to the Emperor. How often have I heard men, *several of whom are still living*, acknowledge that Napoleon alone could govern us, and take charge of the vessel in those moments of tempest! yet they were republicans, and *pure republicans*.”

We have extracted this passage principally on account of the opinion it enounces, in which we fully concur, upon the relative value of liberty and equality in French eyes. But a few pages afterwards we find another opinion upon the same subject, corroborative of the Duchess's and ours, which the reader may probably esteem of more value than either, and which is further curious as showing the confusion of ideas of a great man upon a subject that he did not understand, because he hated it, *viz.* liberty. The advantages ascribed by Napoleon to equality were, it will be seen, only equal legal rights, and these liberty insures in England, which was traduced by him, and indeed still is by most of the liberal continental authors, as feudal, and therefore enslaved. Madame Junot tells us :

“I have often heard the Emperor speak on this subject (equality), and all his words are still present to me. Even his nobility, a creation which he looked upon as one of his grandest conceptions, his nobility had been instituted with a view to the establishment of this equality, the true main-spring, as he said, of all that the French have done, and asked for, during the last twenty years. ‘Liberty,’ observed Napoleon, ‘was undoubtedly the first cry of the people, when the Revolution projected the first rays of its light, but it was not the correct expression of their thought. Let Russia revolutionize herself, and liberty will be the first word to escape from those really enslaved mouths, that so frequently open to shriek under the lash of a barbarous master. Liberty is the real good which the Russian people will desire, so soon as they have a wish to express; they cannot yet understand equality. But amongst us it is a different affair, and the first flash of our revolution showed what abundance of talent existed, which the levelling principle restored to society for the good and the glory of the state. Accordingly, it is equality that the French people have always wanted.’”

How curious is the accurate relation of action and reaction! The French *noblesse* held a monopoly of office, civil and military, and the people therefore could not, and still cannot conceive their fair share, in proportion to merit, attainable without the abolition of all distinction of ranks. And the same cause having existed, and in some places still existing, all over the continent, explains

the difficulty experienced by modern liberals in comprehending the amalgamation of an *unprivileged* order of nobility with real liberty in England. But to return to the Duchess and the Emperor. We must here, though it be somewhat anticipating, if not upon chronology, yet upon the sequence of the lady's volumes, subjoin Napoleon's further explanation of these very original views about his nobility, given or recorded upon a different occasion, and shall introduce it as introduced by Madame Junot, seeing that the prefatory matter is both characteristic and comic. We must premise that Madame Junot was *dame pour accompagner* (lady in waiting, we presume, to) *Madame Mère*, as Napoleon's mother was denominated.

"I was in attendance upon *Madame*, and accompanied her to the Tuileries, to the family dinner that took place every Sunday. On reaching the *salon de service* (the saloon allotted to the lady and gentleman attendants upon the imperial family) of the *Pavillon de Flore*, for *Madame* almost always went to the Emperor's apartments, I saw Savary coming towards me, exclaiming,

" 'Give me a kiss, I have good news for you.'

" 'Tell your news first, and the kiss shall follow, if your news be worth one.'

" 'Well, then, I am a duke!'

" 'That is astonishing enough, certainly; but what reason is it for my giving you a kiss?'

" '— And I am entitled the Duke of Rovigo.' He went on walking about the room, so inflated with joy that he might have risen up in the air like a balloon.

" 'But what are your title and your ridiculous name to me?' said I, at length, for he put me out of all patience.

" 'If he had told you that you are a duchess,' said Rapp, coming up to me, and affectionately taking my two hands, 'I am sure you would have given him a kiss, as you are going to give me one.'

" 'And with all my heart,' I replied, offering my cheek to the excellent man, and quite delighted with his frank and cordial friendship.

" 'And another for Junot?' said he.

" 'And another for Junot, willingly. And I promise you to write him word that you were the first to tell me the grand news.'

" 'And, moreover,' said Rapp, 'that you have the prettiest name of the batch. You are Duchess of Abrantes.'

"I understood at once that the Emperor had sought to gratify Junot by naming him *Duke of Abrantes*, (Junot was then Imperial Lieutenant of Portugal,) and I was doubly happy in this new honor. Junot afterwards told me that on learning this spontaneous mark of the Emperor's favor he had been moved to tears.

* * * *

"Our Sunday evenings were passed differently from the others at the Tuileries. We went up again to the Emperor's apartments to wait for our respective princesses, and sometimes, when the Emperor was in good humor, and the ladies in waiting were to his taste, he had them called in. This was the case on the day in question.

" 'Well, *Madame la Duchesse-Gouverneuse!*' he exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, (Junot, though in Portugal, was still Governor of Paris,) 'are you pleased with your name? *D'Abrantes!* And then Junot must be

pleased with it; he will see in it a proof of my satisfaction.* And what will they say of this in your *salons* of the *Faubourg St. Germain*? They must be a little startled at the reinforcement I am giving them!’ Then, turning to the Arch-Chancellor,

“ ‘Well, *Monsieur l’Archichancelier*, it is a positive fact that I have never yet done any thing more truly in the spirit of the French Revolution than this reestablishment of high dignities. The French never fought but for one thing, — equality before the law, and the power of attaining to the highest posts in the administration. What will be called *my nobility*, — but which is not a nobility, because none can exist without prerogatives, and without being hereditary; and this has no prerogative except a fortune given as the reward of services, civil or military; and is no further hereditary than as the sovereign may be pleased to confirm the succession to a son or a nephew; — well, what will be called *my nobility* is, do you see, one of my grandest creations.’ ”

We need scarcely pause to observe how admirable a creation, for the purposes of despotism, was indeed such a nobility, wholly dependent upon the pleasure of the crown for the transmission of the father’s honors to his children. It is self-evident. Besides, we still are as desirous, as we professed ourselves upon a former occasion, of avoiding political discussion with a lady, and that for many reasons. To say nothing of any private notions of our own respecting the unsuitableness of such topics to the softer sex, which notions, by the way, seem to be Madame Junot’s, inasmuch as she often disclaims the power of judging upon political questions, even when giving us her own opinions as incontrovertible, we may observe, that as a petticoated politician was Bonaparte’s *bête noire*, or antipathy, and as Junot, though always a kind, soon ceased to be a faithful and devoted husband, our *memoirist* could know nothing beyond the gossip of the court. We, therefore, cannot look in her pages for new facts of importance, and shall not dispute her positions as to Napoleon’s moderation, all his wars having been purely defensive, and others of the same character. Neither shall we enter into the history of Junot’s embassy to Portugal, but content ourselves with extracting part of Napoleon’s instructions to the newly appointed ambassador’s wife, as peculiarly illustrative of this extraordinary man’s frequent combination of the least means with the greatest ends.

“ ‘An ambassadress,’ said he, ‘is a more important member of an embassy than people fancy. This is so everywhere, but most especially with us, by reason of the existing prejudices against France. It will be your business to give the Portuguese ladies a just notion of the manners of the imperial court. Be not haughty, be not vain, still less irritable. * * * Above all, beware of laughing at the usages of the country, when you do not understand them, or at the domestic affairs of the court. It is said that they are open to ridicule and to scandal. If you

* “ ‘I would have named him Duke of Nazareth, said the Emperor to me, (Nazareth was the scene of one of Junot’s Asiatic exploits) ‘but people would have called him Junot of Nazareth, as they used to say Jesus of Nazareth.’ ” We insert this note as characteristic, though with some reluctance.

cannot refrain from both, abuse, but do not laugh at them. Recollect that sovereigns never forgive ridicule. * * *

“ ‘The queen of Spain will question you about the Empress, the Princess Louis, the Princess Caroline, the Princess Joseph. It is your part to know how to measure your words. My family circle may be laid open to all eyes; yet it would not be agreeable to me that my sisters should be portrayed by a bad painter. * * * The queen will ask many questions about the Empress and the Court. As long as they relate to the mode of wearing a gown, well and good. But so soon as the conversation shall take a more serious turn, which it will, because Maria Louisa is clever and sly, be upon your guard. As for me, you know that my name is to be pronounced only as it appears in the *Moniteur*.’

“ Another time he said to me, ‘One person at Madrid is reported to detest me; it is the Princess of the Asturias. Take care what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do. But you speak Italian, do not you? That’s good.’ And he walked about smiling — ‘That’s very good. Let us hear how you acquit yourself.’ ”

The youthful ambadress declaimed Petrarch, Tasso, and Dante, and the Emperor approved. He then inquired, with some circumlocution, as to what terms she was upon with the friends of her girlhood, his sisters; the ticklish part of the family, according to Madame Junot, who more than hints that the princesses in general were less correct in their deportment than their imperial brother hoped, and gives a pretty explicit account of an intrigue of Princess Caroline with Junot, of which she speaks as eventually the cause of his death. But this occurred subsequently, and indeed never seems to have interrupted the friendship of the two ladies. Napoleon, being satisfied upon this material point, proceeded to direct the representative of French femininity in Portugal to make her house agreeable, and concluded as follows: —

“Live in harmony with your diplomatic sisters, but form intimacies with none of them; little female rivalries ensue; the husbands interfere, and sometimes two states are on the point of destroying each other, because a couple of silly jades have squabbled, or the one has had a more elegant hat than the other.”

We were proceeding with these original diplomatic instructions, but find ourselves compelled to stop, or to follow the example of our lady author and her Emperor, by invading with an absurd sneer the privacy of a respectable Englishwoman, for no better reason than that her husband was appointed to represent his country at the court of Lisbon. The allusion to this sneer, however, necessarily leads to the mention of that which we cannot leave quite unnoticed, though we propose not to invest it with a consequence that it does not deserve; we mean the extravagant detestation of every body and every thing English, happily rendered innoxious by an ignorance equal to the malevolence, (both evidently imbibed from Bonaparte,) that is betrayed at almost every

opportunity throughout these Memoirs.* Lady Robert Fitzgerald (whose lord is here called the *uncle* of his unfortunate brother, Lord Edward) cannot be much disturbed by the idle abuse thus engendered and thus attempered, that she shares with, amongst others, Lord *Strankford*, as the Duchess is pleased to improve Lord Strangford's name, — with George IV., — with Lord Beresford, whose manners have not the good fortune to meet her approbation, — with the Duke of Wellington, whom she calls *le heros du hazard*, and whose success, in his first Portuguese campaign against Junot, the only one yet mentioned, she very naturally depreciates and endeavours to disprove, — and finally with Mr. Pitt. Of this last she says —

“Mr. Pitt and General Bonaparte were personal enemies. * * * General Bonaparte upon attaining to the Consulship, made some attempts to gain over Mr. Pitt to the French interest. The proposals were ill-managed, (the only cause of their failure, we presume, in our authoress's opinion,) although skilfully enough not to commit the First Consul, who however felt the annoyance of a rebuff. * * * Napoleon saw but one real obstacle to his schemes, and this was Mr. Pitt. * * * In vain Napoleon often said of him, ‘William Pitt is a great minister as far as Dover: at Calais I do not fear him.’

“Fear him he did not, because Napoleon feared nothing, but he hated and dreaded him, as one hates and dreads an able man who is one's enemy. And yet Mr. Pitt was not a great man. * * * ‘Plans of attack,’ Napoleon was wont to say, laughing, and the thing was true, ‘are not the *forte* of the *fiscal financier*, the tactician of the wool-sack.’”

Apparently confounding the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the Lord Chancellor.

But we must not let ourselves be betrayed into the field of politics, and turn to that subject which will be naturally expected to occupy a considerable share of the attention in the pages of a female writer of Recollections concerning Napoleon, namely, his feelings and his conduct towards women. And here we must say, that the pet widow of the devoted and justly favorite aide-de-camp, who frankly professes her participation in her husband's worship of Bonaparte, cannot be accused of partiality; for she places her hero in a light to the full as offensive, to English eyes at least, as any of his detractors, certainly as Bourrienne, whose revengeful malice she so bitterly reprobates. We do not allude to the coarse language which she charges Napoleon with using before women, for that seems to have been the French fashion of the day, if we judge from the frequent blanks left by Mad. Junot in recording conversations held in her presence by her own and her husband's friends, when the words used were such as could not well be printed; and some of the effects of the revolution may

* We are reluctant to suggest a personal cause of hostility to England; but we have heard that English ladies, who had frankly met the advances of our very agreeable authoress, have found it necessary to drop her acquaintance, from the character of the company they met at her house.

fairly enough explain, though nothing can justify, such a relaxation in the decencies of polished society. If Bourrienne and others have shown that poor Josephine's jealousy, however unwise, was by no means groundless, none have, like our Duchess, exhibited Napoleon so completely as a sultan throwing the handkerchief amongst the *odalisques* of a seraglio, and vindictively resentful towards those who would not pick it up; and further, as a sultan unconscious almost of the existence of lasting conjugal affection. And what is not a little remarkable, though it may explain her frankness, Mad. Junot scarcely seems to feel her hero degraded by this conduct, or by the sentiments which inspired it. She introduces the discovery of an imperial amour with the following remarks:—

“He fell in love, but really in love; and if I am to say what I think upon the subject, I believe he never was so but upon this occasion, and once before,—(meaning with the authoress's mother, Mad. Permon,)—but many years had elapsed between that era and this. * * * It sometimes indeed happened that he addressed himself to a woman; but, to speak truth, the thing was pretty much of an insult; at least I always considered it as such. And since the occasion in question, whenever he has paid attention to any one, it has always been the same. Upon this occasion only did he discover the attention, the delicacy, which are inseparable from a real passion. * * * This was *love*, not a liking rather insulting than honorable, and always producing two (rather one of two) vexatious results. The one, contempt for her who yielded; the other, a vindictive feeling towards her who resisted.”

Thus far the panegyrist's own opinion, according to which it should appear that an intrigue with the Emperor was honorable, at least not dishonorable, to the lady thus delicately wooed. We pass over Josephine's jealousy upon the occasion, and proceed to a conversation between Napoleon and Mad. Junot after her return from Lisbon. Junot was at Parma, and had written to his wife to ask the Emperor's leave to join him there, less from any desire for her company, than as a mode of ascertaining how long he was to stay in a dullish place.

“At the first word I dropped upon the subject, the Emperor asked me, with some ill humor, whether Junot had appointed me his ambassador to him, and whether my credentials were in due form. I took care not to say that Junot had bid me ask an audience for this purpose, and answered that of my own accord, and without playing the part of an ambassadress, though I still bore the title, I presumed to ask whether I might not rejoin my husband, and take him his children, whom he had not seen for six months.”

Bonaparte, it seems, liked happy or at least well-behaved *menages*, for he answered with a smile,—

“‘Indeed! What, it is you who want to rejoin Junot? That's right. It would be better still, though, if the children you took him were boys; but you make nothing but girls, Madame Junot,’”

An illness of these despised girls excused the delay of a jour-

ney, never really contemplated; and one evening, when Mad. Junot had attended *Madame Mère* to a family party at Princess Pauline's, the Emperor renewed the conversation, and banteringly asked her why she was not gone. Hereupon *Madame Mère* complained of being thus for ever robbed of her ladies, to which Napoleon answered, —

“‘I do not send her, it is she who will go, — only ask her;’ and looking at me with a smile, he made a significant gesture, and added, ‘Well then, why do you not say that you are absolutely bent upon going to Parma?’

“‘But, sire, I cannot fib, and I have no inclination whatever to go thither.’

“He burst into a fit of laughter, which, though he often smiled, he rarely or never did.

“‘And why did you not go, Madame Laurette?’ and my poor nose was pinched to the quick. A good wife should always follow her husband, — so says the Bible.’

“‘Sire, your majesty will allow me to say that the Bible has nothing to do with the matter, and that on this occasion I have no mind to be a good wife. Besides — I might, perhaps, be in the way at Parma.’

“‘Ah, ha! They have been tattling to you! What gossips women are! And why do you listen to idle stories? Besides, it’s the hen’s business to be silent before the cock. If Junot does amuse himself a little at Parma, what’s that to you? Women must not tease their husbands, or they will make them ten times worse.’

“This was said, looking, not at me, but at the Empress, who, being a sensible woman, did not appear to understand. Scenes of jealousy were beginning to be frequent, and truth to say, not without reason.

“‘Well, so you are quite stupefied by a very small matter? People say it is but a trifle to us men when known, and nothing at all when unknown. Judge what you women should say to it. Come, what should you say? Will you learn?’

“‘I am listening, sire.’

“‘Nothing at all. And as you cannot hold your tongues, you women, if you must speak, it should be to approve.’

“‘(Oh! approve!’ exclaimed *Madame Mère*. ‘Atrocious!’

“‘I should like,’ said Princess Borghese, draping her shawl as she lay upon her sofa; ‘I should like to see Prince Camillo try to make me approve! — Ah, ha!’

“The Empress was silent, but her eyes were full, and a word would have made her tears flow, which the Emperor did not like.”

This imperial dislike to seeing ladies weep, Madame Junot admiringly ascribes to deep sensibility, and alleges in proof thereof the following substantial reasons: the sound of church bells in the evening affected Napoleon deeply; and so did the sight of an elegant woman, dressed in white, walking in a grove. Our fair eulogist does not, however, go so far as to hint that this deep sensibility led to, any sacrifice for the prevention of the offensive tears, or indeed any other mode of drying them, than bidding the Empress “have done crying”; and that, we believe, even when notice of her impending divorce had been given her. But we doubt not that Josephine’s jealousy was very disagreeable

to the Emperor, especially, notwithstanding Princess Pauline's menacing remark, as jealousy does not appear to have been the fashion of his court. We have already hinted that we cannot find in the Memoirs of our Duchess, the slightest symptom of any interruption of the friendship between herself and Madame Murat in consequence of that princess's amour with Junot. And even that husbands should not be jealous, was, as we have just seen, Napoleon's opinion, which is partly confirmed by the following fragment of a conversation between himself and Duroc, who lived, it is to be noted, on the footing of a brother with Junot.

" 'But, Duroc,' said the Emperor, 'you take a great interest in Madame Junot! Let us see,—answer like an honest fellow;—have you ever been in love with her?'

" Duroc burst into a violent fit of laughing.

" 'That is no answer,' said the Emperor with a degree of impatience. 'Were you ever in love with Madame Junot?'

" Duroc, recovering his gravity, answered, 'Never, sire; and I may say that this is the first time the possibility of such a thing ever occurred to me.'

" 'The Emperor took several pinches of snuff faster than usual, for he did not like to be obliged to give up his opinion to that of another. He walked about the room, looked upon the bridge, looked into the garden, and then said: 'Well! that is very singular!'

" He had notions on this subject which were themselves *very singular*, and I believe that *virtue*, when he met with it in a woman, always astonished him."

But we find the most decisive proof of the imperial estimate of wives, and of connubial felicity, in a really affectionate letter of condolence to Junot upon the death of his mother. The widowed father, sinking under the loss of the partner of his life, had asked permission to resign the office which he held, in favor of his son-in-law, whereupon Napoleon writes :

"I do not see why your father wants to give up his place. From the few times I have seen him I had fancied he possessed strength and energy. What had his wife and his place to do with one another? If he wants a wife *pour la représentation*, (*Anglicè*, to do the honors,) let him marry again."

And this letter, which Madame Junot herself confesses to be unsentimental, Junot showed to Josephine, and wondered to see her deeply wounded!

If such sentiments concerning women appear inconsistent with the sort of affection that Napoleon was always believed, despite his innumerable infidelities, to entertain for Josephine, we are scarcely less surprised at the strange rudeness with which the Duchess represents him as treating such women as chanced not to be favorites. We knew, indeed, that he had sneeringly said to the beautiful Queen of Prussia, who was endeavouring to alleviate the fate of her husband and sons by a sort of political coquetry, which the admirers of her character cannot but regret,—

"What I have done for the King of Prussia, I cannot conceal it from you, madam, has been done solely for the sake of the Emperor Alexander."

But there might be a political motive for this ungallant speech; the victorious Emperor might feel it wise to check his fair assailant's attempts upon his feelings. There could be no such palliation for his behaviour to Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, whom, Madame Junot tells us, he disliked, (had she repulsed his illicit addresses?) and met at a ball one evening that he chanced to be out of humor. The lady, then some twenty-eight years of age, and remarkably handsome, was all over roses.

"The Emperor looked at her from head to foot, then smiled bitterly, and with that voice of which the usual volume was redoubled, whilst it acquired a clear and sonorous tone, said, in deep and solemn accents, — 'Do you know that you age terribly, Madame Regnault?'"

The rude speech of course drew all eyes upon the lady so addressed; but she quickly recovered herself, and with the smile indispensable in replying to imperial or royal compliments, however disagreeable, spiritedly said, —

"What your majesty has done me the honor to observe would be very painful to bear were I of an age to mind it."

We must just pause to remark, that if Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely afterwards really proved herself the ardent imperialist that she is represented in the *soidisant* "*Mémoires de Louis XVIII.*" she is a rare pattern of female placability. And now, having given instances of Bonaparte's occasional manners to women he did not like, we shall conclude the subject with a sample of his treatment of his mistresses. The scene is a masquerade at the Grand Duchess of Berg's, *apropos* to which we extract a few words that we confess surprised us, upon the ambitious conqueror's taste for such amusements; but the pleasing part of this picture is his good humor, his *bonhomie*, when nothing disturbed him. A whole quadrille of ladies, including the Grand Duchess and Madame Junot, were entering the ball-room from an inner chamber, where they had assembled.

"A little blue mask rushed against me to get to a cabinet, allotted to the changing of dresses, mysteriously. The little blue mask, who did not expect to meet with such a crowd, let slip a very energetic word, but was not stopped by our female ranks; for my part, I was driven aside, forcibly enough to put me out of patience too. But how could I tell the little blue mask so? — It was the Emperor."

"He had a mind to amuse himself, as he said, on the days of these *saturnalia* in good society; and for this purpose he disguised himself to the teeth; then dressed up some one in his own likeness, who went about the rooms playing the disguised Emperor. This evening it was the painter Isabey who was commissioned to act that part."

The amusements of the company were interrupted by the Grand Duchess's peremptory and very audible commands, that a young

lady brought by Queen Hortense, and who had doubly offended Caroline, by intriguing both with Murat and with Junot, should instantly leave her house. The Duchess of Abrantes tells us :

“ At this moment I was close to the Emperor, to the real Emperor, not Isabey. He was chatting with a woman whom I recognised at once by her walk. * * * And what was he saying to her? That his love for her was subordinate to a single action; and that action consisted in an act of power.”

We do not quite understand this; but no great matter. Napoleon's words, which follow, are intelligible enough.

“ ‘I do not choose to be called a little Louis XIV.,’ said he. ‘No woman shall ever make me incur the risk of appearing to the world a weak creature, without heart.’

“ ‘The heart is just what ought to decide,’ answered his companion cleverly. To my great delight, he replied :

“ ‘Prrrrr! The heart! That 's the way with you all in your silly dreams. The heart! What the devil do you know of your heart? It is a bit of your body through which passes a great vein, wherein the blood flows faster when you run. Well! and what of that?’ ”

The tender couple then went to see what had caused the disturbance, and returned to their seats, when the Emperor thus renewed the conversation.

“ ‘See now, what comes of your romantic arrangements. There 's a poor girl who has trusted to the sweet words of that handsome coxcomb Murat, and perhaps she is in the case to drown herself! — Hey! What 's that you are saying?’

“ He stooped, and I heard sobs. The Emperor probably heard them likewise, for he immediately rose, and said to the weeping mask, —

“ ‘My dear, I do not like to see Josephine weep, — her whom I love beyond all other women; — that may tell you that you are wasting your time. Fare you well. — I come to a masquerade to amuse myself.’ ”

This abrupt rupture is further explained by the information that the guilty damsel, whose presence had so heinously offended the Princess Caroline, immediately afterwards became the mistress of Napoleon.

There are other passages in these volumes that we had thought to extract, but the article has already run into greater length than we had meant to allot to the present six volumes; and we shall therefore take leave of the Duchess till her concluding volumes shall offer us an opportunity for such general remarks as might now be premature. And to this future opportunity we shall likewise refer whatever notice it may seem advisable to take of the wife's account of her husband's Peninsular campaigns.

[From "The Athenæum," No. 312.]

ART. III. — *Alle Mie Prigioni di Silvio Pellico Addizioni, di PIERO MARONCELLI, &c.* [*Additions to the "Mie Prigioni" of Silvio Pellico.* By PIERO MARONCELLI.] Paris, Baudry: London, Dulau & Co.

THE Memoirs of Pellico have, by this time, become so generally known to our countrymen, that we need not add a word to the copious account which we originally gave of his attractive volume. But in proportion to the interest excited by the perusal of that remarkable narrative, was the desire to hear something of the writer's early history. The volume before us is therefore most welcome: it gives us precisely the information we wanted, and relates the circumstances which made the species of thought in which Pellico indulges, natural to him. From the brief but well written account prefixed to the work by Piero Maroncelli, we learn that Pellico was born in the town of Saluzzo, in Piedmont, where his father was highly respected by his fellow citizens. His infancy was a period of suffering; and the extreme weakness of his frame led the physicians to predict that if he reached the age of seven he would then die; and on his attaining this number of years, they next prophesied that he could not pass the age of fourteen; which was again protracted to that of twenty-one. But maternal affection found the means of overcoming the infirmities of his constitution, and he overstepped all the periods which had been marked as the boundaries of his short life. The sickness, however, which so perpetually preyed upon him, had the effect of almost wholly destroying the natural cheerfulness of youth, and he was early accustomed to say, that the happiest day of his life would be that in which he should die. These melancholy feelings, mingled with the secret aspirations of a mind ardent in its temperament, and inclined to thought, laid the foundation of that character so strongly developed in the narrative of his imprisonment. The care with which his excellent mother watched over his education, and the influences of the most tender home sympathies, greatly contributed to confirm his love of retirement, to soften his disposition, and to engender those habits of quiet, internal musing, which may, in most instances, be traced to early domestic education.

Pellico had scarcely reached the age of ten when he became acquainted with Cesarotti's translation of Ossian; and he soon after produced the rudiments of a tragedy on the subject of one of the poems. About the same time, his father removed to Pignerol, the castle of which place was the scene of the celebrated tradition of the Iron Mask. The imagination of the young poet was deeply impressed with this mysterious story, and in his own captivity in the dungeons of Spielberg, the long dark nights often

brought back the visions which it had conjured up. At Turin, whither public affairs carried his father, who had now become one of the most popular men in the state, he pursued his studies with systematic application, composing little comedies for his amusement, and performing them with his school fellows. Among these was a beautiful child, named Carlotta, who, dying before she reached the age of womanhood, gave the thoughts and sympathies of Pellico another object of unearthly regard. In the castle of Spielberg her image would often rise to his mind, and keep him occupied with melancholy recollections for days together, while the anniversary of her death, it is said, was always marked by the greater fervor of his language and devotions.

Silvio's twin-sister, who is described as being beautiful as an angel, married a cousin established at Lyons. He accompanied her thither, and remained four years at that place. His studies at this period were all French; but meeting with Ugo Foscolo's poem of the "Sepolcri," his enthusiasm for Italy and its literature was excited beyond measure; the language of France ceased to have any music for his ears; the country thenceforth appeared rude and gloomy to him; and he hastened, with all the speed possible, to Milan, where his father was then settled at the head of one of the departments of the minister of war. Shortly after his arrival in this city, he obtained an appointment to the professorship of the French language in the College of Military Orphans; and was soon in the heart of that brilliant literary circle which obtained for Milan, at this period, the name of the Athens of Italy. Monti and Ugo Foscolo were then in the zenith of their glory, and divided the empire of taste and genius almost equally between them. To both of these eminent men, Pellico was favorably introduced, and the ability he manifested secured for him their respect and affection. With Monti he lived on terms of close intimacy; and the poet, it is said, not only encouraged him in his pursuits, but revealed to him the methods by which he himself worked, and placed in his hands a vast collection of fragments and extracts, 'un gran zibaldone, immenso guardaroba,' from which he was accustomed to draw the nourishment of his thoughts. It was, according to M. de Latour, "a Babel of poetry, where all languages and times were confounded together, — a vast dictionary of poetic thought, where every idea was in its proper rank and page, possessed its proper translation for people of all kinds, its metaphors for all tastes." In this book, he continues, "Monti dipped every day, seeking therefrom not merely the original inspiration which arises from the contemplation of models, but that perfection of details which is attained by the laborious fusion of words and images."

Pellico did all in his power to soften the enmity which existed between Monti and Ugo Foscolo. One day, while sitting together in the Caffè Verri, the former said to him, "Can you deny that Ugo is continually vilifying and injuring me? The ungrateful!

Who brought him into notice but I? The 'Sepolcri' would have remained for ever unknown but for my calling it sublime; and one word from me would again throw it into obscurity." "No!" said Pellico, "you have given it fame by a criticism which does you honor, and you cannot reverse what you have done. You have opened people's eyes, and they can now see the light, and judge of colors as well as you. With regard to Foscolo's slandering and injuring you, I know he does not. I know that he abuses and punishes those who do so; and I also know that in this very place he gave a blow to one who, in order to flatter him, spake disrespectfully of you." Monti, it is said, struck his forehead vehemently, exclaiming, "And yet could I speak false of him!" We thank Maroncelli for giving us this anecdote, so much to the honor of Foscolo's often injured memory.

Monti would have persuaded Pellico to join him in translating Byron; but the latter preferred seeking fame by his own strength, and produced in succession the tragedies of "Francesca" and "Laodicea." When the former was completed, he took it to Ugo Foscolo, who returned it the next day, with this advice; "Hear me! Cast thy 'Francesca' into the fire. Let us not recall from hell the damned Danteschi; we shall frighten the living: into the fire with it and bring me another." Silvio obeyed, and took him the "Laodicea." "Ah! this is good," said Ugo; "go on in this track." But the "Francesca" met with a better fate than that to which the critic had doomed it. It had been written for the express purpose of introducing to notice a very young and most interesting actress at one of the minor theatres; this actress afterwards became famous throughout Italy; and "Francesca" being brought out, at the advice of Lodovico Breme, soon obtained, like Carlotta Marchionni, for whom it was composed, a universal reputation.

The change which had taken place in the government had induced Pellico's father to return, with his family, to Turin; he himself remaining employed as tutor to the sons of Count Porro, at whose house he met the most distinguished men of Italy and of Europe. Byron, Madame de Staël, Schlegel, Hobhouse, Brougham, Davy, Thorwaldsen, were among the visitors at this mansion; and in a conversation with the first of these eminent personages, Pellico had the satisfaction of finding that his "Francesca" excited an interest in the mind of the most popular of poets. He had shortly before this translated "Manfred" into Italian. "You should have translated it into verse," said Byron; but Silvio contended against his Lordship's opinion on this point.

Our author's next production was the "Eufemia da Messina," which the Milanese censorship permitted to be printed, but not represented on the stage; and about the same time he became engaged on the grand design of publishing a Journal which was to bear the title of "Conciliatore," and to be the joint production of the best minds of Italy. This publication produced, for a time,

considerable sensation in the Milanese republic; but the arbitrary hand of power was soon laid upon it: several of its contributors were arrested, and Pellico, on his return from Turin, after a month's absence, was informed that Piero Maroncelli had been arrested, and that the police were in search of himself. "They know where I am; I am ready to meet them," was his reply. The sequel is known.

Signor Maroncelli's narrative concludes at this point, and in a future number we shall endeavour to give our readers some interesting passages from Pellico's own "Addizioni" to his Memoirs.

[Compiled from "The Quarterly Review," No. 99, and "The Eclectic Review" for September, 1833.]

ART. IV. — *Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar*; performed in his Majesty's Ships *Leven* and *Barracouta*, under the direction of Captain W. F. W. OWEN, R. N. By Command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. 1833.

AFRICA may be said to possess a stronger attraction than most other regions of the globe, from its having been less explored; and, consequently, affording a more fertile and extensive source of novelty for the gratification of curiosity and adventure. It was said of old, and the saying holds good at the present day, "*Africa semper aliquid novi offert*;" and this very circumstance is a sufficient spur to a daring and inquisitive mind. Great as the progress has been in our day in the developement of geographical information relative to this great continent, consequent on the exertions and zeal of Hornemann, Park, Oudney, Denham, Clapperton, Laing, and many other travellers, not forgetting the last, and by no means the least, — the modest, unpretending, and straightforward Landers, — much still remains to be done to complete the geography even of Northern Africa; and as to the southern part of this continent, it continues to exhibit almost a blank on our maps. A nautical survey of its eastern coast was the main object of the present expedition; and the united labors of the surviving officers of the little squadron are detailed in the volumes, of which we are about to give a short account. Of the interior we are just as ignorant as before.

Since the days of Vasco de Gama, the undoubted discoverer of this coast, not only had no regular survey of it been made, but the greater part of its numerous rivers, ports, and harbours had rarely, and many of them never, been visited by Europeans. The Board of Admiralty, therefore, decided that, among the several expeditions which, on the return of peace, were undertaken by its direc-

tions for scientific purposes, the examination of the eastern coast of Africa, including the Mozambique Channel and the western shores of Madagascar, was an object worthy to be numbered. The conduct of this survey was intrusted to Captain William Fitzwilliam Owen, who had not long before returned from completing a most extensive and laborious examination of the Lakes of Canada; and that he has well fulfilled this second duty, the detailed and beautifully executed charts, in four large sheets, not included in these volumes, but published separately, abundantly testify.

The eastern coast of Africa, which Captain Owen was in the first instance commissioned to survey, is one of the most insalubrious regions to Europeans in the world,—the coast of Guinea not more so. Little was known respecting it, the Portuguese, who lay claim to the coast from Cape Corrientes to Cape Delgado, having jealously excluded all other Europeans, and withheld all information respecting it. Mr. Salt, who visited Mozambique in 1809, had, indeed, communicated some information respecting that settlement; and the Editor of the *Modern Traveller* had availed himself of the statistical sketch of the captaincy of the Sena, by Signor Terão, translated by Captain Owen from the Portuguese, of which use is made in various parts of the present narrative.* We regret that it is not given entire. Although a dry and somewhat meagre account, it is interesting, both as being the only description we have of a country scarcely known to geography, and from the circumstances connected with the authorship. The memoir was drawn up by Signor Terão, at Sofala, while Governor of the *Rios de Sena*, with the intention of its being published at Lisbon; but in 1810, this intelligent young governor was stabbed by one of his own officers, and in consequence of his assassination, the manuscript remained untouched until Captain Owen arrived there, and obtained possession of it; nor would it, otherwise, in all probability, have ever seen the light. The picture which it draws of the colonial system of Portugal, civil and ecclesiastical, is, indeed, such as it might well be deemed prudent to conceal. “No wonder,” it has been remarked, “that, under its withering influence, all the once splendid establishments reared by the lords of India and Guinea on the three coasts of Africa and the shores of the Indian Ocean, should exhibit the mere wreck and shadow of their former greatness.”

With regard to the Caffer countries lying between the Cape Colony and Delagoa Bay, the travels of Mr. Burchell in the Bechuana country,† and the valuable information contained in Mr. Thompson's Travels,‡ had left not much to be supplied. Still

* *Mod. Traveller*, Vol. xxii. pp. 320 – 322.

† See *Eclect. Rev.* 2d Ser. Vol. xvii. and xxi.

‡ See *ib.* Vol. xxviii. p. 129.

it was with no small interest that we anticipated the publication of Captain Owen's survey, which has been so long delayed by circumstances *not fully* explained in the advertisement to the present volume. Whatever were the causes which prevented Captain Owen from fulfilling his wishes in the first instance, the delay is unfortunate, since it has deprived part of the narrative of novelty, and rendered much of the information obsolete. Under such circumstances, it is the more to be regretted that the materials should not have been committed to the hands of a competent editor. We do not know who Mr. Heaton Bowstead Robinson may be, to whom the bringing out of these volumes has been entrusted; but, most assuredly, the manner in which they are edited does small credit to his accuracy or general information. The typographical blunders in the geographical names are such as any good gazetteer would have enabled him to avoid; and the vague, imperfect, and sometimes discrepant notes of the journals, might have been corrected by information easily accessible. To give a specimen or two of the strange carelessness with which the volumes are printed, the Zwartkops river is mis-printed repeatedly, Twarkops. Signor Terão (as the name is properly written in the narrative) becomes Signor Ferão in the Appendix. The River Manice is mentioned repeatedly, (Vol. I. p. 141,) without any intimation that it is the same river as "The Mannees or King George river" previously referred to (p. 75). The word printed "Sowhylese" (Vol. I. p. 385) is, we presume put for Somaulese. It might have been expected from an Editor, that he should have attempted a summary of the geographical information scattered through the loose notes of a seaman's journal, or to be deduced from the various reports, as compared with our previous knowledge. Nothing of the kind, however, is here presented to us; and a letter from Captain Owen himself to Mr. Thompson, which appeared six years ago, in the first volume of the latter gentleman's Travels, contains more distinct information with regard to the origin and course of the rivers which fall into Delagoa Bay, than is to be extracted from the present work! Captain Owen has either been badly advised or not fairly dealt by. Individuals might readily have been found within the circle of his acquaintance, who would have been able to do justice to the task, and to produce a work of permanent interest. As it is, these volumes are of too slight a construction to survive the ephemeral productions of the day.

Disappointed as we are in the scientific character of the work, we have found it sufficiently entertaining, and can therefore honestly recommend it to general readers as affording abundant information of a kind far more amusing than scientific details. We shall proceed to give an abstract of the Narrative.

In January, 1822, his Majesty's ship *Leven*, Captain Owen, together with a new ten-gun brig, named the *Barracouta*, Captain Cutfield, sailed from Woolwich on the commission to which Captain Owen had been appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the

Admiralty. They touched at Lisbon, for the purpose of obtaining from the Portuguese Government letters to its colonial authorities on the coast of Africa; and on the 8th of March, came to anchor in the Funchal road. From Madeira, they proceeded to the Canaries, and thence to the Cape de Verd islands, where the scientific party attached to the expedition landed on the islands of St. Vincent and St. Nicholas, to make their astronomical and botanical observations. At Porto Grande, the port of the former island, a few houses at the head of the bay bear the name of a town; but "they could find only one miserable Portuguese, the rest being all negroes:" the whole population did not exceed a hundred. These islands are of volcanic formation. That of S. Antonio is the summit of an immense mountain, rising 8000 feet above the sea; "and as the mean height of the island may be taken at 1500 feet, the base may be three or four miles deep." No soundings could be got with 60 fathoms of cable within the bay. On the 6th of April, the ships sailed for Brazil, and on the 26th, made the rocky island of Trinadada, *alias* Ascension Island; for it was satisfactorily ascertained, that the two names denote the same island, and that Peyrouse's longitude is nearly 45 miles in error. The Ninepin Rock on the west side of this island, appears to be a basaltic column 800 feet in height, and is remarkable from its inclination, which makes it look, from certain points, as if about to fall. On the 30th, they made Cape Frio, and the next day, arrived at Rio Janeiro, where they remained six weeks. Having completed all the objects of their stay, they again set sail on the 9th of June; and on the 7th of July, made land near the Cape of Good Hope, which, though not included in Captain Owen's orders, the *Barracouta* proceeded to survey. The insecurity of Table Bay as a port, has long been felt as a serious disadvantage to Cape Town. Yet, we are told, the evil might be almost entirely remedied by throwing out a pier, building another light-house, and placing the navigation under proper regulations. "Of the numerous wrecks which occurred in Table Bay and its vicinity during the term of our voyage," says Captain Owen, "there was not one, at least where we had the means of inquiring, which could not be traced either to extreme ignorance, negligence, or *design*." It is astonishing that the importance of the requisite improvements both to the Colony itself and to British commerce, should not have led to their adoption by Government long since. Some valuable instructions for entering Table Bay by night, drawn up by Captain Owen, are given in the Appendix to Mr. Thompson's Travels.

The Cape Colony is now considered as extending along the coast from the mouth of Olifant river on the N. W. to the Keiskamma on the east; a distance of nearly 400 leagues. The Dutch colony extended no further eastward than the Camtoos River, which falls into the bay of St. Francis or Content Bay, to the west of Cape Recife. Algoa Bay is the name applied to the

tract of coast between Cape Recife and Cape Padrao. All the country to the eastward and northward of the Camtoos River, was formerly inhabited by the Caffers, who, by the encroachments of the Dutch colonists, were driven back, first beyond the Zwartkops,* and at length to the Great Fish river. This latter was the limit of the colonial territory when Mr. Barrow published his *Travels in South Africa*. Since then, the country beyond that river as far as the Keiskamma, has been ceded to Great Britain by the native chiefs, who, by this cession, were acknowledged to have been previously the exclusive sovereigns. From the Keiskamma northward to Delagoa Bay, the coast is still in possession of the native tribes absurdly called Caffers, the Arabic word for pagans. Of this part of the coast, the following description is given.

"The sea-boundary of this country is one of the most varied and interesting that can possibly be imagined, presenting every diversity that rich hills and fertile meadows can produce. It is divided from the interior by a range of mountains of considerable elevation, some of the highest being nearly 6000 feet above the sea. One objection must, however, be remarked respecting this coast, which is, its total want of harbours; but, to compensate for this deficiency, it has an abundance of rivers, many of which might, at trifling expense, be made to receive vessels of considerable burden. Amongst them may be mentioned the River Kye or St. John's, which has one of the most extraordinary and picturesque entrances in the world; forming, by its abrupt and perpendicular heights, a natural lock, wanting only a flood gate to make it a perfect wet dock." — Vol. i. p. 70.

At the time of the expedition, the whole of "the beautiful country," from the River St. John to Inhamban, was being devastated by the merciless and destructive conquests of the savage Zoola chieftain so notorious under the name of Chaka.†

Captain Owen's instructions were, to commence his survey at the mouth of the Keiskamma, and continue it as far as Delagoa Bay, and then to make a complete and accurate survey of the shores of the bay itself. Leaving the *Barracouta* to accomplish the former service, the *Leven* sailed for Delagoa Bay, and, on the 27th of September, anchored in English River, which may be considered as the estuary into which three rivers fall, — the Temby, the Dundas, and the Mattoll, — all large at their mouths, but soon narrowing, and having their sources probably not more than thirty or forty miles from their entrance into the estuary. A merchant vessel had lost her master and one seaman, while in this river, as it is called, by fever; the people on board reported the place to be very unhealthy, which our surveyors could not believe to be the case in a southern latitude of 30°; "but, alas!" says the writer, "we were soon to learn the dreadful truth." Yet

* This river flows past Uitenhage, and falls into Algoa Bay. What is meant by the Sladen river, in the present work, we cannot divine.

† See Thompson's *Travels*. Vol. ii. App. 5.

they might have remained ignorant of it, had they fortunately been less incredulous, and taken the precaution of moving the ship out of this muddy estuary into the fine expansive bay of Delagoa.

At this place they encountered the first, or southernmost, of the many miserable establishments of the Portuguese scattered along this coast of Africa. It consisted of a major, commandant, captain, lieutenant, adjutant, secretary, priest, and surgeon, with about fifty soldiers, some of whom were Europeans banished for capital offences, the rest being negroes, — or rather an improved breed from a mixture of Portuguese, Caffer, and Negro: they are described as “stout, handsome, and athletic; the women well made, but generally not so well featured as the men, — still many might be called pretty.” The adjutant had been banished for the murder of his brother, and was generally drunk all day; the lieutenant had been sent hither for murdering a priest, after debauching his sister; and their ladies are described as being in all respects worthy of such husbands. The visitors, however, found these criminals extremely kind and useful, ready to supply all their wants as to provisions and necessaries, but equally careful to exact from them about six hundred per cent. on the prices at which they themselves were in the habit of compelling the natives to serve them.

The Zoolos or Hollontontes (a corruption of Hottentot, or perhaps Hottentot from it) possess the interior as far southward as that narrow strip of country, bordering on the Cape colony, which is inhabited by the pastoral Caffers, of whom, indeed, they are a congenerate race, or rather a separate tribe; and it may here be mentioned, once for all, that close behind the Portuguese and Arab settlements, along the whole line of coast from latitude 30° south to the southern frontiers of Abyssinia, in about 8° north, or for the extent of 38 degrees of latitude, the country is in possession of the various tribes of these same Caffers, or Zoolos, known by the general name of Gallas, a fierce and predatory race of men, having nothing in common with the African negroes, — not even the color, — for their manly and gigantic forms exhibit the tinge of bronze. The breeding of cattle is their main object, and the covetous desire of possessing them a source of perpetual plunder and massacre; yet many of these tribes seem disposed to betake themselves to agriculture, and others manufacture various articles of wood and iron, which they execute in a neat and workmanlike manner, particularly their spears and hassagais; they also bring down to the trading settlements on the coast, wax, honey, ivory, skins, and such articles as are in demand. How the editor of the present work could call these people “fine negroes” we are at a loss to conjecture, so totally different are they in all respects from the negro; but he describes them truly when he says they are “tall, robust, and warlike in their persons, — open, frank, and pleasing in their manners, with a certain appearance of independ-

ence in their carriage." When some of the visitors were asked to exchange their spears for trinkets, they shrewdly desired the interpreter to inquire if, "when a white man was in an enemy's country, he ever sold his arms?" These men go all but entirely naked; their women generally are well clothed in long skin cloaks.

Lieutenant Farewell, of the navy, was induced, for the sake of carrying on a trade with the natives, to fix himself at the bay of Natal under the sovereignty of the chief named Chaka, one of the most inhuman and monstrous characters that ever existed. The account of him here published, as given by the Lieutenant, appears scarcely credible. He puts to death men, women, and children who oppose him; he keeps twelve hundred concubines, and those of whom he becomes tired he distributes among his officers. He suffers no one to see him eat or drink; his chiefs approach him in a crawling attitude; if any one should laugh or smile, or cough or sneeze, he is immediately put to death. One ugly person having disturbed the serenity of his features, he called out, — "Take that man away and slay him, he makes me laugh." We are slow to believe this; but we can well imagine that the conversation the Lieutenant had with him, on a visit to his wooden house, is faithfully described: —

"Showing me his house, he asked if the King of England could boast of so good a one? I answered, 'Yes, much larger.' 'Ay, perhaps as large,' said Chaka; 'but so good?' 'Oh! yes, much better.' 'You have not looked at mine,' said Chaka; 'look again; your king may have as large a house, and seemingly as good, but not with so many conveniences.' I still, however, insisted that the house of my king was in every thing superior, when Chaka desired me, in a serious and displeased tone, to look again, and again, and in short repeated this command six times before I saw the danger of my adhering to the opinion which I had formed. At length, therefore, I concurred with Chaka, by observing that I had not before looked with sufficient attention, and that his house was certainly the most comfortable." — Vol. II. p. 391.*

Captain Owen having been informed, falsely as it appeared, that the rivers falling into Delagoa Bay extended several hundred miles into the interior, determined, unfortunately, to fit out his boats to explore them. On either side they found the land low, with muddy flats and putrid swamps, the shores covered with mangrove trees, even far below the high-water mark; the water salt and discolored with mud; the thermometer 85°. All these rivers abound with hippopotami, which, though in general timid and harmless animals, are yet capable of exhibiting great courage, when thrown into a state of excitement, as appears from the following incident: —

"Lieutenant Vidal had just commenced ascending this stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath,

* This officer, on returning by land with a party to Natal, was met by some of these savages and inhumanly massacred.

and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws seized and tore seven planks from her side; the creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but, as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack, and had he got his upper jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent that her stern was almost lifted out of the water, and Mr. Tamba, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him." — Vol. i. pp. 90, 91.

The repeated attacks of the parties on these unwieldy animals were attended with no successful results; but this was not the case with one that was made upon a band of Hollontontes, who, with their shields and spears, rushed, as furiously as the hippopotamus, towards the tents of the party at night, uttering the most hideous yells; but the skins of these heathen offered less resistance than the hides of their hippopotami, to the volleys of balls and the bayonet points that were prepared to welcome them: —

"The constant flash and roar of the muskets, with the horrid yells of the assailants, breaking upon the still dark gloom, produced a terrific scene; an occasional groan, however, as a ball found its fleshy bed, and the falling of some, soon intimidated the barbarians, and, after a short but desperate struggle, the cries of war and defiance were changed into shrieks of terror and dismay, followed by a precipitous retreat, not, however, forgetting their wounded, whom they carried off." — Vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

The rivers at thirty miles, and some of them at a less distance, from their mouths, were found to have so much contracted their streams as not to make it worth while pursuing them farther. The Dundas river was explored for nine miles, till its breadth was reduced to 240 feet, and the depth to ten feet. It abounds, like the others, with hippopotami, who seemed to form "a solid phalanx."

"As we approached, they commenced snorting and opening their terrific jaws in the most frightful and menacing manner. The Croker happening to graze a monster in a shallow part of the river, he immediately made a furious plunge, and lifted the boat with seven people half out of the water, so that the keel actually cracked; but the poor hippopotamus was so dreadfully alarmed, that he escaped with all speed before any one had time to strike him. When near the navigable summit of the river, another of these unwieldy brutes rushed from the marshy margin of reeds on the bank, and galloped towards the boat open-mouthed and bellowing most hideously. Had this been our first rencontre, it might have been alarming; but we had learned that the slightest flash of fire would turn them when in the most infuriated state. The Captain and Mr. Durnford fired together, the former

with an elephant-gun and pewter bullet, when he was not more than twelve yards from the boat: but his thick hide repelled the ball, and it had only the effect of turning him back amongst the high reeds whence he had issued. Some of our party landed in pursuit, when Mr. Tudor came upon him again; but his retreat was so thick and high, that they could nowhere see five yards around, and were only able to move in the alleys made by the beasts, so that his escape from such inexperienced hunters was not difficult.

"The Captain made a night excursion, to try to kill some hippopotami, but their senses were by far too acute to admit of a near approach; and it being very dark, the numerous pitfalls that the natives prepare for catching these animals, rendered the excursion extremely hazardous, as even by day many of our people had found themselves suddenly entrapped, whilst in pursuit of their game. The sensation was described as anything but pleasant, when walking thoughtlessly along, to be suddenly precipitated some ten or a dozen feet into the bowels of the earth, with the not distant prospect of finding a companion upon your descent in the form of an hippopotamus; such a meeting would certainly have been far from satisfactory to either of the parties.

"We saw numerous herds of large deer, with tracks of elephants and other, but unknown, animals. Our time and duties did not, however, allow us an opportunity of pursuing the enquiry by following their footsteps.

"The whole country seen in this excursion was most richly endowed with Nature's gifts. It possessed an immense depth of fertile soil, but not a stone was anywhere seen, excepting at the mouth of English River, where, on the beach, some agates and other pebbles were found, and where the ruddy cliffs, formed from a mixture of sand and clay, become occasionally indurated by exposure to the sun."—Vol. i. pp. 266–269.

The fatal effects of this river navigation were soon experienced. Mr. Tambs, who had escaped the fangs of the hippopotamus, was the first victim to that dreadful disease which afterwards made such havoc among the officers and crews. A few days after the death of the above-mentioned officer, a seaman of the *Leven* was taken ill and shortly expired. Captain Lechmere, a volunteer in the expedition, was seized three days after this, and at once anticipated the result. This fine young man, the son of the late Admiral Lechmere, had excited so general a feeling of respect and esteem among all on board, and there is so characteristic (we should say whimsical, were the occasion less melancholy) a trait connected with his immediate dissolution, that we give the whole passage:—

"This interest in his fate was strongly exemplified in the attachment of his attendant, William Newman, a marine, who was as much concerned as if he had been his nearest relative; he carried him from place to place like a child, as poor Lechmere's fevered fancy dictated; sang to him, fanned him, moistened his lips, and was silent or still as his patient directed, and at last brought him by his special desire into the captain's cabin, where there was already a young midshipman in almost the same hopeless state. As the bell was striking the midnight hour, he sank into the dreamless sleep of death. His last moments were attended with a romantic interest. The fever being very high a short time before his decease, every means were tried to calm him, but in vain; the same impatient, painful restlessness still prevailed.

"At length Captain Owen, who knew from experience that singing had a powerful effect in soothing extreme pain by diverting the mind from its sufferings, and fearful that the heart-rending expressions and cries uttered by Captain Lechmere might produce an injurious effect upon the other object of his solicitude, commenced that pathetic ballad, 'Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowline.' The first note produced a cessation of his frenzy: from raving madness he sank into almost total insensibility, which continued until Captain Owen came to the words 'His soul is gone aloft!' when a long guttural sound announced that his spirit was fled, which was instantly confirmed by his attendant saying, in a melancholy tone, 'He's gone, Sir!' — 'And aloft, I hope!' replied the Captain, as he concluded his song." — Vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

The fever, in spite of wine and medicine, soon began to make dreadful ravages. The whole crew was but sixty, out of whom twenty-nine were laid up with fever. The crew of the Barracouta, and of another vessel, the Cockburn, which accompanied them, suffered equally. "Frightful," says Captain Owen, "was the list of those who had fallen beneath the deadly curse of Africa, amounting to two-thirds of the officers and one half of the crews of the three vessels."

On the 16th of March, the Leven and the Cockburn sailed for the Cape. In July, the survey of the Bay and Mapoota river was resumed and completed, by the Leven, with the loss of only two men, whose death was attributable to their own imprudence.

In the mean time, the Barracouta sailed for Quilimane, the greatest slave-mart of the Portuguese on this coast. The town, built on an unhealthy marsh, contains ten houses inhabited by Portuguese, fifteen by Creoles, seven occupied by merchants from Goa, with numerous huts for slaves belonging to the Portuguese; forming altogether a population of about 2800 souls. The houses belonging to the whites, ("as the descendants of the Portuguese are called, although sometimes as black as the negroes themselves,") are substantially constructed of brick, faced with tiles manufactured from the clay of the river, and surrounded with a verandah. In the best houses, the pearl oyster-shell is used in the windows as a substitute for glass. From eleven to fourteen slave vessels come annually from Rio to this place, and return with cargoes averaging from four to five hundred slaves! Quilimane was in the possession of the Arabs, when Vasco di Gama put into this river on his way to the East Indies. About the year 1585, the Portuguese under Francisco Barreta, having penetrated as far as Manica, in the Zambizi territory, exterminated every Mohammedan native in cold blood, and then took possession of their wealth.

"But the sins of the early Portuguese have been here visited upon many generations. The climate, poison, and the dagger, are constantly destroying the present race; and, although in possession of the finest country in the world, they are entirely dependent upon other nations, importing all their enjoyments, save the grossest sensuality. To protect the commerce that was eventually opened by this expedition, various settlements, forts, and strong-holds were erected on the banks of the

Zambizi and its dependent rivers, to keep in awe the surrounding savages, who otherwise would have retaliated upon them for encroaching upon their territory.

"In all probability Quilimane, from its commodious situation in a mercantile point of view, soon became a place of some importance to the Portuguese, and a thoroughfare for the produce of their inland possessions along the Zambizi, which was formerly shipped from thence to Mozambique. The riches of Quilimane consisted, in a trifling degree, of gold and silver, but principally of grain, which was produced in such quantities as to supply Mozambique. But the introduction of the slave-trade stopped the pursuits of industry, and changed those places where peace and agriculture had formerly reigned, into the seat of war and bloodshed. Contending tribes are now constantly striving to obtain by mutual conflict, prisoners as slaves for sale to the Portuguese, who excite these wars and fatten on the blood and wretchedness they produce. The slave-trade has been a blight on its prosperity; for at present, Quilimane and the Portuguese possessions in the whole colony of the Rios de Senna do not supply themselves with sufficient corn for their own consumption." — Vol. i. pp. 286, 287.

The captaincy of the Rios de Sena, in which Quilimane is included, is now the only territory that the Portuguese really possess on the eastern coast of Africa. It extends along the coast about 30 leagues, and inland about 120 leagues, its square area being computed at 3600 square leagues. The European and Mulatto population of the whole colony, in 1806, scarcely exceeded 500 souls, the adults between fifteen and sixty years of age numbering only 194.

Having obtained permission of the governor of Mozambique, an exploring party was detached from the Barracouta, with directions to ascend the Zambizi. It consisted of Lieutenant Browne, Mr. Forbes, the botanist, Mr. Kilpatrick, assistant-surgeon, and two black servants, Antonio and Adonis. The governor of Quilimane supplied them with a large canoe of eight or ten tons, and a black subaltern officer to accompany them. The river soon narrowed from a mile in width, till, at some forty miles from the sea, it was only from twenty to thirty yards broad. They therefore crossed by land to another branch; the country flat, pretty well cultivated, and abounding with villages. At the house of one Paulo Mariano they were received in the most kind and hospitable manner. Here the Zambizi united with the large river or branch called the Luabo. The following description will answer for most of the half-caste residents invested with official authority in the interior:—

"This Paulo Mariano held the rank of colonel in the militia, having under his command about one hundred natives, armed with muskets, according to the fashion of the country; he was likewise a merchant, dealing largely in ivory and gold-dust. His days were spent in an unvaried routine of sleeping and indolence; the following details of one being fully descriptive of all. He rose early, and amused himself in the balcony of his house until breakfast, by smoking several charotes; at eight he breakfasted, and then occupied himself for a short time

among his people, slept away the noon hour, and dined at two, the table groaning beneath a profusion of meats, dressed in a variety of ways, in which port wine generally formed a principal ingredient. After the meal was ended, and he had smoked another charote, the old gentleman once more retired to rest, and did not rise again until the coolness of the evening drew him forth, enveloped in a cloak, to enjoy the refreshing air; at nine he took supper, and shortly after retired to bed." — Vol. II. pp. 49, 50.

At Sena, which they reached on the 25th day from Quilimane, all further progress was rendered impracticable by the fatal effects of the climate. Mr. Forbes, the botanist, was the first victim; he did not live to reach Sena. Lieutenant Browne sank next. Mr. Kilpatrick, the only survivor, expired at Chaponga, on the return route. Two faithful African servants, who had been attached to the expedition, attended their masters successively to the grave they had done their best in preparing, with the help of negroes hired for the sad occasion; and "a prayer in the best English that poor Adonis could command, was said over the last remains, before they were for ever consigned to the earth."

Much needs not be said of Mozambique. It is a low coral island in the mouth of the harbour of the same name which separates it from the main land; the town is built on the side of the island which faces the harbour. In the palace and forts, and some of the houses, are still visible the remains of former grandeur, but the whole place had the appearance of rapidly falling into decay. Its ancient wealth and vice-regal splendor are now lost in poverty and gloom. The population is made up of a few native Portuguese, Arabs, Creoles, and slaves, the last by much the most numerous. The principal trade consists of these unhappy beings, with skins, ivory, and a little gold-dust. The following story says little for the moral tone of the society here: —

"A Portuguese family, notorious for wealth and licentiousness, resided at Mozambique. Of the female branches Donna L—— was reputed handsome; she had for a short time tasted the sweets of matrimony, but was now a gay and young widow without any restraint. This lady was visited by all the gentlemen of the place. But the man who pretended to the exclusive enjoyment of her favors, was a Col. P—— de C——, who united in his character all the essentials of a coward and a bully.

"It appeared, however, that he had rather overrated his powers of attraction, for Donna L—— was at once struck with a passion for a young Englishman, who was remarkable for elegance of person and gentlemanly manners. The proofs of the lady's preference for poor Dowling were too conspicuous to escape the penetration of the *ci-devant* lover, whose warm and jealous temperament was at once inflamed by all the demons of hatred and revenge. Fearing the coolness and courage of the English character, he endeavoured to control his anger until a favorable opportunity offered for a sure and bloody sacrifice of its object. This event was perhaps a little hastened by a meeting which took place between the parties at the house of Donna L——, when the Colonel, a little excited by wine, forgot his cold-blooded policy, and, overcome by love and jealousy, not only insulted, but afterwards drew his sword upon Dowling in the lady's presence.

"The Englishman acted as most of his countrymen would have done under the same circumstances, by instantly seizing the colonel, thrusting him out of the room, and then, it is said, kicking him down stairs. Dowling concluded that this affair would not end here; he thought that the Portuguese character was as brave and honorable as his own, and, in expectation of having to give the colonel satisfaction in the morning, went to bed. He slept upon the ground-floor of the tavern, and was in the habit of leaving his window open during the night. Four assassins, soldiers, by the direction of the vanquished colonel, took advantage of this to enter his room and make a cowardly attack upon him while sleeping; he awoke bleeding from several wounds, yet undismayed, arose, and with determined heroism seized one of their weapons, and actually, in this exhausted state, beat them out of the room. But this was his last effort; he immediately sank upon the bed, and, from the injuries which he had received, died within an hour. All the inhabitants were much interested in this case, and tried to bring the offenders to justice: but the cowardly policy of the general would not sentence a *soldier* to death for any crime. Accordingly neither Don P—— de C—— nor any of the other assassins were punished beyond a short imprisonment and removal to distant posts." — Vol. i. pp. 259 – 260, 261.

The demoralization and depravity among all classes were found to be pretty nearly the same in the French settlements, in Madagascar, and at the Seychelles, at the last of which the slave-population is about seven to one, as compared with the free persons. In fact, the laxity of the social code, as to certain subjects, is pretty nearly the same in all the slave colonies, the West India islands, we fear, not excepted.

Captain Owen mentions a curious phenomenon which they witnessed on their return to the Cape of Good Hope.

"In the evening of the 6th of April, when off Port Danger, the *Barracouta* was seen about two miles to leeward: struck with the singularity of her being so soon after us, we at first concluded that it could not be she; but the peculiarity of her rigging and other circumstances, convinced us that we were not mistaken; nay, so distinctly was she seen, that many well-known faces could be observed on deck, looking towards our ship. After keeping thus for some time, we became surprised that she made no effort to join us, but, on the contrary, stood away. But being so near the port to which we were both destined, Captain Owen did not attach much importance to this proceeding, and we accordingly continued our course.

"At sun-set it was observed that she hove-to, and sent a boat away, apparently for the purpose of picking up a man overboard. During the night we could not perceive any light or other indication of her locality. The next morning we anchored in Simon's Bay, where, for a whole week, we were in anxious expectation of her arrival; but it afterwards appeared that at this very period the *Barracouta* must have been above three hundred miles from us, and no other vessel of the same class was ever seen about the Cape." — Vol. i. pp. 241, 242.

This phantom-ship, according to the writer, had no connexion with the Flying Dutchman, though the crew were probably not so easily satisfied of the contrary. A note tells us, "such effects may be produced by refraction;" certainly they may, but not, we must

suspect, to the extent here mentioned, where the distant object is looked at on the level surface of the sea, the intervening space amounting to three hundred miles! A very singular instance of this kind is considered, however, as a well-authenticated fact. The old signal-man at the Mauritius has been known to announce the approach of ships, which he would describe accurately, a day or two before their arrival, and long before they could by possibility be seen, on account of the curvature of the earth.* This was undoubtedly the result of refraction, in a particular state of the atmosphere, and of looking through it from the lofty summit, out of which the celebrated Peter Botte rises, above Port Louis. His accuracy on one occasion was put to the test, by his having announced the appearance of a ship with *four* masts: three days after this, a ship actually having four masts arrived; when it appeared she must have been seen by the signal-man upwards of three hundred miles off.

The hitherto unexplained phenomenon called the "ripples," is commonly met with in the Indian Ocean. At Quilimane one of the squadron had to encounter a tumultuous movement of the sea, fully as inexplicable, known by the name of "rollers," — "a wave that moves like a precipitous hill of water differing in magnitude, in particular situations, from ten to forty feet in height, and overwhelming every thing in its course." It occurs frequently in a perfect calm; and is generally supposed to be first put in motion by a distant gale of wind. The short time these rollers continue, frequently not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, is unfavorable to such a supposition; some submarine lifting of the ground would seem to be more probable. The Julia sloop of war, when lying off Tristan d'Acunha, was driven from her anchors in a dead calm by these *rollers*: she was dashed on the beach with such fury as scarcely to leave a whole piece of her remaining, and her crew, with the exception of thirty men, perished. Captain Owen says, —

"During the night the swell became much more considerable, but it was not until the ebb-tide that the waves commenced breaking in heavy rollers, two or three of which fell partially over us; still there was nothing that led us to apprehend danger, until, whilst at breakfast, one of vast magnitude burst with terrific fury on our decks, bearing every thing before it, almost swamping the vessel, and throwing her on her beam-ends. Two men who were on deck in an exposed situation were carried off their legs, and one washed overboard, who would inevitably have been drowned had not the other by a spirited exertion, thrown him a rope, and succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous situation." — Vol. I. p. 238.

Another of the wretched establishments of a fallen and degraded nation, chiefly occupied as a slave-mart, is at the bay of Inhamban, in 24° south latitude. From this place commences the tract of country known by the name of Sofala.

[* On this subject, see the last number of the Select Journal, P. II. p. 125.]

"The port of Sofala, its castle, its town, in short every thing relating to it had excited the strongest interest amongst us; in olden time, it was the Ophir of Solomon, whence his fleets returned laden with 'gold, almug trees, and precious stones;' the spot whither the early but venturous Phœnician navigators steered their cumbrous barks, and where, in later years, Albuquerque and the last heroes of the Portuguese race had distinguished themselves.

"With all these claims upon the recollection, it was with much curiosity that we looked forward to our arrival at Sofala, and with much disappointment at the total failure of our expectations. Instead of what the fancy pictured, remains of past grandeur and opulence, frowning in decay and falling gradually to dust, we found but a paltry fort and a few miserable mud-huts, the almost deserted abode of poverty and vice.

"But not only here, every place in Africa and India subject to the Portuguese has withered beneath the iron hand of oppression. Lust and avarice are their idols, and never gods had more devoted worshippers." — Vol. i. pp. 318, 319.

Captain Owen is quite sure that Sofala is Solomon's Ophir, because the Arabic name is Zofar, the great similarity of which must be considered a "convincing proof." We have no great opinion of being convinced by such etymological proofs. Doctor Vincent, who did not rashly make up his mind, came to a very different conclusion, and places Ophir on the coast of Arabia.

At the Bazaruta Islands, the want of water is so severely felt, that the reptile race even suffer from it; a flock of lizards ran over the seamen while at dinner, to get at the water they had taken on shore with them; "they absolutely drank of their grog, to the great amusement of our people, who, as they had proved themselves such convivial companions, were desirous of taking them on board for pets."

On advancing to the northward, the last frontier post of the Portugues is Ibo, after which comes the first Arab settlement of Quiloa. This was once the most considerable of the Arab possessions on the coast, holding sovereignty over Sofala, Mozambique, and the intervening ports; but now a miserable village, scarcely visited or known, occupies the site of ancient Quiloa; and the wretched Arab hovels of the present day are blended among the ruins of the fallen city. "It is really melancholy," says Captain Owen, "to contemplate the devastation that the monopolizing spirit of mankind has produced on the east coast of Africa. Wherever we went, even in the most obscure harbours, we could trace the remains of former wealth and civilization, contrasted strongly with present poverty and barbarism." From hence the whole line of coast to the northward, with the numerous bays, harbours, towns, and villages, are under the dominion of the Imaum of Muskat. The seat of his government is described as being nearly as wretched as its dependencies, and fatal to almost every Englishman who ventures to fix his abode there. No less than three of the East India Company's residents are said to have died within a few days after their arrival. The wonder vanishes after reading Captain Owen's description of it:—

"Muskat must be the filthiest town in the world. It forms an entire bazaar, inhabited by every caste of Indian merchants, who dwell in narrow alleys, partly covered by open mats of palm-leaves, slightly interwoven; these serve to keep out the sun, but admit the rain freely, so that after a shower the whole bazaar is knee-deep in mud; and, as neither the sun nor the wind can find admission, it remains in that state until the moisture is evaporated by the animal heat arising from the numerous passengers constantly in motion, or the mud carried away upon their feet in cumbrous masses. — Vol. I. p. 236.

One of the most valuable of the Imaum's possessions on the coast of Africa, from its abundant produce of sugar and different kinds of grain, is Zanzibar, in $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S. Between the island and the main are numerous safe and extensive harbours, formed by coral reefs and islands. The neighbouring island of Pemba is equally fertile, and between it and the main are numerous good harbours and safe anchorage. At Melinda, where De Gama was received with open arms, and which he describes as "pleasantly situated on a plain near the sea-shore, surrounded with gardens, and containing houses neatly built of hewn stone, with handsome rooms and painted ceilings," there can now scarcely be said to be a town at all; and its inland territories are wholly occupied by the Galla tribes, spreading terror and alarm among the Arab dows or small vessels that navigate the coast.

Farther north is Mombas, the most valuable possession of the Imaum upon the whole coast. "Perhaps," says Captain Owen, "there is not a more perfect harbour in the world than Mombas." The harbour is very extensive, completely sheltered by the island, and a coral reef on each side. In fact, here are no less than three extensive harbours, capable of holding the largest fleets, and two or three rivers of considerable size fall into them.

From the river Juba to Cape Guardafui, and along the coast to the entrance of the Red Sea, the country is inhabited by a race of people called Somauli, who profess to observe the precepts of the Koran: they are represented as a mild generation, of pastoral habits, and confined almost entirely to the coast, the interior being occupied by the fierce and untamable Gallas. From Guardafui, in lat. 3° N., to Mukdeesha, in 2° S., the whole line of coast is a naked and rocky shore, rising abruptly to the height of from two to four hundred feet, which, in advancing to the southward, declines into a sandy plain: in the whole extent of this portion of the coast there are neither bays, rivers, nor inlets.

In those tranquil seas, not far from the line, there occurred one of those miraculous escapes in boat navigation of which our naval chronicles contain so many examples. A distant white speck, about eighty miles from the coast, was seen in the horizon apparently approaching the ship: this was set down for an albatross, but it presently turned out to be a boat: —

"As she approached, we perceived her to be a large canoe, with a sail formed by a small piece of blue dungaree and an old cotton sheet.

In her sat four black men, haggard and emaciated in their appearance, while a fifth lay stretched at full length under the seats, apparently in a dying state. They lowered their sail and seemed to hesitate whether or not they should venture on board; upon which we endeavoured to remove their fears by friendly motions to advance, and by means of one of our seamen who spoke a little Arabic. We imagined, of course, that they belonged to the coast, but by venturing too far out had been blown off. To our astonishment they replied in French, inquiring in a most anxious manner if we were of that nation, and on receiving an answer to the contrary, they uttered a cry of joy, and paddled alongside as fast as their little remaining strength would allow.

“Upon coming on board, it was evident that

‘Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat

Had done their work on them by turns;’

and it was some time before they were sufficiently recovered to make us acquainted with their history.” — Vol. i. p. 377.

It was simply this. They were runaway slaves, escaped from the tyranny of a French owner of the Seychelles. They started with a little fish, rice, and about a gallon of water, which, ignorant of their course, and thoughtless of the future, they had consumed in the first few days, and were actually, when picked up, in the last stage of starvation. “Seventeen notches in the side of their canoe indicated the many days of misery and distress they had passed during this voyage of seven hundred and fifty miles. The poor negro in the bottom of the boat expired in less than an hour after his hopes had vainly been awakened to life and liberty.”

Captain Owen, during the completion of the survey of the eastern coast of Africa, took measures for examining the western coast of Madagascar, which was but partially and very imperfectly known. On the north-west coast of this great island, which extends from Cape Amber to Cape St. Andrew, he surveyed several commodious, safe, and extensive bays and harbours, the principal of which are Passandava, Nareenda, Majambo, Bembatooka, and Boyauna. Many large rivers fall into those bays, whose sources are no doubt in the chain of mountains that, running north and south, divide Madagascar into two portions. The remaining part of the western coast, from Cape St. Andrew to Cape St. Mary, an extent of ten degrees of latitude, presents a long-continued rocky or sandy shore (with the exception of St. Augustin Bay), bound with reefs and islands of coral: —

“The coast from St. Augustin’s to Boyauna Bay is almost an unvaried, low, marshy plain, irrigated by barred rivers, bounded by a line of sharp-pointed coral masses, uncovered when the tide is out, and in two or three places a complete archipelago of rocky islets, assuming a variety of whimsical shapes, among which that of the cauliflower appeared the most predominant.” — Vol. ii. p. 97.

At Bembatooka Bay were three American vessels actively engaged in completing their cargoes, which consisted almost wholly of jerked beef which they prepared themselves, preserving the tal-

low and curing the hides on the spot. In slaughtering the beasts, which they procure for a trifle, "the heads, hearts, offal, and bones, are thrown into the middle of the town, and there left to putrefy in the sun, filling the air with most disgusting odors, highly productive of disease:" the heads and hearts of the bullocks were, however, very acceptable to the surveying party, who had been so long on salt provisions.

The little squadron, on taking its final leave of Madagascar, proceeded once more, as if spell-bound, to that fatal bay of Delagoa. A party set out to ascend one of the rivers, for the purpose of hunting the hippopotamus. Whilst they were in quest of the haunts of these huge animals, a shrill, angry scream reached their ears, and presently Mr. Barette, a midshipman, rushed from the reeds, his face covered with blood, calling loudly for assistance to Lieutenant Arlett, who had just been attacked by an elephant. The party proceeded to the spot, and found their unfortunate comrade stretched motionless on his back, covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes starting from their sockets, in all the expressive horror of a violent death. It was some time before he showed any symptoms of life; they succeeded, however, in carrying him on board, where he gradually recovered, and when he became sufficiently collected, he gave an account of what befell him, which shows the extraordinary sagacity of the elephant, even in its wild state. He, at the first approach of the animal, thought he had stumbled upon an enormous hippopotamus, the object of their pursuit, but was soon undeceived.

"The animal, which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air, and, the moment he spoke, reared upon its hind legs, turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in his way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted to effect his escape. For a short time he had hopes of eluding his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in circumference, menacing him by his voice and gestures, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and, shrieking with rage, made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of his attack, when his ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man who slipped among the reeds. The ferocious animal still followed him, foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river; the man crying loudly, 'An elephant! an elephant!' until, closely pressed by his pursuer, they both came to the top of the slope, where the party who had heard his cries were prepared, and instantly fired a volley as the elephant appeared. This made him return with increased fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him and severely bruising his ankle.

"As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose, and, limping with pain, attempted once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; his trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself, his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him,

chafing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and ploughing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant's legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, placing a foot upon his senseless body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms; but it is probable that his object was only to punish and alarm, not to kill,—such conjecture being perfectly in accordance with the character of this noble but revengeful beast.

"It appeared that the elephant, on his last return to Mr. Arlett, had filled his trunk with mud, which, having turned him on his back, and forced open his mouth, he blew down his throat, injecting a large quantity into his stomach. It was this that produced the inflated appearance of Mr. Arlett's countenance, for he was almost in a state of suffocation, and for three days after this adventure, he occasionally vomited quantities of blue sand." — Vol. II. pp. 211, 212.

The consequence of this last visit to Delagoa Bay, and of the hunting excursion, is thus stated by Captain Owen:—

"The fatality of the Delagoa fever was here further exemplified by the death of our purser, Mr. Thomas Farley, and Lieutenant Richard Nash, of the Royal Navy, a gentleman, who, after invaliding from His Majesty's sloop *Espiegel*, sailed as a passenger on board the *Leven*, for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of surveying. It was supposed that he imbibed the fever whilst engaged in the hippopotamus hunt up the Dundas River, and Mr. Farley, by sleeping two nights on shore: both continued in good health until after our arrival at the Cape, a period of three weeks, when they were attacked nearly at the same time, and died within a few days of each other." — Vol. II. p. 223.

The results of this expedition, so important to hydrographical science and navigation, are thus summed up by Captain Owen:—

"During the five years which we had been absent, we had traced about *thirty thousand miles* of coast line, which was transferred by measure to paper, occupying nearly three hundred large sheets. Most of the details of this work were before but imperfectly known, and many we were entirely ignorant of; so that at one view it is shown in how great a degree navigation has profited by the expedition. But, to form a just idea of the magnitude and character of the work, the charts and plans made during the voyage should be referred to, nearly the whole of which were furnished to the Admiralty in duplicate. In the course of our service, we were called upon in numerous instances to correct the errors of former navigators, and fix the latitudes and longitudes of places that had not before been determined." — Vol. II. pp. 376, 377.

[Translated from the "Neues Allgemeines Repertorium," No. 8, for 1833.]

ART. V. — *Einladung zu der am 15 April 1833 festgesetzten Prüfung einer Lehr- und Erziehung-Anstalt, nach Pestalozzi's Methode*, von PH. LEYENDECKER, Vorsteher der Anstalt.

[*Introductory Discourse previous to the Examination of an Establishment for Instruction and Education, according to the System of Pestalozzi*. By PH. LEYENDECKER, Principal of the Establishment. Wiesbaden. 1833. 8vo. pp. 33.]

THE discussions contained in the Programs (Introductory Discourses), delivered at public establishments for instruction, are for the most part of little interest beyond the place of their origin, excepting sometimes to a particular class of philologists. In neither case are they entitled to a notice in literary journals, which, indeed, could ill afford them room. Of many, indeed, it were to be wished that they should neither be circulated nor read.

So long as the corporation-spirit keeps its place in public seminaries, so long as the ancient routine, resting upon antiquated rules, prevails in them, every useful change will be rejected. Let not this sentiment be confounded with a desire for a revolutionary overthrow of existing institutions. It is very comprehensible, that the members of a corporation, in order to support the lucrative monopoly intrusted to them, should deny that the unincorporated are competent to pass sentence upon their management, although the latter maintain their competency on the ground, that sound human reason, guided by safe experience, has a right to a voice, when the most sacred interests of humanity are under discussion. But who has ever doubted that a rational mode of educating the rising generation will exert an immeasurable influence upon the present and the future; — that we may expect from it the cure of many of the moral diseases which now exist?

Probably, however, the old state of things will continue, until the force of circumstances and of example shall compel a change for the better. This stubborn adherence to old rules, and inefficient methods and regulations, — this dictatorial refusal of a compliance with the exigencies of the present age, in opposition to a prudent reform, — has produced a remarkable phenomenon. It has given occasion to a greater number of private seminaries of education, adapted to the wants of the times, than formerly existed. To the ancient corporation of Oxford, is opposed the University of London, with more liberal methods of instruction, and better regulations, where those who are destined for the higher departments of common life, may receive the requisite education. The mercantile and polytechnic schools have placed themselves by the side of academies and lyceums. Where they have not been established by the state, the want universally felt has created

private institutions of learning, with a more free action, and a more free choice of the objects of study. They have advanced in number and prosperity. Their success has given decisive proof, that they have found root and nourishment in the well-understood interests of the cultivated middling classes. Contrarieties of this sort cannot be accommodated to each other, and much less done away. But, obviously, there is this consolation, that by the force of irresistible circumstances, and of the examples given, those useful changes which have been opposed by the individual interest of many will at last be effected. When this will take place, no one knows, but it is certain that it will. Even should young men, who wish to accomplish themselves in the study of a profession, or in philology, find what they seek, though but partially, in schools of the learned, of the lower or higher class; yet others will resort to those institutions in which they may receive instruction in their future calling, without being injudiciously compelled to attend to branches of study which to them are useless.

I return, after this short preface to the subject of the present notice, and remark, that the discussion contained in this Program, forms an exception to the rule before mentioned, and, from the great importance of the subject proposed, and its universal interest, is particularly worthy of a notice in a literary journal. The essay examines the question: "*What are we to think of the usual incentives to diligence and to emulation, by means of certificates, public prizes, scales of rank and merit, &c.*"

We have not thought it to the purpose, to give single propositions, taken out of their connexion, or a verbal extract, in order to justify our opinion. We therefore present a short abstract of the contents, that what is essential may be known and carefully considered.

"Reason and history prove, that the purest, noblest acts of love and self-sacrifice have never been performed with a view to reward and honor. They have never taken root in the soil of self-interest. Generally, they have scorned every ordinary incentive. Therefore let every one, in early youth, be accustomed to love and practise the True and Good, for its own sake alone."

The author wishes all unnatural incentives to emulation and motives to diligence banished from the school. "That is not to be made an object of desire in youth, which at a later day will not content the man, would he live happy and be truly useful to the state. The True and the Good require not the aid of ambition and selfishness, in order to be loved and pursued with all our powers. There lives within us an unquenchable impulse, urging us to the eternally True, Good, and Beautiful. These need only be shown to the boy in their purity, to excite his faculties to the greatest exertion. Were more confidence placed in this natural longing for the proper form of the soul, were the mind nourished

by truth and love; then were there no need of those lures, to call the mental powers into activity. Condemned to labor for mean rewards, the young become debased and degraded to beasts of burden. Designed by nature to develop themselves in free, noble life, they must drudge in the service of ambition."

"But no mother thinks of urging her healthy child to eat, by promises. Hunger urges him till he is satisfied. Should it not be so with mental food? Let us but trust to the hunger and thirst of the soul. Let us risk the experiment. The scholar will necessarily grasp with the same zeal at food for the mind, as does the child at food for the body."

The author then proceeds to show that nothing but a perverted mode of instruction could create the necessity for these incentives, and that the application of them is closely connected with those false views according to which the accumulation of knowledge is considered as the end of instruction. "The young man," says the author, (p. 7,) "is viewed not as an organic being, which by the appropriate use of all the elementary means of its intellectual growth, is to develop itself according to natural laws; but without regard to the necessary harmony between the human mind, as the subject of development, and instruction as the means of development; the former is treated as a vessel, in which, by the aid of the memory, great stores of idle knowledge are heaped up in confused disorder, to be hereafter applied to public and domestic use. Thus regard is had merely to knowledge, without a thought of education and the formation of character."

"With many teachers instruction and the acquisition of knowledge, instead of being regarded as means, have been transformed into an ultimate object. The pupil himself whose benefit is the final end and aim in the communication of all knowledge, becomes to them only a means. Thus too the pupil, in this perversion of things, substitutes for the proper object of his exertions, those incentives to emulation which were held up to him merely as a means of awakening his zeal, in order that he might take in the utmost possible quantity of knowledge. The most natural consequence is, that his diligence, once accustomed to these incentives, falls asleep when deprived of them."

With these remarks on the unsuitableness of the incentives employed, others are closely connected. "One boy tasks his powers immoderately. He denies himself rest, both by day and night, that he may at last, powerless and enfeebled, gain the post of honor."

"Another, of equal ambition, seeks artfully to reach the goal by a shorter way. He thinks he has discovered, that the teacher, in assigning the place of honor, does not proceed with strict justice. It is favor, he thinks, which turns the scale. This, then, he seeks to gain, and by means of it the first rank. Too often he succeeds. The trickster even boasts of the means which he has used, if he have but gained thereby the desired result."

"The road once trodden, others enter upon it, more or less cunningly following in his steps. Thus the teacher must necessarily lose respect. The whole school is in danger of becoming gradually demoralized."

"A third has conceived a hatred against his school-fellow. He watches him with Argus' eyes. Every fault is reported to the instructor with malicious joy; that the object of his hatred may be humbled. The law is plain; the teacher must be just."

"The stoical indifference of a fourth to all honors is a proof against every lure. To him, all those wondrous means are without effect. What cares he, whether he sit on the first bench or on the third — if that be all? And — these immoveables are not always the worst characters."

"Another, by arrogance in his high place awakens the envy of his school-fellows. Many unite to effect his degradation. 'Let us but study smartly!' is the cry, 'he must come down.' The poor lad, surmising nothing of the plot, enjoys his good fortune but a short time. Is he vanquished? Then the rivals rest upon their laurels, till a new contest calls their powers into life."

"Are we not in this way in danger of nourishing the first germs of selfishness and malice, of revenge and of envy? Are not all those passions at work in the little world of the school, which distract the world at large? In this way, the scholar loses not only all love for goodness and rectitude, but all respect for his instructor."

The author proceeds to show, that these incentives by no means admit of being applied with strict justice. "The teacher must of necessity be either unjust or partial. The law determines, according to external marks, the cases in which the prize of honor is to be assigned; — to the scholar, for example, whose written exercises shall present the fewest mistakes. The abilities and good intentions of the pupil are not here brought into account; and yet these ought to decide the question. Thus it often happens, that the first in a class owes his place not to himself, that is, not to his diligence and willingness, but to his natural talents; while many who sit below him, laboring with greater diligence, deserve to sit far above him, notwithstanding more mistakes may be found in their exercises. The teacher must judge by these alone, and is consequently unjust. Should he assign the place of honor according to laws psychologically and morally just, he would then seem partial; for he who should have the fewest mistakes, would not always receive the mark of distinction. It is even a possible case, that the last might be first, and the first last. The teacher has thus the alternative, either while he appears entirely impartial to be unjust, or while he is just, to appear partial. It frequently happens, too, that in written exercises, by which the relative rank of the pupil is determined, the scholar of more limited intelligence and less capacity makes fewer mistakes, and thus gains a higher rank, than one of brighter genius. The

latter, in the feeling of his own creative power, cannot so readily and willingly conform himself to mechanical rules. Now and then doubts arise in his mind as to the infallibility of the rule imposed, which he cannot always remove, while the boy of more limited powers walks on in the prescribed path. So long as this remains marked out for him, the latter may frequently triumph over genius. But where new ways are to be opened, or where that which is pointed out leads to cross-paths or by-paths, then only that intellect which relies upon itself will gain the victory." In proof of this some of the most distinguished men (Newton, Linnæus, Schiller, Frederic Henry Jacobi, and Fichte) are adduced, who, so far from being distinguished at school, were placed in a low rank and regarded as having but small capacity. Other men, who in their youth were rewarded with prizes at public examinations, and of whom it seemed reasonable to entertain the highest expectations, have disappeared entirely in public life, or played but an insignificant part. Another proof is thus given that in our schools distinction and encouragement are not awarded to real talent, but conferred, for the most part, quite mechanically, according to external marks.

In real life, in the free, general action of minds, talent rises, while the narrow wisdom of the school, acquired by wrong methods, sinks.

The author now starts the question : By what means is the place of the incentives, acting on self-love, to be supplied ? What is to be done to cause the mind, without external impulse, to exert all its powers in the right direction ?

Pestalozzi, in the opinion of our author, has solved this question by his method. By his theory of instruction and education those means are made superfluous. His method awakens the power of will in the pupil, takes possession of it, and, through this, of all his intellectual powers.

The Pestalozzian school, dispensing with those external incentives to diligence and emulation, and holding them in contempt, does not, as has most unjustly been charged upon it, reject emulation itself ; but it does nothing artificially ; it follows nature, and works in union with her.

This small, but, from its contents, important work deserves the attentive consideration of the instructor and teacher, who makes it a point of conscience to fulfill his noble and important calling. Its subject possesses a high intrinsic interest, which is increased by the manner, in which the author has succeeded in treating it. A man like Mr. Leyendecker, who unites a thorough study of his profession with the experience of many years, who, in the institution over which he presides, has so satisfactorily solved the difficult problem of education, deserves to be heard upon a question, which has such an influence upon moral culture. We have had the gratification of convincing ourselves by personal inspection, that, in the establishment for the instruc-

tion and education of boys, which has for several years made successful progress under the inspection and direction of the author, the principles and rules which he has here treated theoretically, are applied with encouraging success, and approve themselves in practice.

NOTICES OF EMINENT INDIVIDUALS LATELY DECEASED.

RAMMOHUN ROY.

[The following article is from "The Athenæum," for October 5th. The Editor says; "We have been favored with this Sketch by Mr. Sanford Arnot, who was in habits of daily communication with the Rajah for years, both in India and in this country; and acted as his private secretary since his arrival in Europe as Envoy from the King of Delhi. The first part is a letter from the Rajah himself." The letter referred to was published in our last number; and we, therefore, commence with the writing of Mr. Arnot — EDD.]

THE Rajah gave this brief sketch of his life; shortly before he proceeded to France in the autumn of last year (1832). And it may serve to give the public a general idea of his history, until a complete account of his life, character, and opinions be compiled from the memoranda he has left behind him, his published works, and the recollections of his friends. But a few particulars in illustration of the above sketch, by one who was for years in habits of daily confidential communication with him, both before and since his arrival in England, may gratify the rational curiosity of the public, regarding this eminent and truly remarkable man.

His early renunciation of the superstition of his forefathers, having, as he intimates, injured his worldly circumstances, for he was actually disinherited on that ground, he attached himself to official employment under the British government. The little encouragement held out to natives of India, in that capacity, more especially in former times, is well known. The circumstance of his having held a public situation at all, in fact, has often been mentioned by his enemies as a subject of reproach; however, he attained the highest rank any native could possibly hold in that branch of the service, according to the existing laws. He was Dewan, or Head Native Revenue Officer of the district of Rungpoor; and to the practical experience and knowledge of public business he acquired in that office, the public are indebted for most of the valuable information he has afforded to the

British government for the ameliorating of his country by the introduction of an improved Revenue and Judicial System in India. It led also to the formation of a friendship between him and Mr. Digby, (a gentleman in the East India Company's Civil Service, who was in the Revenue department in that quarter,) which had an important influence on his future life. They commenced a course of study together, in Oriental and European languages, (in which they seem to have mutually assisted each other,) which laid the foundation of that extensive knowledge of Western literature, the Rajah ultimately acquired.

The death of relations having enabled the Rajah to retire from active life, he settled in Calcutta, and devoted himself to the cultivation of literature. Sanscrit and Arabic learning he had studied deeply in his youth, and was profoundly versed in its metaphysical subtilties; Persian, the court language of the East, he knew as his mother tongue; he had read and tasted the beauties of its poets, and often recited with enthusiasm the mystic strains of Hafiz, and the fine moral maxims of Sadi. In the cool of the evening while driving round Calcutta under the mild rays of the moon, so ineffably beautiful in that climate, how delightful to hear him repeat the verses of his favorite bards! When the writer knew him in India, he was engaged in publishing a weekly journal in Persian, which he carried on for some years, until discouraged by the laws made against the press in 1823; a measure against which he took a more decided part than, perhaps, he ever took in political affairs, either before or since. For though his principles were liberal, and his love of freedom ardent; yet, having lived all his life under a government constitutionally despotic, he was too deeply impressed with its power to have fortitude to join in open opposition, except in extreme cases, when his feeling of danger was overcome by his sense of duty.

The energy of his mind was then chiefly directed to religion. Here, his talents and activity were displayed in their full vigor. He had long ago rejected the corrupt systems of the Brahmāns, and exposed the pretended revelations of Mohammed; and defied their followers in the field of controversy. He proved, by deep research into the Hindū Scriptures, that the ancient doctrines of the Veds were pure theism; and that in so far they agreed with the religion of the Koran,—whose author, as being the abolisher of the idolatry of the ancient Arabs, he looked upon as one of the greatest men that ever lived, and an eminent benefactor to mankind. The Rajah then directed his attention to the Christian Scriptures, which, to trace them to their source, he studied in the original; the Old Testament with a Jewish Rabbi, and the New, with Christian divines. After long and minute investigation, he came to the conclusion, that they also contained the doctrine of pure theism; and one of his Christian instructors, the Rev. William Adam, a man of talent, learning, and piety, who went over the same ground with him, came to the

same decision, and from having been a Baptist Missionary, became a Unitarian preacher. Thenceforward, the Rajah gave his whole support to the views of this sect. He compiled and printed an abstract of the moral precepts of the gospel, apart from its miracles and doctrines, which he published under the title of "The Precepts of Jesus, a Guide to Peace and Happiness." This drew on him the censure of the Baptist Missionaries, at Serampore, who loudly condemned his Unitarian principles. He thence published a First, Second, and Final Appeal to the Public, in defence of "The Precepts," and of the doctrine of Christian Unitarianism, in reply, rejoinder, and replication to the Missionaries, with a view to establish the position, that the Trinity, Atonement, and some other tenets of the Orthodox divines, are not founded on, or found in, the Scriptures.

During this period the whole powers of his mind were directed to the vindication of the doctrine of the unity of God. In this, he maintained, the sacred books of Hindūs, and Musulmans, Jews, and Christians, agreed; and that all apparent deviations from it were modern corruptions. He propagated it day and night, by word and writing, with the zeal of an apostle and the self-devotion of a martyr. He was ever ready to maintain it against all gain-sayers, from the believer in thirty-three millions of gods to the denier of one: for both extremes are common in the East. The writer remembers finding him at his Garden House, near Calcutta, one evening, about seven o'clock, closing a dispute with one of the followers of Būdh, who denied the existence of a deity. The Rajah had spent the whole day in the controversy without stopping for food, rest, or refreshment, and rejoicing more in confuting one atheist than in triumphing over a hundred idolaters: the credulity of the one he despised; the skepticism of the other he thought pernicious; for he was deeply impressed with the importance of religion to the virtue and happiness of mankind.

We come now to the last stage of his life, his residence in Europe. As, in India, his attention had been mainly devoted to religion, here it was directed to politics. He rather shunned than courted religious controversy, which might, if indulged in, have interfered with his political views. His first respect was shown to the Unitarians; he visited all their places of worship within his reach, and cultivated the acquaintance of their most distinguished leaders. But he by no means confined his attention to one sect. He occasionally joined the congregations of persons of every persuasion, from the Roman Catholic to the Free-thinking Christian, listening to all with the same reverence, or appearance of external respect. He was a most regular attendant, however, on the ministration of the Rev. Dr. A. H. Kenney, of St. Olave's, Southwark, which he called his church. His mind was too expanded to be capable of being confined within the strait waistcoat of any sect. He viewed religion as a philosopher,

and had surveyed all with a critical eye. He rejected the faith of his fathers, because it was at once foolish and degrading, and esteemed the diffusion of Christianity, in a pure form, beneficial to mankind. The great object of his life was to establish a new sect in his native country, of whose creed the key-stone should be the pure doctrine taught alike, he contended, by Mánū and by Moses, by Jesus Christ and by Mohammed, — the doctrine of the unity of the deity, — and amongst his countrymen he has made many converts and followers, comprising among them a large portion of intelligence and respectability, united in a religious society according to the principles he has established. If this party, to whom the advancing liberality of the world seems propitious, keep its ground, and raise a fairer structure on the ruins of the tottering temple of Hinduism, he may be revered in a future age as the founder of a new faith. The books he has (or is supposed to have) written, in some of many languages he knew, may, from time to time, be promulgated, like the chapters of the Koran, to complete the system of which the foundations are now laid.

His political principles were of the most liberal cast; but, partly from policy, that they might not interfere with his more important views of utility as a religious reformer, and partly from a cause already glanced at, — the nature of the government, — his political writings in India were comparatively few. His able tracts against widow-burning were, indeed, exceedingly valuable before the abolition, to which he mainly contributed, of that inhuman practice. Besides these, a tract on the Hindu law of inheritance, and some memorials in favor of a free press in India, which excited much attention when published, he privately submitted many papers to the government abroad for the improvement of its internal administration. On this subject, by far the most valuable work he has left behind him, is his "Remarks on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India," in the form of queries and replies, contained among the Minutes of Evidence laid before Parliament on the India question. He prepared besides, while in England, various able papers or essays on the working of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, against the Salt monopoly in India, &c., which have not been published. The great defect of his political writings, and, indeed, of his character, was a want of firmness to say that which would be unpleasant to individuals or bodies of men. How far this might have arisen from early habit and education, or from timidity of character, from the effect of living under a despotic government, or from too great a regard to popularity, a wish to please all parties, or from a mixture of all these, cannot now be determined. But he was an ardent lover of liberty, and a fervent well-wisher to the political improvement of mankind.

In regard to his literary attainments, he was acquainted more or less with ten languages : Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Hindustani,

Bengali, English, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French. The two first he knew critically, as a scholar; the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth he spoke and wrote fluently; in the eighth, perhaps, his studies or reading did not extend much beyond the originals of the Christian Scriptures; and in the latter two his knowledge was apparently more limited; though, to show his unwearied industry, it may be noticed that he had seriously resumed the study of French in the present year. He has published works in Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Bengali, and English; his most useful labor in regard to the first is his translation of the Veds; and his vernacular tongue, the Bengali, owes to him a well written Grammar, in the English language.

As a social being, few possessed qualities more calculated to inspire respect and love. He was affable in his manners, cheerful and instructive in conversation, equally ready to receive or to communicate knowledge, and scrupulously attentive to the rules of society. Perhaps he rather carried politeness to a fault, and often sacrificed to etiquette both utility and personal comfort. His acquaintance being eagerly courted in Europe, he was oppressed from the moment of his landing in England, with visitors of all ranks and classes; and often by two or three invitations to parties for every day in the week. He with difficulty stole a few hours a day for business; even the Sabbath brought him no rest; for, to please all parties, he had often to attend church two or three times, even when laboring under indisposition. In short, he wanted the courage to say "No"; and this, it is to be feared, contributed to shorten his days. His health had been long declining, from over exertion, although it was excellent in part of the years 1831 and 1832. Since his return from France, in January 1833, both body and mind seemed losing their tone and vigor. He was first confined to his bed on the 17th ultimo, and never rose again from that to the 26th, when he died. For the last two or three days he appeared to have lost almost all consciousness and power of speech, and only expressed thanks for the services rendered him. He was attended in his last moments by (among others) Miss Castles of Stapleton, Bristol, at whose residence he breathed his last, by Mr. Hare, of Bedford Square, London, and his niece, (a family which has discharged the duties of hospitality towards him ever since his arrival in England, with a kindness, delicacy, and entire disinterestedness, which are honorable to the national character,) and by his Indian servants, one of them a Brahman, distantly related to him.

There were three maxims in politics, in ethics, and in religion, which he often repeated; with these I shall sum up this brief sketch of his life and character. The first he expressed in an Arabic sentence, *Insàn abid ul ihsàn*: "Man is the slave of benefits." The second, a couplet from the Anwari Soheili, which will be found in many a fair lady's album: "The enjoyment of the two worlds (this and the next) rests on these two points:

kindness to friends; civility to enemies." And the third, from the philosophic Sadi, — which he often repeated, and often expressed a wish to have inscribed on his tomb :

THE TRUE WAY OF SERVING GOD IS TO DO GOOD TO MAN.

Amen : so let it be : the religious reformer of the Hindūs could not have a more appropriate epitaph.

[We next give the most elaborate biography of Rammohun Roy which we have seen, from "The Asiatic Journal," No. 47. We omit the conclusion, in which there are some statements confuted by Dr. Carpenter, in a pamphlet mentioned in a note below, and some views of the character of the deceased by a different writer from the author of the main body of the article, and one obviously incapable of forming a just estimate of the qualities of such an individual. The same may be said of the writer of the article in "The Court Journal," likewise referred to in the note just mentioned. — EDD.]

BETWIXT Asiatics and the nations which belong to our system of civilization, there is a line of separation so broadly marked, that they seem superficially, in respect to moral as well as physical properties, almost to be of distinct species. When the Siamese ambassadors visited Paris, in the seventeenth century, La Bruyère tells us,* that the inhabitants of that city were as much surprised that their Oriental guests could discourse rationally, and even sensibly, as if they had been monkeys endowed with speech and human action : "forgetting," he observes, "that reason is confined to no particular climate, and that correct thinking may be found in all the branches of the great family of man." The surprise of the Parisians would have been more natural and excusable, had its object been a brahmin of Hindustan, — a solitary example amongst many millions, — who, by his own proper energy, emancipated himself from the tenacious prejudices of his nation and sect, who deeply imbued his mind with European as well as Eastern erudition, and whose intellectual pretensions were not limited to the common qualities of mind which are the property of mankind in the gross, but exalted him to a level with philosophers of the West.

Such was the individual who, after being domiciled amongst us for two years, has recently paid the extreme penalty of his visit to our uncongenial climate, which has unjustly avenged in his person the fate of multitudes of our countrymen who have been sacrificed to an Indian sun, seeing that their temerity was prompted by motives far less benevolent and philanthropical than his.

The sketch we are about to give of the history of this remarkable personage is supplied partly from personal knowledge, and partly from memoranda published and unpublished.†

* Tome II. ch. 12.

† Of the biographical accounts of Rammohun Roy hitherto published, the

Rammohun Roy was descended, as he states, from a long line of brahmins of a high order, who from time immemorial were devoted to the religious duties of their race (that is, they were priests by profession as well as by birth*), down to his fifth progenitor, who, about one hundred and forty years back, in the reign of Aurungzebe, when the empire began to totter, and the hopes of the Hindus to germinate, "gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits and aggrandizement." He and his immediate descendants attached themselves to the Mogul Courts, acquired titles, were admitted to offices, and underwent the customary vicissitudes of the courtier's life; "sometimes," he says, "rising to honor, and sometimes falling; sometimes rich and sometimes poor." The grandfather of Rammohun filled posts of importance at the Court of Moorshedabad, the capital of the Soubah of Bengal, then, probably, the scene of those transactions which ultimately led to the establishment of the British power in India. Experiencing some ill-treatment at court, towards the close of his life, his son, Ramkanth Roy, took up his residence at Radhanagur, in the district of Burdwan, where he had landed property, the patrimony of the family. There the subject of this memoir was born, about the year 1780. His mother, a woman of rigid orthodoxy, was, he tells us, likewise of a brahmin family of high caste, by profession as well as by birth of the sacerdotal class, to the religious duties of which they have always adhered.

This diversity in the views and pursuits of Rammohun Roy's relatives was the cause of his early and careful initiation in Mahomedan as well as Hindoo languages and literature. After receiving the first elements of native education at home, he was, in conformity with the wish of his father and the policy of his paternal relations, sent to Patna, the great school of Mahomedan learning in Bengal, in order that he might acquire the Arabic and Persian languages, a qualification indispensable to all who looked for employment at the courts of the Mahomedan princes. On the other hand, agreeably to the usage of his maternal ancestors, he devoted himself to the study of Sanscrit and the body of Hindoo science contained in that classical tongue, which he

best and most authentic are the following: a memoir of considerable length, inserted in the *Bristol Gazette* of October 2, by the Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter; one in the *Athenæum*, October 5, written by Mr. Sanford Arnot (who acted as his private secretary here), which contains a slight autobiographical sketch by the Rajah himself, in a letter to a friend; another in the *Court Journal* of the same date, by Mr. Montgomery Martin, who, as well as Mr. Arnot, knew him in India. [Dr. Carpenter has since published in a pamphlet, "A Review of the Labors, Opinions, and Character of Rajah Rammohun Roy, in a Discourse on Occasion of his Death, delivered in Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol; a Series of Illustrative Extracts from his Writings; and a Biographical Memoir (the same which was originally published in the 'Bristol Gazette') to which is subjoined an Examination of some derogatory Statements in 'The Asiatic Journal.'"]

* It is a vulgar error to suppose that all brahmins are priests.

pursued not at Benares but at Calcutta,* where he must have come in contact with Europeans, or, at all events, observed their character. All these accidents had, no doubt, a material influence upon his future opinions and conduct.

An understanding like Rammohun's, vigorous, active, inquisitive, which gave early indication of a predilection for the science of reasoning, — a characteristic of the Hindu mind in general, — could scarcely fail to imbibe from his Moslem tutors at Patna some rational notions of religion, and to be invigorated and disciplined by the writings of Aristotle and Euclid, which he studied in Arabic.

Young as he was, his clear intellect soon discerned the folly of those superstitions, by which the pure dogma of the Hindu creed has been clouded and concealed. His learned relatives were unprovided with answers and arguments satisfactory to a mind trained to the discovery of truth by the process of logical induction and geometrical demonstration; and at an age which we should deem premature for so important a decision, he cast off his allegiance to modern Brahminism, though recommended to him by prudential considerations of vast weight, namely, worldly interest, the certainty of provoking, by a secession, the deadly enmity of his relations, and of infringing the almost sacred obligations he owed to a father. "When about the age of sixteen," he says, "I composed a manuscript, calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindus; this, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels."

Having rejected the popular creed of his nation, and having yet acquired no insight into the grand truths of the Christian religion, he had a faith to seek and choose. He proceeded into Tibet, where he resided two or three years, investigating the Bauddha creed, the atheistical doctrines of which could have possessed little attraction for him; and he appears to have been offensively free in his ridicule of the Lama form of Buddhism. He travelled into other parts, chiefly within, but sometimes beyond, the limits of Hindustan, till the age of twenty, when his father consented to recall him home, and restored him to favor: probably through the offices of the female part of his family, of whose soothing kindness, Dr. Carpenter says, he spoke lately, at the distance of forty years, with deep interest, and the sense of which appears to have infused into his demeanor towards the sex, — always refined and delicate, — something which evinced a grateful sentiment.

Hitherto, Rammohun had entertained, he tells us, "a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in

* This is doubtful; he once said he had studied at Benares.

India." This feeling, we know, still secretly prevails in most of the families, Hindu and Mahomedan, who have lost the power, wealth, and influence they derived from their connexion with the native courts. Resuming his studies, on his return home, and beginning to associate with Europeans, he acquired (self-taught) a knowledge of our language, made himself acquainted with our laws and government, and, giving up his prejudices against the English, began to regard them with favor, "feeling assured that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead most speedily and surely to the amelioration of his countrymen."

His father, Ramkanth Roy, died in the year 1210 of the Bengal era (A. D. 1803), leaving another son (Dr. Carpenter says, two other sons,) besides Rammohun, named Jugmohun Roy. One account (that of Dr. Carpenter) states, that Ramkanth divided his property amongst his sons two years before his death; * another authority (Mr. Arnot) says that Rammohun "was actually disinherited." The latter accords with a document of some value upon this point, namely, the answer of Rammohun Roy to a plaint in an action,† instituted against him in the Calcutta Provincial Court, in 1823, by the Raja of Burdwan, Tej Chund, for a balance due from his father on a kistbundy bond, wherein Rammohun's defence was, that, "so far from inheriting the property of his deceased father, he had, during his lifetime, separated himself from him and the rest of the family, in consequence of his altered habits of life and change of opinions;" and that, inheriting no part of his father's property, he was not legally responsible for his father's debts. In his autobiography he says, that, through the influence of his idolatrous relations, "his father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to him." His brother, Jugmohun Roy, died in the year 1811, and, as we find Rammohun, in 1823, admitting, in defence to the suit, that he possessed "property to a considerable amount in the collectorship of Burdwan," and that he had "putnee talooks of high jumas within the rajah's own zemindaree, as well as in the town of Calcutta," we may be allowed to infer, that though the sacrifice of his patrimonial rights was tendered at the shrine of truth and conscience, it was not eventually exacted from him.‡

[* This statement has been corrected by Dr. Carpenter in his pamphlet. Rammohun Roy was disinherited by his father. — EDD.]

† Maharaja Tej Chund v. Rammohun Roy and Gobind Purshaud Roy, 16th June, 1823: claim, amount of a Kistbundee bond, on account of arrears of land-revenue, with interest, Rupees 15,002; verdict for the defendants. Appealed to Sudder Dewanny Adawlut, which affirmed the sentence, condemning the plaintiff in costs of both courts.

[‡ This sentence is not properly expressed; as it seems at first reading, when taken in connexion with what precedes, to imply a heavy imputation on the character of Rammohun Roy, which, it is not to be presumed, was intended. Rammohun Roy had only two brothers, both of whom died before him, and he thus became the head of the family, and, as we suppose, inherited their

The state of his pecuniary circumstances, at this time, led him to seek official employment under the British government, and he entered (an anonymous writer* states, as a clerk) the office of the late Mr. John Digby, collector of Rungpore, in which he soon rose to the post of *dewan*, or head native superintendent, the highest a native can hold. Here he is said to have realized as much money as enabled him to become a zemindar, with an income of £1,000 a year, which is improbable. A better authority† states, that his object in entering this office was to familiarize himself with the English language and sciences, and that a written agreement was signed by Mr. Digby, stipulating that Rammohun should not be kept standing in the presence of the Collector, or receive orders, as a mere Hindu functionary. We are well aware that a strict friendship subsisted between Mr. Digby and Rammohun, and that, till the return of the former to Europe, they cultivated Oriental and European literature in conjunction, mutually aiding each other.

Relieved from the restraint which the fear of wounding a father's feelings imposed upon the free avowal of his religious sentiments, he now, at the age of twenty-four, boldly proclaimed his disbelief in Brahminism, and commenced his efforts to reform his national faith. He resided alternately in the zillahs of Ramgurh, Bhogulpore, and Rungpore, till the year 1814, when he took up his permanent residence at Calcutta,‡ keeping a house at Hooghly in his zemindaree.

The modes in which he assailed the errors and superstitions of his countrymen were by oral controversies with the most learned amongst the brahmins, and by written works, which he was enabled to print at the Serampore press. The fruits of his success in colloquial disputations were evanescent; the results were confined to a small circle, and his foiled antagonists§ took every means of cloaking their mortification by misrepresenting them. But by availing himself of the European art of printing, Rammohun could set their malice at defiance, and the pure motive of his writings led him to disregard pecuniary sacrifices, and to circulate them amongst his countrymen gratuitously. His first published work was entitled "Against the Idolatry of all Nations," written in Persian, with an Arabic preface, designed,

property. Mr. Arnot in the preceding account says: "The death of relations enabled the Rajah to retire from active life." We may further remark, that it does not appear what property Rammohun Roy had himself acquired while engaged in active life. — EDD.]

* In the Times.

† Mr. R. M. Martin.

‡ His house at Calcutta was in the Circular Road, and built in the European style.

§ "The greater part of the brahmins," he says, "as well as of other sects of Hindus, are quite incapable of justifying that idolatry which they practise. When questioned on the subject, in place of adducing reasonable arguments, in support of their conduct, they conceive it fully sufficient to quote their ancestors as positive authority." — *Introduction to the Translation of the Vedant.*

consequently, for the higher classes of Hindus and Musulmans. This was followed by other works, with the same end, in the vernacular languages, which, he says, "raised such a feeling against me, that I was at last deserted by every person, except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful." He was publicly accused of "rashness, self-conceit, arrogance, and impiety;" and amongst other trials of this nature, he had to endure the bitter reproaches of his mother, who, however, before her death, he recently stated, "expressed great sorrow for what had passed, and declared her firm conviction in the unity of God, and the futility of Hindu superstition."

The study of the English language and literature, and above all association with Europeans, naturally attracted him to the study of our Scriptures; for which purpose he acquired Greek, in order that he might read the New Testament in the original tongue. The light he obtained from this study, diffused over the ancient theological writings of his race, enabled him to recognise their pure original dogma,—“the existence of one God, Maker and Preserver of the Universe.” By a sublimizing process, applied by his powers of abstraction and analysis to the Christian and Hindu systems, he brought them into approximation, regarding, with a philosophical eye, the additions to the sublime and simple truth above stated, which both discover in their concrete form, as mere human corruptions. Thus he became a Theist, Monotheist, Unitarian, or Theophilanthropist, according to the fancy of those who endeavoured to class him as a religionist; and even a Christian, so far as a belief in the existence and offices of our Saviour, apart from his divine character, entitles a person to that denomination.

The work by which he made known distinctly his sentiments on this vital point was a "Translation of an Abridgment of the Vedant, or Resolution of the Veds," which appeared first in an English dress at Calcutta, in 1816. Translations and abridgments had been published by him previously, in Hindustanee and Bengalee, and distributed amongst the natives, as he tells us, free of cost. In the Introduction to this work, he states that his objects, in publishing it, were to convince his countrymen of the true meaning of their sacred books, and thereby enable them to "contemplate, with true devotion, the unity and omnipresence of Nature's God;" and to prove to Europeans that "the superstitious practices, which deform the Hindu religion, have nothing to do with the pure spirit of its dictates."

In viewing the course pursued by this great reformer of his nation, we must not lose sight of the influence which *caste* doubtless exercised over his mind and actions. Considered as a social and political distinction merely, unconnected with theological principles, as, in fact, a mark of high hereditary rank, there is nothing surprising, far less criminal, in his vigilant retention of his

caste (its symbol, the *poita*, or distinguishing thread, being found upon his body after death); and when it is recollected that the "loss of caste" entails legal loss of patrimony and utter degradation, amongst Hindus, his scrupulous abstinence from every act that could subject his family to such a penalty was perhaps a measure of sound wisdom, as well as rational prudence. Attempts were made by his enemies to deprive him of his caste, and he was subjected to much expense in the ordeal; but the attempts failed. Those who mixed in social intercourse with Rammohun, in England, must have noticed his solicitude on this head, which sometimes imparted an air of constraint to his behaviour in the eyes of those who could not appreciate its source. How far this consideration may have withheld him from embracing, at the first, with less reservation, the doctrines of Christianity, and always kept him in a middle course, is a question which can be solved only by Him, before whose eye all human hearts are open. It is but justice to Rammohun to observe, that his actions were never known to be otherwise than disinterested.

The *Vedant* was followed by a translation into Bengalee of the principal chapters of the *Véds* or *Védas*, with a view, he says, in the Introduction, of "explaining to his countrymen the real spirit of the Hindu Scriptures, which is but the declaration of the Unity of God." Portions of the *Yajur Véda*, of the *Atharva Véda*, and the *Sáma Véda*, were afterwards translated by him into English, and published at Calcutta in 1816, 1819, and 1823.

The publication of the translations from the *Yajur Véda*, and a statement in a Calcutta paper, that "this eminently learned and indefatigable reformer" had discovered that the doctrine of the Unity of the Godhead was taught in the *Puránas* and *Tantras*, as well as in the *Védas*, led to a controversy, in 1816, between Rammohun and Sankara Sastri, head English master in the College of Fort St. George, who admitted the fact contended for by Rammohun, insisting that the latter had no claim to be considered the "discoverer" of a doctrine known to all. At the same time, he justified the worship of the personified attributes of the Almighty, which he considered to have distinct existence. One of his arguments is not much unlike that employed to defend the Roman Catholic worship of Saints: "If a person be desirous to visit an earthly prince, he ought to be introduced, in the first instance, by his ministers, but not of himself to rush in upon him at once, regardless of offending him. Should a man wish to ascend a flight of stairs, he ought to proceed step by step, and not to leap up several at a time, so as to endanger the wounding of his legs. In like manner, the grace of God ought to be obtained by degrees, through the worship of his attributes."

Rammohun, in his reply, disclaims the titles of "reformer" and "discoverer," justly remarking, that he was commonly stigmatized as an "innovator"; and with respect to the Divine Attributes, he shows that the doctrine of their distinct existence

is repugnant to the *Védas*, and that the worship of them would lead obviously to dangerous consequences. Soon after, he was called into the field of controversy by an attack upon his hypothesis by a learned brahmin of Calcutta, in a letter printed in Bengalee and English, to which Rammohun Roy replied by a "Second Defence of the Monotheistic System of the Vedas," published in the same languages. These assaults served to promote his ends, and to fortify his arguments.

The admiration which the writings of Rammohun now began to excite in Europe as well as India (for he and his works were at this time extensively known in France) was not limited to the justness of the reasoning, the soundness of the reflections, and the general good sense which pervaded them; his correct English style was a subject of astonishment to those who knew with what difficulty even a native of foreign Europe acquires a critical knowledge of its niceties. Upon this point, however, we shall have something to say by and by.

As his reading enlarged, he was enabled to justify to himself more satisfactorily the conclusions at which he had arrived. He was not driven from the simplicity of his theory, even by the fascinating philosophy of the Greeks and Romans. He attributed the success of the gospel over the doctrines of Plato (says a gentleman who knew him well), and the lasting influence of Christianity, whilst the philosophy of the wisest of the ancients is comparatively a dead letter, to the circumstance of the precepts of Jesus claiming a divine sanction, whilst other systems of morality profess to emanate from man.

In 1820, after having acquired the Hebrew, and matured the fruits of his researches in his own as well as our Scriptural books, studying the Old Testament with a Jewish rabbi and the New with Christian divines, he published (anonymously), in English Sanscrit, and Bengalee, his celebrated work, "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness," which consists of selections from the Gospels, principally the first three. In this work, all passages which are made the basis of sectarian divisions or of distinctive doctrines, and most of the allusions to miracles, are omitted, the preceptive part being, in his opinion, best adapted "to improve the hearts and minds of men of different persuasions and degrees of understanding." In the Preface to this work, he speaks of the Gospels in the following terms: "This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate men's ideas to high and liberal notions of one God, who has equally subjected all living creatures, without distinction of caste, rank, or wealth, to change, disappointment, pain, and death, and has equally admitted all to be partakers of the bountiful mercies which he has lavished over nature, and is also so well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves, and to society, that I cannot but hope the best effects from its promulgation in the present form."

This publication brought upon him an attack far more serious than any which his countrymen could offer. In the *Friend of India*, published by the Serampore Missionaries, the Unitarian character of the work was severely animadverted upon, and its compiler was termed "a heathen." Rammohun replied, under the signature of "A Friend to Truth," in an Appeal to the Christian Public in defence of his work, wherein he contends that a collection of the precepts only of the Gospel was best adapted to recommend it to the natives of India, two-fifths of whom were Musulmans, believers in one God; and he endeavours to show the reasonableness of the Unitarian doctrine, and that those of the Trinity and Atonement are not consonant with the Scriptures. This led to a reply from Dr. Marshman, and to a Second Appeal, in Rammohun's own name, which discloses what may be regarded as his confession of faith, which is as follows: "That the Omnipotent God, who is the only proper object of religious veneration, is one and undivided in person; that, in reliance on numerous promises found in the sacred writings, we ought to entertain every hope of enjoying the blessings of pardon from the merciful Father, through repentance, which is declared the only means of procuring forgiveness for our failures; and that he leads such as worship him in spirit to righteous conduct, and ultimately to salvation, through his guiding influence, which is called the Holy Spirit, given as the consequence of their sincere prayer and supplication." Of our Saviour he speaks as "the Christ of God"; he says he places "implicit confidence in his veracity, candor, and perfection"; he represents him as "a Being in whom dwelt all truth, and who was sent with a divine law to guide mankind by his preaching and example; as receiving from the Father the commission to come into the world for the salvation of mankind; as judging the world by the wisdom of God, and as being empowered to perform wonderful works." He considers his nature as subordinate, and that he received all the power which he manifested from the Father; that he was, however, "superior to the Angels in Heaven, living from the beginning of the world to eternity; and he believes that the Father created all things by him and for him;" and he dwells with great satisfaction on the conclusion to which the Gospel had led him, that the unity existing between the Father and himself is "a subsisting concord of will and design, such as existed among his apostles, and not identity of being." *

Of the force of argument, by which he supported his Unitarian creed, some estimate may be formed from the singular fact, that one of the Baptist Missionaries of Serampore (Mr. William Adam) was actually converted by Rammohun, and is now a Unitarian.

* The first two Appeals were printed at the Serampore press; but the proprietor of that press refused to print the Final Appeal, whereupon Rammohun Roy purchased type, and set up "the Unitarian Press, Dhurmtollah," where he printed his Appeal, chiefly with native aid only.

The intrinsic sublimity and simplicity of this doctrine of the Unity of the Deity, and the conviction that all the great teachers of mankind, Moses, Menu, Christ, and Mahomet, inculcated no other, recommended it more and more to a mind like his, and increased his zeal to propagate it. He courted opportunities for dispute with Pagans, — Hindus and Bauddhas, — and with Deists as well as Trinitarian Christians; his pen was not idle, and in the course of a few years he made many converts amongst his own countrymen. One of our authorities * states, that "the great object of his life was to establish a new sect in his native country, the basis of whose creed was to be the Unity of God." It is certain, that, in conjunction with some whom he had brought over to his views (amongst others, that respectable and liberal-minded man, Dwarkanath Tagore), he held meetings, and established a system of worship, which consisted of reading monotheistic writings, music, and singing hymns or songs inculcating the Unity of the Deity. The forms resembled those in our Unitarian chapels: first, a hymn; then a prayer, followed by a portion of a monotheistic scripture; then another hymn; after which a sermon or lecture.†

A part of his plan for correcting the errors of his countrymen, and disseminating the doctrine he had adopted, was the establishment of schools, at his own expense, with the aid of a few liberal and philanthropic individuals. The pupils of Rammohun's school at Calcutta are likely to swell the sect of seceders from Brahminism, which now comprehends a considerable number of the rising generation of baboos.

Another auxiliary part of his scheme was availing himself of the periodical press, the efficacy of which, in the propagation of truth, he could well appreciate. He was, at different times, the proprietor or publisher of newspapers in the native languages, one of which, the *Caumoodi* (set up by him in opposition to the Brahminical *Chundrika*), is now edited by his son, Radhaprasad Roy. In 1829, he became, in conjunction with Dwarkanath Tagore and Neel Rutton Holdar, a proprietor of an English newspaper, the *Bengal Herald*, and was obliged, as such, to plead guilty in the Supreme Court of Calcutta to a libel on an attorney.‡ This paper was soon after discontinued.

* Mr. Arnot.

† The institution which he and his party established, in 1828, at a house in the Chitpoor Road, is named the *Bhurma Sabha*. The meetings are held there on Saturday evenings; the service consists in preaching from the *Vedant* (in the vernacular Bengalee), and singing psalms in praise of the One True God. Christians and persons of every persuasion are admitted, and wavering orthodox Hindus (as the idolaters are termed) sometimes visit the meetings, and ask questions of the pundits of the institution. Gifts are sometimes given to the brahmins there. A regular chapel was built in 1829, on ground purchased by some wealthy Hindus, "for the worship and adoration of the eternal, unsearchable, and immutable Being, who is the author and preserver of the universe." See the curious trust-deed, *Asiatic Journal*, N. S. Vol. II. p. 141.

‡ *Asiatic Journal*, N. S. Vol. I. pp. 106 and 123.

His connexion with the periodical press brought him, of course, into communication with the conductors of what was termed the liberal press of Calcutta, then struggling for dangerous power. The candid and ingenuous mind of Rammohun Roy did not see, in the attempts of these liberals, a project to lift themselves into notoriety, eminence, and influence, at the expense of order and public security; he deemed them coadjutors with himself in the work of reform he was urging onward. Accordingly, when the ordinance for registering the Calcutta press was issued, in 1823, he joined five other native gentlemen in a memorial (understood to have been from his pen) to the sole acting judge of the Supreme Court, praying him not to register the Regulation.* We are assured he lived to acknowledge the propriety of the measure he then condemned.

One of the great practical abuses against which Rammohun Roy early directed his assault, was the practice of suttee. Prior to the death of his father, he openly denounced this barbarous rite, and in 1810 he published, in Bengalee, for general circulation, a little tract, entitled "Conference between an Advocate for, and an Opponent of, the Practice of Burning Widows alive;" and two years after, a second "Conference." The irresistible arguments contained in these little works silently prepared the way for the safe prohibition by government of this disgraceful custom.

It is worthy of remark, however, that Rammohun Roy was long averse to the authoritative abolition of suttees. In the Minute of Lord William Bentinck,† proposing the regulation for that purpose, after referring to the opinion of Mr. H. H. Wilson, that the attempt to put down the practice would inspire extensive dissatisfaction, his Lordship observes: "I must acknowledge that a similar opinion, as to the probable excitation of a deep distrust of our future intentions, was mentioned to me in conversation by that enlightened native, Rammohun Roy, a warm advocate for the abolition of suttees, and of all other superstitions and corruptions engrafted on the Hindu religion, which he considers originally to have been a pure deism. It was his opinion that the practice might be suppressed, quietly and unobservedly, by increasing the difficulties, and by the indirect agency of the police. He apprehended that any public enactment would give rise to general apprehension; that the reasoning would be 'while the English were contending for power, they deemed it politic to allow universal toleration, and to respect our religion; but, having obtained the supremacy, their first act is a violation of their professions, and the next will probably be, like the Mahomedan conquerors, to force upon us their own religion.'"

* See the Memorial, *Asiatic Journal*, Vol. XVI. p. 581.

† Beng. Crim. Jud. Cons. 4th December, 1829.

When the resolution, however, was taken, and a remonstrance was got up by the anti-abolitionists, Rammohun Roy, in spite of threatened privation of caste, and even personal outrage, was one of the deputation who presented an address to Lord William Bentinck, expressive of native gratitude for this "everlasting obligation" conferred on the Hindu community.

To the indefatigable endeavours of Rammohun to extinguish this and other deformities of the Brahminical system, must be partly ascribed, amongst other effects, the hostility of the late Rajah of Burdwan, one of his father's intimate friends, a powerful zemindar, distinguished for his bigotry as well as his immense wealth.* Rammohun's daughter's son, Gooroodas Mookerjeea, was dewan to Purtab Chunder, only son of the Rajah of Burdwan; the young Rajah died, and Rammohun's grandson acted as vakeel on behalf of the ranees, the wives of the deceased, against his father, in vindicating their rights in the courts. Tej Chund, the Rajah of Burdwan, it would appear, attributed this proceeding to the advice of Rammohun, on account of the religious differences subsisting between them; and the suit, to which we have already alluded, which was instituted by the Rajah, in 1823, to recover the pretended balance of a bond given by the father of Rammohun, is expressly ascribed by the latter to personal resentment.

This enlightened Hindu had entertained for some years a desire to visit Europe. The occupations in which he was engaged, with the view of diffusing his theological opinions, and reclaiming his countrymen from their idolatrous tenets and practices, and more particularly the suit with the Rajah of Burdwan and other proceedings connected with his caste, prevented the fulfilment of this desire. Towards the latter end of the year 1830, however, events conspired to favor his design. His suit was brought to a close in the Provincial Court; he had triumphed over the interested hostility of the idolaters; his party was increasing, and included some members of his own family; the suttee practice was abolished, and he was urged to be the bearer of a petition to the British Government at home, intended to counteract the efforts of the supporters of the rite to procure the repeal of the Regulation of 1830, by the King in Council.† Above all, the discussions respecting the future government of India had commenced, and both India and England (whose subject he was) had claims upon that practical knowledge and information regarding the most important points in this question, which none could be so capable of affording as he was. To these powerful considerations was added another.

For a few years past, the court of Delhi has evinced much dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Indian Government, in relation to certain alleged pecuniary claims. The Emperor considered

* He was the richest subject in British India. He died 16th August, 1832.

† See *Asiatic Journal*, Vol. V. p. 21.

himself entitled to a large increase of allowance, owing to a favorable bargain made by the Company with his Majesty, in respect to lands in the vicinity of Delhi, assigned for the maintenance of the palace, which, under the Company's management, yielded a revenue much larger in amount than the Delhi ministers could realize for their master's treasury. To this surplus, or a portion of it, the Emperor laid claim. The matter had been fully considered at home (by the Board of Control as well as the Court of Directors), and it was determined that the Mogul received all that he agreed to accept, and all that he was entitled to, in law or equity. The necessities of the Emperor, however, determined him to try the experiment of an appeal to the King of England; and, in the year 1829, he made overtures to Rammohun Roy, proposing that he should proceed to England, as the Mogul's ambassador or envoy, with full powers to manage the negotiation, or rather appeal, in the name of the nominal emperor of Hindustan, who conferred upon Rammohun the title of "Rajah." The selection evinced great judgment on the part of the Court of Delhi. No individual could have conducted the affair better, and there was no impropriety or informality in conferring the office of ambassador upon a Hindu, the descendant of a family heretofore connected with the Musulman Courts of India. The Supreme Government of India, to which Rammohun communicated the fact of his appointment, refused to recognise his character of envoy or his title (though he has been invariably treated by the Indian authorities with much attention), both being conferred, if not in defiance, at least without consulting the wishes, of the British government. Official documents were applied for; these, we believe, were refused, and some are said to have been procured surreptitiously from the government officers.*

The announcement of his intention of going to Europe by sea (he at first intended to travel over land) excited much speculation amongst his countrymen. Interest, vanity, a desire to be gazed at, even an inclination to taste the supposed luxuries of Europe, were assigned by his enemies as the real motive of a resolution which they could not ascribe to laudable curiosity or disinterested philanthropy. Those Europeans who resided at Calcutta in the months of October and November, 1830, must remember how much the matter was talked of there. On the 15th of the last mentioned month, Rajah Rammohun Roy, with his son Ram Roy, left his native land, in the *Albion*, bound for Liverpool. He took with him his own servants, in order that there might be no impediment, on the passage or in England, to his conforming to the rules of his caste, which was not violated, he contended, by such a journey. The vessel touched at the Cape (in January), and arriv-

* See a somewhat ludicrous account (mixed, no doubt, with a good deal of party misrepresentation) of the circumstances attending this embassy, in the *Asiatic Journal* for August, 1830, Vol. II. N. S. p. 201.

ed, on the 8th of April, 1831, at Liverpool, where Rammohun Roy landed the same day, and set off for London.

His arrival in London, where he was well known by fame, excited much interest. It was a critical period, too, when the nation was wrought into a state of political ecstasy on the subject of the Reform Bill. His official character brought him at once into communication with the ministers, who recognised his embassy and his title, and by this means, as well as by the intrinsic recommendations of his fame and character, he mixed with the highest circles. The Court of Directors of the East-India Company, though they did not recede from their determination, treated him with honor. He was entertained at a dinner, on the 6th of July, in the name of the Company, at the City of London tavern. In September he was presented to the King.

It was not long before his advice was sought by the government on topics connected with the future government of his native country. He accordingly drew up those admirable replies to queries on the Revenue and Judicial Systems of India, which evince great observation, reflection, and caution. Our readers have had these valuable papers before them in the pages of this Journal;* and it is to be remarked, that, though they breathe throughout a wish to ameliorate the condition of the natives of India, they in no particular bear out the vulgar calumnies vented against the system of East-India administration; on the contrary, the writer does ample justice to the good intentions of the government and to the ability of the instruments it employs.

He soon became so well known amongst those who mingled in good society, that, perhaps, no foreigner of rank, who has resided with us for an equal length of time, was ever more so. His inclination, nay his object in coming to Europe, led him into every kind of assemblage, religious, political, literary, social; in Churches, at the Court, at the Senate, in private parties and conversaziones; and the amenity of his manners, his pleasing person and engaging demeanour, conciliated the esteem and admiration of every one. All were astonished at the familiarity which he discovered with every topic connected with our political institutions, our manners, and our religious opinions; at the English turn of his thoughts and sentiments, as well as of his colloquial style. Amongst the female sex, he was an especial favorite; his fine person, and soft, expressive features, the air of deferential respect with which he treated them, so repugnant to the ideas ordinarily entertained in Europe of Asiatic manners, and the delicate incense of his compliment, perfumed occasionally with the fragrance of Oriental poetry, in which he was well versed, made a strong impression in his favor. Latterly, the circle of acquaintance became inconveniently large, and his domestic retirement was much encroached upon by those who had acquired the privilege of calling themselves his friends.

* *Asiatic Journal*, Vols. VII. p. 220; VIII. pp. 36, 227, and 309.

From these transient and occasional glimpses of the Rajah, however, no just estimate of his character or sentiments could be formed. Conclusions, indeed, but very inaccurate ones, have been drawn from his presence at particular places of religious worship, from hasty opinions expressed by him upon political topics, from answers given to leading questions not well understood, and from remarks extorted by systematic and persevering inquiries, which his natural temperament and the forms of politeness in the East (where there are modes of conveying a civil negative by an affirmative) prevented him from checking. He was, indeed, by no means deficient in the firmness requisite to deal with an adversary who defied him to the arena of argument, in which his great resources of memory and observation, his vigor and quickness of mind, his logical acuteness, with no small share of wit, commonly brought him off victorious.

He was less willing, while in England, to discuss religious topics than most others. The reason is apparent. His creed was an unpopular one, and a frank declaration of his sentiments on particular points would have shocked Trinitarians. He observed, too, with pain, the fierceness of sectarian zeal in this country, of which, of course, he had had but little experience in India. "One of the first sentiments he expressed to me, on his arrival in the metropolis," says Mr. Aspland,* "was his astonishment to find such bigotry amongst the majority of Christians towards the Unitarians."

In the autumn of last year he visited France, where he was received with the highest consideration. Literary, as well as political men, strove to testify their respect for their extraordinary guest. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, with whom he had the honor of dining more than once, and our brahmin spoke in warm terms of the king's condescension and kindness.

In January last, he returned from France, to the hospitable mansion of Messrs. John and Joseph Hare, in Bedford-square (the brothers of Mr. Hare of Calcutta, the intimate friend of Rammohun, and a warm auxiliary in his benevolent designs for ameliorating the moral condition of the Hindus), where he had resided almost since his first arrival in England. He returned, however, in ill health. He had suffered from bilious attacks, to which he was constitutionally subject, and which were aggravated by the climate of Europe, producing a slight affection of the lungs. Mr. Arnot says, that, after his return from Paris, "both mind and body seemed losing their tone and vigor." In this state, he went to Bristol, in the early part of September, to spend a few weeks with Miss Castles, at Stapleton-grove, intending to proceed from thence into Devonshire, there to pass the winter. On the 18th September, about ten days after his arrival at Bristol, he was taken ill, not, it was at first supposed, seriously. Next

* Sermon on the death of Rammohun Roy, p. 24.

day, however, Mr. Estlin, a friend, having called to see him, found the symptoms were those of fever. Medicine relieved him, but his tongue continued dry and glazed, and his frequent pulse and incessant restlessness indicated serious derangement. On the 21st he was attended by Dr. Prichard, and on the 23d by Dr. Carrick. The head seemed a seat of the disease, though the patient complained chiefly of the stomach.

"His indisposition," says Dr. Carpenter, "experienced but a temporary check from the remedies; severe spasms, with paralysis of the left arm and leg, came on during the 26th, and he fell into a state of stupor in the afternoon of that day, from which he never revived; but breathed his last at twenty-five minutes after two, A. M., on the 27th of September. His son, Rajah Ram Roy, and two Hindu servants, with several attached friends who had watched over him from the first day of his illness, were with him when he expired. Mr. Hare, under whose roof the rajah had for two years lived, was also with him during the greater part of his illness; and Mr. Hare's niece, who was well acquainted with his habits, and possessed his full confidence and strong regard, attended upon him day and night, with a degree of earnest and affectionate solicitude, well deserving the epithet of filial. He repeatedly acknowledged, during his illness, his sense of the kindness of all around him, and in strong language expressed the confidence he felt in his medical advisers. He conversed very little during his illness, but was observed to be often engaged in prayer. He told his son and those around him that he should not recover."

On an examination of the body, the brain was found to be inflamed, containing some fluid, and covered with a kind of purulent effusion; its membrane also adhered to the skull, the result, probably, of previously existing disease; the thoracic and abdominal viscera were healthy. The case appeared to be one of fever, producing great prostration of the vital powers, and accompanied by inflammation of the brain.

Such was the rapid termination of a life, from the continuance of which so much benefit had been prognosticated to England and to India, in their mutual relations.

Rammohun Roy has left in India a wife, from whom he has been separated (on what account we know not) for some years, and two sons. The son who accompanied him to Europe is said* to be an adopted child.

A short time before his death, he had brought his negotiations with the British Government, on behalf of the king of Delhi, to a successful close, by a compromise with the Ministers of the Crown, which will add £30,000 a-year to the stipend of the Mogul, and, of course, make a proportionate reduction in the Indian

* By Mr. Martin.

revenue. The deceased ambassador had a contingent interest in this large addition to the ample allowance of the Mogul pageant, and his heirs, it is said, will gain from it a perpetual income of £3,000 or £4,000 a year. He intended to return to India next year, *via* Turkey, Russia, and Persia.

The person of Rammohun Roy was, as we have already observed, a very fine one. He was nearly six feet high; his limbs were robust and well-proportioned, though latterly, either through age or increase of bulk, he appeared rather unwieldy and inactive. His face was beautiful; the features large and manly, the forehead lofty and expanded, the eyes dark and animated, the nose finely curved and of due proportion, the lips full, and the general expression of the countenance that of intelligence and benignity.*

[In one of the paragraphs which we have omitted it is said; "The writings of Rammohun Roy were generally, to some extent, the composition of others." * * * * "As he was exceedingly ambitious of literary fame, he took care, both in Europe and India, to obtain the best assistance he could get, both European and native. His works, therefore, do not afford an absolute criterion of his talents, though these were without doubt very considerable." This charge is fully confuted by Dr. Carpenter in his pamphlet, pp. 128-134. It was at one time circulated in this country; and we have seen autograph letters, written in consequence of it by the different gentlemen in Calcutta, who had been named as his coadjutors, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Adam, and others, decisively, and some of them indignantly, disavowing the having afforded him any such assistance as is implied in the sentences above quoted. — Among the matter which we have omitted by the second writer of the article in "The Asiatic Journal," the following passage deserves preservation.]

As he advanced in age, he became more strongly impressed with the importance of religion to the welfare of society, and the pernicious effects of skepticism. In his younger years, his mind had been deeply struck with the evils of believing too much, and against that he directed all his energies: but, in his latter days, he began to feel that there was as much, if not greater, danger in the tendency to believe too little. He often deplored the existence of a party which had sprung up in Calcutta, composed principally of imprudent young men, some of them possessing talent, who had avowed themselves skeptics in the widest

* The best portrait of him extant is a full-sized one by Briggs. It is a good picture as well as an admirable likeness; but the deceased always felt an unaccountable aversion to it. Perhaps it did not flatter him sufficiently in respect to complexion, a point on which he was very sensitive. There is also a miniature by Newton, and a bust by Clarke. Dr. Carpenter states that a cast for a bust was taken a few hours after his death.

sense of the term. He described it as partly composed of East-Indians, partly of the Hindu youth, who, from education, had learnt to reject their own faith without substituting any other. These he thought more debased than the most bigoted Hindu, and their principles the bane of all morality.

This strong aversion to infidelity was by no means diminished during his visit to England and France; on the contrary, the more he mingled with society in Europe, the more strongly he became persuaded that religious belief is the only sure groundwork of virtue. "If I were to settle with my family in Europe," he used to say, "I would never introduce them to any but religious persons, and from amongst them only would I select my friends: amongst them I find such kindness and friendship, that I feel as if surrounded by my own kindred."

[The writer, however, from whom we have last quoted, says: "But to show that he himself was a Unitarian, or a Christian, in any particular form, would require a distinct species of evidence, which his works do not furnish: they assuredly do not contain any declaration to that effect; and viewing him in his true character, that of a religious utilitarian, his support of any particular system cannot be construed into a profession of faith."

What is implied, perhaps, here and in some other expressions of the same writer, is affirmed more broadly and offensively in the article in "The Court Journal." "It is quite ridiculous," it is said, "to witness the avidity with which the *Unitarians* and *Trinitarians* in England contend for the honor of this highly gifted man, having renounced the idolatry of his countrymen for their sect. The fact is, Rammohun Roy was a Lutheran with the churchman, a Unitarian with Dr. Carpenter, a follower of Moses and the Prophets with the Jews, a *pure Hindoo*, or rather Buddhist with a few of his countrymen, and a good Mussulman with the disciples of Mahomet. He had no faith in creeds, and having renounced the adoration of a million of Deities in Hindooism, because contrary to reason, he was not likely to be a believer in the Trinity, the doctrines of which are inscrutable to mortal ken. His deism was at times what some might term pure;—latterly he became lost in ideas of the future, the transmigration of the soul was predominating, and

‘ shadows, clouds, and darkness,’

rested on eternity."

All this we believe to be incorrect. The question, whether Rammohun Roy were a Christian in the proper sense of the words, we do regard as one of much interest; and we rejoice that it may be considered as settled by the evidence which Dr. Carpenter adduces in his pamphlet. To have found that he was not a Christian would not have surprised us, nor detracted from the estimate which we had formed of his worth. Even with his high intellectual

powers and admirable virtues, he had been exposed to such unfavorable influences of different kinds, adapted to prevent him from estimating the evidences of Christianity as they are estimated by an enlightened Christian, that it seemed scarcely possible that he should have felt their force. It is, therefore, with a new view of his mental and moral superiority, and with increased confidence, if possible, in the strength of the evidences of our religion, that we learn that he was a Christian. Dr. Carpenter says in his Discourse, "I am in the recollection of several residents in this city or its neighbourhood, of the first respectability for character and intellectual attainments, and of various religious persuasions, when I say, that less than a week before his last illness began, he expressed his belief in the divine origin of our Lord's instructions, in his miracles, and in his resurrection from the dead. On this great fact, indeed, he declared that his own expectation of a resurrection rested. 'If I did not believe in the resurrection of Christ,' were his emphatic words, 'I should not believe in my own.'" On this passage the following very interesting note is given in the Appendix. We need hardly say that the name of Foster, the author of the Essays, is as well known and as highly respected in this country as in his own.]

- "After I had decided to print the foregoing Discourse, I wrote the following Note to the Rev. John Foster, whose religious sentiments, I was well aware, would, in the estimation of many, give a superior sanction to *his* testimony; and whose uprightness of mind, in connexion with his well-known acuteness of discernment and the profoundly reflective character of his understanding, would, I well knew, secure that testimony a ready reception in the judgment of all who know how to appreciate him and his writings.

‘ TO THE REV. JOHN FOSTER, STAPLETON.

Great George Street, 12th Oct. 1833.

‘ DEAR SIR, — You cannot have forgotten the remarkable conversation at Stapleton Grove, on the 11th ult. principally between Dr. Jerrard and the Rajah, on the subject of the extent and reasons of the Christian belief of the latter. May I solicit your opinion as to the correctness of the following position, — that the Rajah's declarations at that time authorize the conviction that he believed in the divine authority of Christ, though he rested *this* belief on internal evidence; and that he believed in the resurrection of Christ.

‘ May I further ask, if any thing that passed elsewhere in your hearing threw any doubt into your mind whether he believed in the divine authority of Christ ?

‘ If you deem the position correct, and answer the inquiry in the negative, may I, *to that extent*, speak of you as among others at the conversation to which I refer ?

‘ I am, &c.

LANT CARPENTER.’

"To this I received the following reply, which must set the question at rest. For the fulness of its statement, and for the permission to employ it, I feel greatly obliged to Mr. Foster, as will also many other friends of the Rajah.

' TO THE REV. DR. CARPENTER.

Stapleton, Oct. 14th.

' DEAR SIR, — My memory is so very defective that I have no doubt your own, and that of each of the gentlemen of the party at Stapleton Grove, will have more faithfully retained many particulars of the conversation with that most interesting person, the Rajah Rammohun Roy. I cannot recollect whether, in replying, with promptitude and the utmost apparent frankness, to the respectful inquiries concerning his religious opinions, he expressed in so many exact words his "belief in the divine authority of Christ." But it was virtually such a declaration when he avowed, as he did unequivocally, his belief in the resurrection of Christ, and in the Christian miracles generally. At the same time he said that the *internal* evidence of Christianity had been the most decisive of his conviction. And he gave his opinion, with some reasons for it, that the miracles are not the part of the Christian evidence the best adapted to the conviction of skeptics.

' This led one of the gentlemen to observe, that surely the skeptics must admit, that, if the miracles recorded were real facts, they must be irrefragable proof of the truth of what they were wrought to attest; and that in so serious an affair, the skeptics are under a solemn obligation to examine faithfully the evidence that they were actually wrought, which if they did, they would find that evidence decisive.

' The Rajah instantly assented to this; but I thought I perceived by his manner, that he had a slight surmise that the observation might possibly be meant to bear on *himself*, with some implication of a doubt, in consequence of what he had said of the inferior efficacy of the proof from miracles, whether *he* had an *entire* conviction of those recorded miracles; for he said very pointedly, that any argument on that subject was quite superfluous as to *him*, for that he did believe in their reality.

' It was of skeptics generally that he spoke; but I thought it probable, (from recollection of something in one of his writings,) that he had especially in his mind the *Hindoo* skeptics, whose imaginations have been so familiarized with the enormous prodigies of the Brahminical Mythology, that, in spite of their rejecting them as monstrous fables, they retain an exaggeration of ideas, an incapacity of apprehending the true proportions of things, which will not allow them to see any thing great and impressive in the far less prodigious wonders of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures: besides that their revolt from the belief of the fabulous miracles creates in them a tendency, unchecked by any due strength and discrimination of reason, to reject all others.

' In the conversation with the Rajah in a party, who had the grati-

fication of meeting him a few days later, there was not any distinct reference to his religious opinions. It turned on the moral and political state and prospects of India; and on an elucidation, at great length, of certain dogmas of the Indian philosophers.

'If these few sentences can be of the smallest use to you in any statement you may have to make or maintain respecting the Rajah's professions on the subject of religion, they are quite at your service for that purpose.

'I am, &c.

J. FOSTER.'

"I addressed inquiries, in the same terms with the first series in the note to Mr. Foster, to Dr. Jerrard, the able and intelligent Principal of Bristol College. Very pressing claims on his time and attention obliged him repeatedly to postpone the execution of his purpose to give me a full reply; which I knew would be to the same effect with that of Mr. Foster; and at last he found it necessary to satisfy himself with sending me the following brief answer to my questions, which he has authorized me to employ in any way I judged proper.

'1. The Rajah Rammohun Roy expressed his belief in the divine authority of Jesus Christ, as an inspired teacher of righteousness, and an accredited teacher from God.

'2. He explicitly declared that he believed in the miracles of Christ generally, and particularly in his resurrection, which he said was the foundation of the Christian faith, and the great fact on which he rested his own hopes of a resurrection.' "

INTELLIGENCE.

Widow of Belzoni.

The following account of the widow of the celebrated Belzoni is given in the *Athenæum*, No. 312, as an extract from a letter of Lady Morgan to the editor.

"Brussels, Oct. 20, 1833. Hotel de Flandres.

"Brussels is at this moment the house of refuge for the exiled worth of all nations. Here, at least, (in Scriptural language,) 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Here the distant despot loses his hold, and the oppressed patriot breathes freely among a free people, while waiting for his moment of justice and retribution. Among the sterner grievances of national adversity, private wrongs and individual misfortune find here, too, shelter, if not redress, and sympathy, if not restitution. The unfortunate widow of the unfortunate and heroic Belzoni is wearing out a penurious existence here, having nearly exhausted the last fraction of the miserable subscription raised for her, by a few benevolent persons, some years since. I was much gratified by her calling on me, and went immediately to visit her. I found her occupying a little back room, on the second floor of a small house in the dreary suburb of the

glacis. Her only window commanded a view of the red-tiled roofs of the city of Brussels; and beyond, an illimitable prospect of its environs. The disconsolate companion of the most heroic of all modern travellers was still in faded weeds, and intently occupied in reading from a very fine folio Bible. A large coffin, covered with hieroglyphics, stood open and upright before her; — it contained the most perfect mummy perhaps in existence. The walls and floor of her little room were covered with fragments, drawings, and objects of Egyptian antiquity; on the table were several relics, deemed holy, in holy land, which once would have been purchased by the diadem of royal saints and imperial pilgrims, but which now derived their chief value in the eyes of their *triste* possessor, as memorials of that all-enterprising mind, whose researches extended into the womb of time, and rescued from oblivion evidences of many of the great and successive events which marked its passage to eternity.

“Mrs. Belzoni received me with the grace which always goes with strong feeling, but was evidently both affected and surprised by my visit. She said she had thought herself beyond the reach of sympathy or notice, — that she had only called on me as a mark of respect, because Belzoni, in their last journey over the Alps, had read part of my ‘Italy’ to her, — and that all that was connected with *his* predilections, *his* pursuits, were, to her, solemn circumstances which she loved to commemorate. As my visit was not one of idle curiosity, I entered at once on the motive of my mission, — the hope of being useful to her by raising a subscription, either at Brussels, or on my return to England; but I found it difficult to keep her attention fixed to her own destitute position; her mind continually wandered to the unmerited misfortunes and unrequited services of Belzoni. She said she wanted nothing but the means of leaving Europe, and laying herself down in the tomb ‘under the shade of *the avasma*’ at Gato.* She wept passionately, and instead of expatiating on her own distresses, talked only of Belzoni’s virtues, his services and sacrifices. She alluded to some dark intrigue carried on by some once powerful individual, to obstruct his efforts, and blast his honest fame; and which finally was the cause of his untimely death. She did not utter one word against that administration which so largely benefited by the glory of his researches, without advancing one guinea in aid of his splendid, his stupendous exertions; she was scarcely indignant that a nation, boasting itself the protectress of art and science, had left this magnificent specimen of plebeian worth and genius to carry on, at his own private expense, and by the sacrifice of every personal comfort, his more than royal enterprises; but, with a true woman’s feeling, she concentrated her expressions of hate and indignation upon some *one individual*, whose name she *would* not, or *could* not, pronounce, — to whose dark machinations Belzoni owed his ruin and his death. He was one, it appears, in high power in the days of another influence than that which is now stalking forth to hunt corruption from its lurking lairs; he was even a leader of a then dominant party, — presiding, to a certain extent, over the destinies of a hoodwinked nation, and able as capable of hunting down honest merit, and calumniating private and public character, through that fatal branch of the British press, which then, and still exists, — alone, throughout Europe, — in its iniquitous alliances with the worst of passions for the worst of purposes.†

* Belzoni died at Gato, in the kingdom of Benin, on his route to Houssa and Timbuctoo, 1823; he is buried under a tree, with a few palisades round his unhonored tomb.

† Belzoni was detained for three weeks at Bobée, waiting for letters, breathing a pestilential air. The old *asuaco*, the native governor, had received the *orders*

"I endeavoured to bring Mrs. Belzoni to the point, as to what could be done to save her declining years from actual want. She put into my hands the prospectus of an intended publication, by subscription, of a series of lithographic views of the model of the Egyptian tomb which Belzoni discovered in the Valley of Babun-el-Malook, near Thebes, in 1818; and pointed to the mummy, which is of the third or highest class, viz. a priestess; it is extremely valuable, from its rarity and high state of preservation. I send you the prospectus. I have some hope of disposing of the mummy here for a national collection. If you can make known the claims of Mrs. Belzoni to the sympathy of all lovers of science, it may assist in obtaining names for her subscription list, in rescuing an amiable and devoted woman from poverty, and your countrymen from the odium of having wholly neglected the memory of a man to whose genius and enterprise the nation stands debtor.

"SYDNEY MORGAN."

Catechism of the Emperor Nicholas.

[From the London "Atlas" for September 1st, 1833.]

A blasphemous catechism, prepared for the use of the schools and churches in Poland, has been recently published in the newspapers, and excited, as it was well calculated to do, universal horror and indignation. In this impious preparation of the youth of Poland for the mental and bodily slavery to which their manhood is destined, it is set forth, as so many doctrines of faith, that the Emperor of Russia is the representative of God upon earth, that his authority is supreme, proceeding directly from heaven, that it is a crime against Omnipotence to question his authority, or to rebel against it even in thought, and that the example of the Saviour, who is represented to have died in allegiance to the Emperor of Rome, and to have submitted "respectfully" to the sentence of death, prescribes as a duty the obligation of suffering in silence, whatever may be the will of the Czar, even to the mute sacrifice of life itself. This atrocious document is in the form of a religious catechism, and is designed to be used in the education of the youth of Poland, as we use the catechisms that contain an exposition of the tenets of Christianity. It is almost impossible to credit the existence of a spirit so irreverent, even in the Muscovite tyrant; for, however monstrous and revolting may be the principles upon which his throne is established, it was still believed that the Greek religion contained a sufficient infusion of Christian truth to check the open declaration of such fearful impieties. A specimen of some of the least offensive passages will enable the reader to judge of the manner in which this lesson of faith has been prepared.

"What duties doth religion teach us, the humble subjects of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to practise towards him?"

"Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love, and prayer, the whole being comprised in the words, *worship*, and *fidelity*."

"Wherein does this worship consist, and how should it be manifested?"

"By the most unqualified reverence in words, gestures, demeanor, thoughts, and actions."

"What kind of obedience do we owe to him?"

of a European merchant to prevent M. Belzoni obtaining a vessel and embarking. Before he succeeded in vanquishing all the obstacles thrown in the way of his heroic enterprise, he was seized with the malady of which he died.

"An entire, passive, and unbounded obedience in every point of view.

"Is the service of his Majesty the Emperor obligatory on us?

"Absolutely so; we should, if required, sacrifice ourselves in compliance with his will, both in a civil and military capacity, and in whatever manner he deems expedient."

In the "Foreign Quarterly Review," No. 24, there is a very long article, in which a dissertation is commenced upon Egyptian Antiquities, particularly with reference to the illustration which they have received from the late researches respecting the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is written in a confused, unsatisfactory manner, with little ability. But the list of titles prefixed to it, as giving a connected notice of some of the principal works on the subject, may be worth extracting, though a few of them have appeared in our Journal before.

1. *Lettres écrites d'Égypte et de Nubie, en 1828 et 1829.* Par Champollion le jeune. Collection complète, accompagnée de trois Mémoires inédites et de Planches. Paris. 1833. 8vo.

2. *I Monumenti dell' Egitto e della Nubia, disegnati dalla Spedizione scientifico-letteraria Toscana in Egitto; distribuiti in ordine di materie, interpretati ed illustrati dal Dottore Ippolito Rosellini, Direttore della Spedizione, &c. Parte Prima. Monumenti Storici. Tom. I. Pisa. 1832.* in 8vo. With an Atlas and 30 Plates, large folio.

3. *Examen Critique des Travaux de feu M. Champollion, sur les Hiéroglyphes.* Par M. J. Klaproth. Ouvrage orné de trois Planches. Paris. 1832. 8vo.*

4. *Ancient Fragments of the Phœnician, Chaldæan, Egyptian, Tyrian, Carthaginian, Indian, Persian, and other Writers; with an Introductory Dissertation, and an Inquiry into the Philosophy and Trinity of the Ancients.* By Isaac Preston Cory, Esq., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. Second edition. London. 1832. 8vo.

5. *Excerpta Hieroglyphica.* By James Burton, Esq. Numbers 1 to 4. Qahirah. (Cairo.) 1828 - 1830. Folio.

6. *Materia Hieroglyphica, containing the Egyptian Pantheon, and the Succession of the Pharaohs from the earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander, and other Hieroglyphical Subjects. With Plates, and Notes explanatory of the same.* By J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. Malta. 1828. Accompanied by a Vocabulary and Appendix.

7. *Extracts from several Hieroglyphical Subjects found at Thebes and other Parts of Egypt. With Remarks thereon.* By J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. Malta. 1830.

8. *Notes on Hieroglyphics.* By Major Orlando Felix. With Plates, lithographed at Cairo, &c. 1828.

9. *Hieroglyphics collected by the Egyptian Society, and continued by the Royal Society of Literature. Arranged by Thomas Young, M. D. F. R. S. and others.* London. 1828 - 1830. In large Folio.

Alexander Dumas.

Of *Alexander Dumas*, the *rédacteur* of the work of General Dermoncourt, entitled, in the English translation, "The Duchess of Berri in La

* For a review of this work see the Select Journal for 1833, Vol. II. P. II. p. 127.

Vendée," and of the amount of his partnership in that work (See the last number of the Select Journal, Part II. p. 82 and p. 121,) the following account is given in a note to an article on the work in the "Quarterly Review," No. 99.

"Our conjectures concerning the getting-up of this book are confirmed by a letter from a friend in Paris, which reached us after the first pages of our article had gone to press. M. Dumas, the author of '*La Duchesse de Guise ou Henri III.*,' and other successful dramas, is a great friend of M. Dermoncourt, who was in early life aide-de-camp to his father, the late General Dumas, well known in the army of Egypt as '*the Mulatto General.*' Young Dumas entertained Dermoncourt at breakfast the morning after he returned to Paris from La Vendée; and was so much struck with the stories he told of the expedition, that the idea of a book immediately suggested itself to him. The General said he could no more write a book than dance on a tight rope, but if his friend chose to write as he spoke, he was welcome. Dumas took him at his word; and they breakfasted together every morning till the book was done.

"The '*Mulatto General*' was, we are told, in bed ill of the plague when the revolt of Cairo broke out. Though he was supposed to be dying fast, he jumped out of bed, mounted his horse in his shirt and night-cap, rode into the *mêlée*, slew a dozen at least of the insurgent Arabs with his own hand, and was cured of his disease by the exercise. Such is our friend's story.

"His son, the dramatist, was employed by the government of Louis Philippe to inspect La Vendée in 1830, with a view to the establishment of a National Guard *there*; and this circumstance sufficiently explains the happy descriptions of Vendean scenery in the book we have been reviewing. We ought, perhaps, to add to this gossiping note, that General Dermoncourt was superseded by General Solignac, much to his dissatisfaction, soon after the capture of Madame, in consequence, some say, of a want of '*dignity*' in his manners; according to others, of a love affair between the *vieux caporal* and one of her Royal Highness's *dames*."

M. Dumas published during the last year a work entitled "*Gaule et France.*" Paris. 8vo. There is a review of it in the "*Foreign Quarterly*," No. 24, of which the following is the commencement.

"Amid the countless multitude of young French authors who are exploring their national history in all directions, in search of subjects on which to employ their pens, as historians, novelists, and romancers, or dramatists, the present author holds a conspicuous place. His success as a dramatist has been so great, since his entrance into that career in 1829, as already to secure him an honorable and independent position in society, and to make his pieces the objects of competition with all the theatres of Paris. As a writer of prose fiction, also, his reputation stands so high, that almost every literary periodical, or collection of miscellaneous pieces, published within the last three years (such as *Le Livre des Cent-et-Un*, *Contes de toutes les Couleurs*, &c.,) would regard its list of contributors as incomplete, if it did not include the name of Alexander Dumas. Nor, indeed, is this general partiality to his compositions to be wondered at, considering the striking qualities by which they are distinguished; as with a style of singular ease, gracefulness, and simplicity, he unites considerable invention, with a graphic and dramatic power in his narratives and descriptions, which brings the actors and the scenes, living and animated, before the mental eye of his readers. In these fugitive pieces, however, he has been only preluding to a more important series of histori-

cal tales, entirely of his own composition, founded on the leading events in the French annals, commencing with the reign of Philip de Valois, and continued, if we are not mistaken, to the period of the Revolution. To this collection, entitled *Chroniques de France*, which is to appear in *livraisons* of two volumes each, and to extend to eight vols. 8vo. (of which some portions have already appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*), the present volume is intended as an Introduction, exhibiting a broad and vigorous sketch of Gallic and French history, from the time of the Romans to the death of Charles IV. in 1328, with an Epilogue, carrying on the subsequent history to the present time. In this sketch, the revolutions in the form of government, the changes in the proprietorship of the land, and the general condition of the people, are distinctly marked, according to the author's political views, as well as the more prominent events and the personal history of the sovereigns."

There is likewise a review of the same work in the "Athenæum," No. 307, in which the writer is highly praised.

M. Dumas was born at Villiers Coteret in 1803. His father, General Dumas, was in the Egyptian expedition under Napoleon, and lost his life in the service of the Republic. There had been a variance between the General and Napoleon, and after the death of the former his widow fell into poverty. She left Paris and devoted herself to her son, whose literary education she herself conducted. In 1823 the place of an under secretary to the then Duke of Orleans was obtained for him by General Foy; but the relation between the Duke and his secretary was not productive of mutual good will, and Dumas is now esteemed a republican. His first play, "Fiesco," was rejected at the Théâtre Français, and has never been performed. His "Henri II." was received with great applause in 1829, though attacked by the classical school of French critics. He has also written "Christine," a tragedy; a drama called "Napoleon," in twenty-four *tableaux*, performed after the Revolution of the Three Days, and not favorable to the government of Louis Philippe; another drama entitled "Stockholm, Fontainebleau et Rome," and an "Elegy on General Foy." Different likenesses of him abound in the print-shops of Paris, "where he may be seen, standing, sitting, lying, gay, and melancholy." See the Supplement to the "Conversations-Lexicon," now publishing, Article, *Dumas*.

The following account of political parties in France is given in the London "Court Journal."

"There are three principal parties in revolutionized France; the Royalists, the Liberals, and the *Juste-Milieu*, which are each subdivided as follows:—

"1. The Royalists of the elder or legitimate branch of the Bourbons, and advocates of the Ultra, or Polignac system; they are advocated by *La Quotidienne*.

"2. The Royalists, partisans of the Duke de Bourdeaux, and of universal suffrage, of which the *Gazette de France* is the organ.

"3. The Royalists, neither of the *Quotidienne* nor *Gazette* system, but who wish to have 'young Henry' as their king, with a reasonable proportion of liberty.

" 4. The Liberals, represented by *La Tribune*, who desire the Republic, one and indivisible.

" 5. Those who, with *Le National*, dream of a federative Republic, à l'Américaine.

" 6. Those who, with the *Courrier Français*, long for a *bond fide* Citizen Monarchy, surrounded by democratical institutions à la Lafayette.

" 7. Those who, represented by the *Constitutionnel* and *Journal du Commerce*, hold to the existing government, with a liberal charter.

" 8. The *Juste-Milieu* of the *Doctrine*, a pedantic theoretical party, who were liberal with the Bourbons; and are now Royalists with the Revolutionists of July. These pretend to possess all the talents.

" 9. The *Juste-Milieu* of the *Tiers-Parti*, who want neither talent nor reputation, but have not yet been able to gain the summit of power, which they desire to have *exclusively*. Talleyrand is favorable to this party, of which Dupin is the head. Its principal organ is *Le Temps*.

" 10. The *Quand-même* Ministerialists, who have but little opinion, but a large appetite for the loaves and fishes.

" 11. The Bonapartists, playing their last stake.

" 12. The *Politiques* (or *Policy* party), who, like legion, are many. These manage so as to serve the powers that be, and never to compromise themselves with any of the powers that *may* be."

In the 24th number of "The Foreign Quarterly" there is an article on C. Spindler's "Sammtliche Werke," (C. Spindler's "Collected Works,") just published at Stuttgart in 20 octavo volumes. It is a collection of "tales of all lengths and kinds." One of them has been translated into English, namely, "The Jew, a Picture of German Manners in the First Half of the Fifteenth Century." The reviewer says; "Amongst the ever-thickening swarms of German novelists, none, we believe, rank higher than Spindler, whose rapidly acquired reputation may be best appreciated by the fact, that compatriot critics boldly express their expectation of his proving the Schiller of prose romance. To say that our anticipations are more moderate, is perhaps only to say that we are English, not German; to which we may add that, although we greatly like and admire Spindler, we cannot quite think of comparing him to Schiller."

To judge from all the materials which the article affords, if Spindler have any resemblance to Schiller, it must be to the Author of "The Robbers," and not to the Author of "Wallenstein"; and the difference between the two is great.

In the "Athenæum" for October 5th, there is an account of a novel by A. von Tromlitz, entitled "Die Belagerung von Candia," ("The Siege of Candia.") His writings have just been collected and published at Dresden in 31 volumes.

We suppose there is no work of the kind so useful as "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire;" a fourth edition of which has

just been published in two vols. 8vo., in double columns, with 1500 engravings. Price 2l. 10s.

Another work, containing the Peerage only, is edited by Mr. Lodge, Norroy King of Arms. Two editions are published each year, one in April and the other in October, corrected up to their respective dates; the types being kept constantly standing. 8vo. Price 16s. bound.

The information which such works afford is not only valuable in the study of English history, but as illustrating the circumstances and lives of individuals, and the formation and character of existing political parties.

The personal effects of the late Duke of Sutherland have been sworn as amounting to more than 1,000,000l. sterling. In conformity to the act of Parliament, regulating the probate and administration duties, the *maximum* being 1,000,000l., all sums beyond that amount are not subject to probate duty.

Titles of English books lately published.

Pindar in English verse. By Rev. H. F. Cary, A. M., [the translator of Dante.] 12mo. Lond. 1833.

The Poems of John Galt. Now first collected. Small 8vo.

The *eighteenth* edition of the Rejected Addresses.

Dramatic Scenes from Real Life. By Lady Morgan. See Edinburgh Review, No. 86. Republished by Messrs. J. & J. Harper, New York.

Tom Cringle's Log. 3 vols. 12mo. Republished by E. L. Carey and A. Hart, Philadelphia; Allen and Ticknor, Boston.

Trevelyan. By the Author of a Marriage in High Life, [Lady Scott.] 3 vols. 12mo. Republished by Messrs. Carey, Lea, & Co., Philadelphia.

Memoirs of the Puthan Soldier of Fortune, the Nuwab Ameer-ood-Dou-lah Mohummud Ameer Khan. Compiled in Persian, by Busawun Lal, Naeef-Moonshee to the Nuwab, and translated by H. T. Prinsep of the Bengal Civil Service. 8vo. Calcutta. Price 15s. Lond.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. III. Part II. 4to. Lond. 1833.

Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832. By G. L. H. Hodges, Esq., late Colonel in the service of Her Most Faithful Majesty, the Queen of Portugal. 2 vols. See Metropolitan Mag. No. 31.

Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, and Van Dieman's Land, during the Years 1830-1833. By Lieut. Breton, R. N. See Athenæum, No. 312.

Paris and its Environs, in a series of two hundred picturesque views from original drawings, taken under the direction of A. Pugin, Esq. and engraved under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. 2 vols. 4to. half-bound, morocco. Price 3l. 3s.

The fourth part of the Collection of Ancient Spanish and Moorish Romances by Don Agostino Duran has been published in Spain. This forms the first volume of the "Romances Caballerescos y Históricos al Siglo XVIII."

Of the "Coleccion de Piezas Románticas y Novelas," the fifth volume has appeared at Madrid.

And the fifth of the "Diccionario Biográfico des Hombres illustres."

Also a new edition, the seventh, of the "Diccionario de la Lengua Castellana por la Academia Española." Small folio. pp. 788. This edition is said to be considerably enlarged and improved.

The publication of the Museum of the Duc de Blacas was begun at Paris in 1830 in folio numbers, the first two containing 48 pp. of letter press, and 16 engravings on copper. "Musée Blacas. Monumens grecs, étrusques, et romains, publiés par M. Théodore Panofka, Secrétaire de l'Institut de Correspond. archéologique," &c.

Raymond, the author of the Supplement to the Dictionary of the French Academy, has published a "General Dictionary of the French Language and Universal Vocabulary of the Sciences, Arts, and Trades," in two volumes, large 4to., containing together 1646 pages. He has been occupied upon this work for twenty years. It contains it is said at least 100,000 words. The price is 36 francs.

The "Mémoires du Maréchal Ney" have been published by his family. An English Translation has appeared, which has been reprinted in this country by Messrs. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The following work, it would seem, must be of some value; "Témoignages historiques, ou quinze ans de haute potence sous Napoléon, par M. Desmarest, chef de cette partie pendant tout le consulat et l'empire. Paris, 1833."

A phenomenon in French literature, a new *provincial* literary journal has lately appeared at Avignon; "France provinciale. Revue des lettres et des arts." The first number was published, September, 1832.

The "Allgemeines Repertorium" ("General Repertory"), a German periodical, was first published at Leipsic in 1819, in twenty-four numbers yearly, forming four closely printed octavo volumes. It was edited till the year 1832 by Christian Daniel Beck, Professor of Roman and Grecian Literature in the University in that place. He was born the 22d of January 1757, and died the 13th of December, 1832, after having been for almost fifty-four years engaged in the business of a public teacher. Since his death, the work has been continued under the editorship of Professor Pölitz of Leipsic; and took in 1833 the title of "Neues allgemeines Repertorium," ("New General Repertory"). Professor Pölitz is likewise the editor of the "Jahrbücher der Geschichte und Staatskunst," ("Journal of History and Politics,"), published at Leipsic.

The "Repertorium," while under the care of Professor Beck, was one of the most convenient and useful of the German periodicals for the pur-

poses of a foreigner, as giving a general view of German literature. It is true that the accounts of books were in general dry; being commonly little more than a full synopsis of their contents; but they enabled one for the most part to form a tolerably correct estimate of their value. Since passing into the hands of Professor Pölitx, it has aimed at a higher character and admits of more freedom of discussion and remark. It has thus gained in interest without apparently losing any thing of its former value.

We have been favored by a friend with the numbers of the Supplement to the last edition of the "Conversations-Lexicon," so far as they have been received in this country. This Supplement, and the new edition (the eighth) of the "Conversations-Lexicon" itself, which also is now publishing in numbers, would afford valuable materials toward a supplementary volume or volumes to the "Encyclopædia Americana." We hope that the enterprising publishers of that work may find it for their interest thus to continue it.

We have seen some numbers of the "Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik" ("Journal for Scientific Criticism"), of which a new series commenced in July, 1833. It is edited by the Society for Scientific Criticism at Berlin, and was formerly published by the bookseller, Baron von Cotta; but since his death is published at Berlin. Nothing in the numbers we have seen attracted our attention, but an outrageous panegyric on the Continuation of Goethe's Autobiography in his posthumous works, by Varnhagen von Ense.

In the 61st number of the Vienna "Jahrbücher der Literatur," there is a review of a work, containing an account of a newly observed phenomenon, a luminous border surrounding shadows under certain circumstances. The work is by Dr. C. Garthe, and is entitled "Ueber der Heiligenschein," literally "Upon the Saints'-Shine," a newly compounded word in German, (as we suppose,) and a title which seems to us somewhat affected. It refers, we presume, to the halo represented in paintings round the heads of saints.

The facts which the author professes to have discovered are these:

If a person stand with his back to the sun in the morning or towards sunset, so that his shadow may fall upon a field covered with dew-drops, he may see a luminous border round his shadow, which if his head be uncovered will be most distinct round the shadow of the head. The breadth of this border varies according to circumstances from five inches to six feet.

The phenomenon can be observed only during three hours after the rising, or three before the setting of the sun.

It appears most distinctly when the observer is elevated from fifteen to thirty feet above the plain on which his shadow is thrown.

If the observer move about for some time, the phenomenon becomes more striking.

One individual may observe this luminous border surrounding the shadow of another, if they be not at a greater distance from each other than three feet.

The same phenomenon, but fainter, may be discerned round the shadows of the inferior animals, but not round those of inanimate substances, as a table or the trunk of a tree.

If the observer be unclothed it becomes more distinct.

If the shadow be thrown upon a wall of stone or wood, on woollen cloth, or on water, there is no luminous border. The proper place is a field well covered with grass and wet with dew.

The solution which the author proposes of the phenomenon is as follows. He conceives that the human body, (and, in like manner, the bodies of the inferior animals,) is surrounded by a sort of atmosphere produced by insensible perspiration, and that "the rays of the sun, when they enter this atmosphere, are refracted, and affected in a manner as yet unknown to us, so as to produce the appearance in question." This solution (if it be one) is adopted by his reviewer, Professor Littrow.

Ausführliches Handbuch der gerichtlichen Medicin, i. e. A comprehensive Manual of Medical Jurisprudence. By L. C. J. Mende, M. D., Knight of the Order of Vasa, Public Teacher of Medicine in Ordinary, and Director of the Royal Lying-in Hospital at Göttingen.

The sixth part of this work (containing about 360 pages 8vo.) was published at Leipsic in 1832. The author died while it was in the press, and the volume is edited by Dr. C. G. Kuhn. In glancing at the notice of it we observed the following passage. "In cases of pretended inability to take nourishment a physician must not proceed upon the false supposition, that an abstinence from food for days, months, and even years is absolutely impossible. Cases to the contrary are too well attested. The author himself was acquainted with a lady about thirty years old, who for five months took extremely little nourishment, and for the last forty-three days of her life only two table-spoonfuls of water a day, during which time she resisted all entreaties of her relations and physicians, assuring them that she was unable to swallow any thing. After her death the swallow, stomach, and bowels were found to be extraordinarily contracted and their coats thickened."

The author also relates that he had seen a man who travelled about, and exhibited himself as if dead. He remained before the eyes of the author for a full quarter of an hour in a state in which any one would have taken him for dead.*

* No particulars are stated respecting this curious fact in the article which we quote. Dr. Cheyne, in his "English Malady," gives a full account of an individual whom he had seen assume, in like manner, the appearance of death; but we have not his book at hand to refer to.

Another medical fact of general interest is mentioned. The author was acquainted with a family in which two children, one after the other, in their first year, discovered marks of idiocy, though both their parents were sound in mind and body. It was accidentally discovered that an old nurse of the family had been in the habit of giving them opium, whenever she wished to keep them quiet. — *Leipzig. Allgem. Rep.* 1832. No. 8.

There can be no question that the following work is deserving of notice: *Die Fixsterne sind keine Sonnen, &c.* "The fixed Stars are not Suns. An Hypothesis proposed to all reflecting Friends of Nature." By J. C. G. Hampel. 8vo. Breslau. 1832. The Hypothesis is as follows. "Before the creation of heat, the original substance of matter was an infinite mass of crystal, or rather ice. The production of heat made this enormous mass of ice porous, and cavities were formed, millions of miles, perhaps a billion of miles in diameter, in one of which our system is placed. But, as may naturally be supposed, the mass of crystal, surrounding this enormous cavity has numerous points and projections from its interior surface; and, as many among them are particularly adapted to reflect the light of the Sun, they thus appear to us fixed stars. The Milky Way is a crack or fissure in the hollow ball which surrounds us, becoming visible from being filled with innumerable masses of the original ice." As there is no intimation that this theory is a burlesque, or that the language of the author is mystical, some, perhaps, may be tempted to conjecture the existence of a crack or fissure, where he does not imagine it. But one acquainted with a certain class of the literati of Germany must be well aware, that if we once indulge in such suspicions, there is no knowing where we shall stop. — See *Neues Allgem. Rep.* for 1833, No. 2.

Dr. Phil. Ign. Hensler, Teacher of Physiology in the High School at Würzburg, has just published a new work, "On the Effects of Animal Magnetism upon Man and Nature, and upon its Importance considered in reference to Medicine, Law, Philosophy, Religion, and the History of the World, and in relation to Individuals living together in Society. A Review of the Objects of this remarkable Science according to its latest Advances." (In German.) Würzburg. 8vo.

Animal Magnetism, according to Dr. Hensler, is the key of the mysteries of physical and spiritual life; a means of curing diverse diseases, and, in particular, a means of exalting our rarer faculties of knowledge for the purpose of enriching different sciences.

A new journal of homœopathic medicine (See Select Journal, last number, P. II. p. 68.) was commenced the last year in Germany; "Journal of the Homœopathic Institute for Clinical Instruction at Leipsic." Published by the Inspectors. This institute owes its origin to private subscription, and the formation of a Homœopathic society, at Leipsic.

Of the following work the first volume has appeared: "*Geschichte der Erziehung und des Unterrichts in welthistorischen Erwickelung*," i. e. "History of the Education and Instruction of the Young throughout all Ages and Nations." By Dr. F. Cramer. Vol. I. pp. xxviii. 510. The work is to be completed in six volumes.

The announcement of such a work leads one to think on the shortness of life, the great number of books, and the length of time required to read and inwardly digest six thick octavo volumes of a Universal History of Education. One may speculate also upon the amount of authentic and useful information that can be collected for such an undertaking, and upon the capacity of the author to distinguish what has from what has not that character.

A new edition of Heyne's Virgil, under the superintendence of G. P. E. Wagner, is in a course of publication. The fourth volume, containing the minor poems ascribed to Virgil, edited by Julius Sillig, was published at Leipsic in 1832. Beside this, only the first volume had then appeared. "This edition," says a writer in the Leipsic "*Repertorium*," "compared with that of 1803, affords a striking example of the great progress which has been made in the criticism and exposition of ancient authors during the last thirty years." — See *Leipzig. Allgemein. Rep.* for 1832, No. 7.

A new edition of the Lexicon of Suidas is announced, to be edited by Gottfried Bernhardt. It is to be a reprint of the first edition, published at Milan, with a critical apparatus of various readings, emendations, and notes, collected from the best sources. The work is to be published at Halle, during the course of two years, in 7 or 8 numbers (each costing about 80 cents), and forming 2 vols. 4to.

The following are the titles of some of the theological journals now publishing in Germany, not before mentioned in this work.

Zeitschrift für die historische Theologie. In Virbindung mit der hist.-theol. Gesellschaft zu Leipzig, herausgegeben von Dr. Christian Friedrich Illgen, ord. Prof. der Theol. zu Leipzig. Commenced in 1832.

Allgemeine Kirchen-Zeitung. Published at Darmstadt, monthly.

Tübinger Zeitschrift für Theologie. Edited by Dr. Joh. Chr. Friedr. Steudel; assisted by Dr. Kern, Dr. Bauer, and Dr. Schmid. Published quarterly.

The first volume of the following work was published by Neander in 1832. We observe that a translation of it is announced by Professor Robinson.

Geschichte der Pflanzung und Leitung der christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel, als selbständiger Nachtrag zu der allgemeinen Geschichte der christlichen Religion und Kirche. (History of the Planting and Pro-

gress of the Christian Church, through the Labors of the Apostles; forming an Independent Supplement to the General History of the Christian Religion and Church. By Dr. Augustus Neander.)

Neander has proceeded in his general Ecclesiastical History to the third part of the second volume, as it is called, which was published in 1831. The parts completed are in fact to be bound in six volumes, and bring down the history to the year 590.

In the years 1818-1821, Dr. W. D. Fuhrmann published his "*Handbuch der theologischen Literatur*," "*Manual of Theological Literature, or an Introduction to the Knowledge of Books in Theology*," in three parts, 8vo. We have used this book and found it convenient. It is as well executed as, perhaps, could reasonably be expected, except that it contains notices of very few beside German writings. The author is apparently a *naturalist*, but writes with a good degree of fairness. He now announces a continuation of the work to the present time, "*Handbuch der neuesten theologischen Literatur*," in one 8vo. volume, to be published at Easter of this year.

Augustus Hahn.

Dr. Hahn, whose name is well known to those interested in German Theology, and who has for some time been connected with the University at Leipsic, removed during the last year to Breslau to accept the office of Professor of Theology there, in the place of von Coelln, whose death was mentioned in the fourth number of the Select Journal for 1833. "*Leipsic*," it is said in the "*New General Repertory*," "loses in him an instructor and a preacher generally beloved; for, since his first residence here, he has rendered himself equally acceptable, both in the lecture-room and the church." This is a tribute from a Journal, which favors opinions in religion opposed to those of Hahn. The following biographical notice of him from the Supplement to the "*Conversations-Lexicon*" is likewise, as will be perceived, written by a *naturalist*. Some passages incidentally throw much light on the state of religious opinions in Germany.

"Augustus Hahn, Professor of Theology at Leipsic, and, after Tholuck of Halle, one of the most learned of that school of theologians who have defended the doctrines of supernaturalism, was born in the village of Gross-osterhausen, near Eisleben [in Prussian Saxony], in the month of March, 1792. His father, a schoolmaster in that village, universally respected for his learning and virtues, died, too early for his family, in the year 1800. The clergyman of the place took charge of the child, and instructed him so thoroughly, that, in 1807, Hahn was at once admitted into the gymnasium or college at Eisleben. Here his industry soon made him friends, who assisted him in various ways. In 1810, young Hahn entered the University of Leipsic with the intention of devoting himself to the study of theology; and although, at first, he had many difficulties incident to his narrow circumstances to struggle with, yet he applied himself zealously

to his studies, and by the second year of his university career had surmounted the obstacles which beset his way.

“After passing the regular examination at Dresden, in 1814, he became a tutor in a family at Zeitz, and continued there till 1817, when he was admitted into the theological school, founded at Wittenburg by the king of Prussia. He now occupied himself with practical divinity, and preached not without acceptance, but did not give up his learned researches. He read the works of Ephraim the Syrian, and discovered in the poems of that writer the Syrian metres, and in his historical writings numerous indications of the doctrines of several Persian sects that had disturbed the church of Syria. The investigations to which this gave birth led him deeper and deeper into the study of the Fathers. At the suggestion of the Ministry of Public Worship, Hahn was now induced to devote himself to academical pursuits, and, in August 1819, he was invited to Königsberg as extraordinary professor of theology. His previous studies furnished the subject of his inaugural discourse; ‘*Bardesanes Gnosticus, Syrorum primus Hymnologus*’ (Leipsic, 1819); and upon some other academic occasions he took the opportunity of making known the results of his researches relative to Marcion. In 1820, he was appointed superintendent at Königsberg; but a severe fit of illness obliged him to resign his ecclesiastical dignity in the following year, when he received the post of ordinary professor in the theological faculty, and he now occupied himself entirely with his academical duties. His publications at this period were “*Das Evangelium Marcions in seiner ursprünglichen Gestalt (Marcion’s Gospel in its original Form)*,” Königsberg, 1823, and, in connexion with Professor Sieffert, the “*Chrestomathia Syriaca, sive Sti. Ephraemi Carmina selecta*,” Leipsic, 1825. In 1826, Hahn accepted the place of ordinary professor of theology at Leipsic, of which his moral and literary qualities equally made him worthy. Here he has shown himself strictly orthodox in his opinions, and, from his well known probity of character, it cannot be doubted that he has done so from conviction. His adoption of the system of supernaturalism is to be accounted for partly from his feeble health and the afflictions he has had to endure, and partly from his associating exclusively with able and zealous partisans of that system. At Leipsic, Hahn wrote his treatise, ‘*De Rationalismi, qui dicitur, vera Indole, et quacum Naturalismo contineatur Ratione*,’ (P. 1st. Leipsic, 1827,) of which the effect could not have been anticipated by the author. Reasoning as a supernaturalist, he aimed to bring the opponents of his views to a consciousness of the real position, which, knowingly or ignorantly, they had taken, and thus lead them to see of themselves, what must logically and conscientiously be their future course. But the manner in which this was done met with general disapprobation, especially when Hahn soon after put forth his ‘*Declaration to the Evangelical Church, particularly in Saxony and Prussia*’ (An die evangelische Kirche, zunächst in Sachsen und Preussen, eine offene Erklärung), Leipsic, 1827, a work which seems to tend to the condemnation of the rationalists, and their exclusion from the Christian church. The controversy, in which so many distinguished men took part,

was carried on with much heat, and, besides numerous essays in periodical publications, brought forth more than thirty treatises on the subject. The exultation of the sect, which must shun the open fight and therefore combats only in darkness, was not to be misunderstood. Its influence was thought to be perceptible in the 'Lehrbuch des christlichen Glaubens' (Manual of Christian Faith), Leipsic, 1828, and in the 'Predigten in der Universitätskirche zu Leipzig 1827-1829 gehalten' (Sermons delivered in the Church of the University), Leipsic, 1829. Hahn appears to have since involved himself in a new controversy by his letter to Bretschneider, 'Ueber die Lage des Christenthums in unserer Zeit und das Verhältniss christlicher Theologie zur Wissenschaft überhaupt, nebst einer Beilage: der St. Simonismus als religiös politisches System im Zusammenhange dargestellt,' (Upon the Situation of Christianity at the present Day, and the Relation of Christian Theology to Science in general, with an Appendix; A systematic Exposition of the Doctrine of St. Simon, considered as a politico-religious system), Leipsic, 1832. Bretschneider replied to this work in a treatise *Ueber die Grundprincipien der Evangelischen Theologie* (On the Fundamental Principles of Evangelical Theology), Leipsic, 1832, with the motto, 'For I bear them record, that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge.' This work contains an attack upon Hahn, which it would seem necessary for him to repel."

In looking for another purpose in the Index to Hahn's "Manual of Christian Faith," we were accidentally led to notice probably the most remarkable passage in the book. We observed the simple reference, "Joseph Priestley, Atheist, p. 178;" and on turning to the page referred to, found that Priestley was classed with La Mettrie, the Author of the "System of Nature," Helvetius, Diderot, &c. as one "whose atheism appears undeniable." This affords a very instructive lesson to the student of ecclesiastical history, and may serve to teach him not to trust too much to the simple assertion of a theological controvertist respecting the doctrines of his opponents.

The most important work of Hahn, and the only one of much interest out of Germany, or which is likely to survive the present generation, is that upon Marcion's Gospel, in which he has afforded materials for establishing the fact, (which had been controverted by Eichhorn and others,) that Marcion's Gospel was only a mutilated copy of that of Luke.

Remarks on a new work relating to the history of the Gospels, by Professor Credner of Giessen.

We have seen two notices of the following work, "Beiträge zur Einleitung in die biblischen Schriften" (Contributions towards an Introduction to the Biblical Writings), by Karl August Credner, Professor of Theology at Giessen. — Vol. I. with a separate title, "The Gospel of the Petrinians (followers of Peter) or Jewish Christians." Halle. 1832. 8vo. pp. xxxiii. 533. (2 Rthlr. 6 gGr.)*

* See *Ergänzungsblatt. zur Hall. Allgem. liter. Zeit.* Nos. 31, 32, for April, 1833, and *Leipzig. Neu. Allgem. Rep.* No. 8, for 1833.

In the first three volumes of his "Contributions," Professor Credner proposes to treat of the Gospels. There is little danger, we conceive, that the work will extend to the length which it would attain, should the contributions toward an introduction to the other "Biblical Writings" be bestowed in equal abundance. Like many other German works of promise, the first volume, perhaps, may be all that will appear. The author, we presume, is a young man, as we observe that he assumed the duties of Professor in ordinary at Giessen on the 26th of May, 1832. His object, in the volume which has appeared, seems to have been at once to secure himself distinction, by distancing all competitors in the extravagance of his hypotheses respecting the history of the Gospels. The task was not easy ; but he has succeeded.

Passing over other points, on which we have no leisure to comment, we may observe, that the main design of the book is to prove that the apocryphal writing, called "The Gospel according to Peter," was an ancient history of Christ's birth and ministry ; that it was the gospel used by Justin Martyr, by the author of the Clementine Homilies, and by all the Jewish Christians ; and that it was the same book with Tatian's Diatessaron.

We are tempted to make some remarks on this hypothesis ; though we are well aware that it opens a field of discussion, which will be new to many of our readers. The first inquiry is, what is known concerning the apocryphal book called the Gospel of Peter. In answer to the question, the writer of this article will quote from a manuscript written before he was aware of the existence of Professor Credner's book. The first passage relates to the sense in which the title "Gospel," was given to different apocryphal writings.

"There is no probability that the term *gospel*, as applied to far the larger portion of apocryphal books which have borne this name, denoted a history of Christ's ministry. When used in this sense, it is diverted from its original meaning. Its primary meaning is a 'joyful message,' 'glad news.' It was applied to the works of the Evangelists, because they contained an account of the joyful message which Christ brought from Heaven to men. But it was used in another sense to denote the whole system of Christianity as taught by him ; and a book containing the views of any writer, or the supposed views of any individual, concerning this system, might hence be denominated 'the gospel' of that writer or individual, meaning by it the system of Christianity as understood by him. Thus in later times, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a book was published by Dr. Arthur Bury, which he himself entitled 'The Naked Gospel'; and another work appeared about the same time in Germany which was called 'The Eternal Gospel.' Probably, likewise, the ancient Fathers sometimes applied the term *gospel* to the books of the heretics in much the same way as it has been used by controvertists in modern days, when they have charged their opponents with teaching a 'new gospel.' Thus there is a French book entitled '*The New Gospel of Cardinal Pallavicini*, revealed by him in his History of the Council of Trent'; and the Jesuit René Rapin published against the Jansenists a work which he

called 'The Gospel of the Jansenists.' An appellation thus given to opinions might be transferred to some particular book in which they were taught; or might give occasion falsely to suppose that a book was intended, of which the appellation given was the proper title, though no such book really existed. Among what have been called the Gnostic gospels, we find one under the name of the 'Gospel of Eve,' which is said to have been in use among an extravagant sect, called the Ophites, a book described as containing that wisdom which Eve learnt from the serpent. This gospel therefore was not a history of the ministry of Christ. Nor can we reasonably ascribe that character to another, said to be in use among the same sect, called the 'Gospel of Judas Iscariot.' With the exception of the gospel of the Marcionites, there is no reason to suppose that any Gnostic gospel of any age professed to be a history of Christ's ministry, unless, as is possible, though I think there is no evidence for the fact, some minor sect or sects used a gospel as nearly allied to that of Matthew, as Marcion's was to that of Luke."

* * * * *

"Beside what we find concerning the Apostles in the New Testament, and beside the testimony of antiquity to the genuineness of their writings, there were, as we might suppose, traditions respecting their teaching, lives, and actions, among the ancient Gentile Christians. Of these traditions, some, it is probable, were more or less correct, though a great part of them have come down to us in a very questionable form. Some general conceptions, likewise, true or false, respecting the manner in which the system of the Gospel was unfolded by different Apostles in their oral discourses, appear to have afforded occasion for the composition of books to which their names were given, as, for instance, one called the 'Preaching of Peter,' and perhaps others called gospels, as 'The Gospel according to Matthias', 'The Gospel according to Peter,' and some others. In such cases, I suppose, it was the real or professed intention of the writer of the book to give that view and those explanations of the doctrines of the Gospel, which he believed to be in accordance with the teaching of the Apostle whose name appeared in its title; as if any one were to publish at the present day a work called 'The Doctrine of St. Paul,' or 'The Gospel-System according to James.' In doing this, the author might be, or might fancy himself, assisted by some traditionary information not found in the New Testament. Or the title of the books in question might be given them merely on the ground, that the writer, in expounding his own opinions, by a common rhetorical license, put them into the mouth of an Apostle, in the same manner as Plato in his Dialogues introduces Socrates and Timæus as teaching his own doctrines. When any traditionary authority was expressly claimed for such works, an undue credit might be given them, and, in any case, the more ignorant class of Christians were liable to be deceived by their titles. But these books were of little note and little regarded by the learned of any sect of Christians, whether catholic or heretics. Of those which bore the name of some Apostle, all have perished; of a small number, a few notices and fragments have been

collected ; but of most we find nothing but a mention of their titles, commonly with some expression of censure."

* * * * *

"To the class of books just described, the 'Gospel according to Peter' apparently belonged. Our information concerning it is as follows.

"It is thus mentioned by Origen. 'Some say, that the brothers of Jesus (mentioned by the Evangelists) were the sons of Joseph by a wife to whom he was married before Mary, relying upon the tradition in the Gospel according to Peter, or the book of James.'

"No quotations are extant from it, in any writer ; but it is mentioned as apocryphal by Eusebius and Jerome. Our principal information concerning it, however, is derived from Serapion, who was bishop of Antioch about the close of the second century, and wrote a tract concerning it, a passage from which is thus quoted by Eusebius.*

"'Another tract,' says Eusebius, 'was composed by Serapion concerning the Gospel according to Peter, so called, the object of which was to confute the errors contained in it, on account of some in the church at Rhossus, who had been led by this book to adopt heterodox opinions. From this it may be worth while to quote a few words in which he expresses his opinion concerning it. "We brethren," he writes, "acknowledge the authority both of Peter and the other Apostles as we do that of Christ ; but we reject, with good reason, the writings which falsely bear their names, well knowing that such have not been handed down to us. I indeed, when I was with you, supposed that you were all going on in a right faith, and not reading through the gospel under the name of Peter which was produced by them, [those who were pleased with it,] I said, If this is all which troubles you, let the book be read. But having since learnt from what has been told me, that their minds had fallen into some heresy, I hasten to be with you again, brethren, so that you may expect me shortly. Now we, brethren, know that a like heresy was held by Marcion, who also contradicted himself, not comprehending what he said, as you may learn from what has been written to you.† For we have been able to procure this gospel from others who use it, that is, from those of his followers who are called *Docetæ* (for their system embraces various opinions), and having gone through it, we have found it for the most part conformable to the true doctrine of the Saviour ; but there are some things exceptionable,‡ which we subjoin for your information."

* Hist. Eccles. Lib. VI. c. 12.

† As this sentence is unimportant, and as I believe the present text to be corrupt, I have ventured to render it as perhaps it should be amended. It now stands thus ; 'Ἡμεῖς δὲ, ἀδελφοί, καταλαβόμενοι ὁμοίας ἦν αἰρέσεως ὁ Μαρκεριανὸς καὶ ἑαυτῷ ἠναντιοῦτο, μὴ νοῦν αἰετὶ ἰσχυρῶς, ἀ μαθήσεσθαι ἐξ αὐτῶν ἡμεῖς ἡμεῖς. Ἐδυνήθημεν γὰρ παρ' ἄλλων, κ. ε. λ. I would read the first words as follows ; 'Ἡμεῖς δὲ, ἀδελφοί, καταλάβομεν ὅτι ὁμοίας ἦν αἰρέσεως ὁ Μαρκεριανός, ὅς καὶ ἑαυτῷ ἠναντιοῦτο, κ. ε. λ.

There is also some uncertainty about the precise meaning of the next sentence ; but, fortunately, this uncertainty does not extend to any thing important in the paragraph.

‡ τὰ μὲν πλείονα τοῦ ἁγίου λόγου τοῦ Σωτῆρος, τινὰ δὲ προσδυσταλμένα.

"It is evident, I think, from this account alone, that the Gospel of Peter was not a history of Christ's ministry. Serapion would not have regarded with such indifference, as he first manifested, a history of his Lord, ascribed to the Apostle Peter, which he had not before seen. Were it genuine, it must have been to him, as to any one else, an object of great interest. But this is a supposition so improbable as to require no discussion. Was it then an original history, (that is to say, not a compilation from any one or more of the four Gospels,) which, though not the work of Peter, was yet entitled to credit? It is impossible that the existence of such a history should not have been notorious; that it should not have been a frequent subject of remark; that it should have been unknown to Serapion, himself a bishop and a controversial writer; or, even if previously unknown, that it should not at once have excited his attention. May we then suppose it a history founded upon one or more of the four Gospels with certain additions favoring the opinions of the Docetæ? If so, it serves to confirm the authenticity and genuineness of the Gospel or Gospels from which it was principally derived. But when we recollect the abundant notices of Marcion's gospel, which was only a mutilated copy of Luke's, it cannot be supposed that there was another historical book extant among Marcion's followers of a similar character (except that it contained some obnoxious additions), of which the notices are so scanty, from which we find not a single extract professedly taken, and which is never mentioned as an *historical* book. There is another supposition; it may have been a history undeserving of credit, a history containing many fabulous accounts. But this is inconsistent with the manner in which Serapion speaks of it; for he mentions it with but slight censure, commending the generality of its contents; as no catholic writer of his time would have spoken of such a professed history of Christ's ministry as we have last imagined. It was, then, not an *historical* book; and this appears not merely from what has been said, but from the fact, that neither Serapion nor Eusebius give any intimation that it bore that character. Serapion's treatise was in the hands of Eusebius, as it probably had been in those of many before him. It treated of the errors in the book, it was written to refute them; and had these errors consisted in false narratives concerning Christ, there is no reasonable doubt that plenary evidence of the fact would have existed both in the writings of Serapion and Eusebius, and in those of the other Fathers. It appears that it was used by the Gnostics, and had it been a professed history of Christ's ministry, used by them, we should certainly have had much more full information concerning it.

"We conclude, therefore, that this gospel was of the class before described, a book in which certain doctrines were ascribed to Peter, or in which he was represented as teaching those doctrines. This supposition, and this only, it may be further observed, agrees with the manner in which Serapion describes it, as 'for the most part conformable to the true doctrine' (not the true history) 'of the Saviour, but containing some things exceptionable.'

"It appears at the same time that it was a book of little importance or notoriety. The only further mention of it which may seem to throw light on its history is by Theodoret in the fifth century, who says, 'The Nazareans are Jews, who honor Christ as a righteous man, and use the "Gospel according to Peter," so called.' But there is reason to suspect the correctness of this brief account. No earlier writer, and indeed no other writer, mentions that this book was used by Jewish Christians. That any Jewish Christians who considered Christ as merely a man, should have used a gospel, which favored the opinions of the Docetæ, the very opposite of their own, is highly improbable. Epiphanius says that those Jewish Christians of his day whom he calls Ebionæans (Ebionites) used the 'Travels of Peter' written by Clement,* the same work which is elsewhere spoken of under the name of the 'Clementine Homilies.' There is no reason to distrust this statement. But the book last mentioned contains a system of doctrines ascribed to Peter; and I imagine that Theodoret, being imperfectly informed on the subject, confounded this book with the 'Gospel of Peter,' and was hence led to affirm that the Nazareans used the latter work."

After this account of the "Gospel according to Peter" so called, we proceed to remark on the hypotheses of Credner. In the first place, he supposes it to have been used by Justin Martyr. But if the view which has been given of it be correct, it follows that it was not a history of Christ's ministry, and consequently that it was not the book from which Justin Martyr drew his knowledge of Christ's history, and to which his quotations are to be referred. "It is well known," says the reviewer of Professor Credner in the *Hall. Allg. Lit. Zeit.*, "that of late theologians have been gradually returning to the opinion, that Justin used our four canonical Gospels almost exclusively; and that his want of verbal agreement with their text is to be explained by his citing from memory." That Justin relied upon our four Gospels as the main sources of his knowledge of the history of Christ, that his quotations are taken from them, and that it was not his purpose to quote with verbal accuracy, are propositions which, we believe, may be fully established.

As, from having been called to pay particular attention to the subject, we had supposed that we were acquainted with all the facts respecting those quotations, and with all that could be said about them, plausibly or otherwise, we were surprised by a statement of Credner, that they agreed with the quotations relating to the history of Christ in the "Clementine Homilies," so as to show that they were taken from the same book, and this book not one of our four Gospels. "He gives," says his reviewer, in the article last quoted, "an accurate list of the passages in these Homilies, which may be regarded as quotations from gospels, remarks upon them respectively, and draws the conclusion, that they present precisely the same appearances as the citations of Justin; nay, that the Author of the Homilies and Justin, in the quotation of particular passages, agree verbally together. Now since a Petrinian gospel was certainly the basis

* *Hæres. XXX.* § 15. *Opp. I.* 139.

of the Homilies, the conclusion that Justin used the 'Gospel of Peter' receives new and unexpected confirmation."

"A Petrinian gospel" was certainly the basis of the Homilies! As we are persuaded that no proof whatever can be produced of this assertion, it is saving trouble, without doubt, to assume it as *certain*. But there is something further to be said respecting the coincidence of the quotations of Justin Martyr and those of the Clementine Homilies. The supposed fact was so new to us, that we were led to examine into it. The real facts, then, are as follows. There are thirteen quotations taken from our present Gospels (as we believe) in the Clementine Homilies, to which corresponding quotations are found in Justin. Of these quotations, all of which in both express the same essential meaning as is found in the Gospels, there are ten in which there is *not* a verbal coincidence between Justin and the author of the Homilies, and in half of them the difference is striking.* In the three remaining, there is an agreement, which in two of them † is not of a remarkable character, nor is the variation from the text of the Gospel quoted, important. The other reading is remarkable. It is a transposition of the clauses of the twenty-seventh verse of the eleventh chapter of Matthew, which, according to the text of the Gospel, stands thus: "And no one knoweth the Son [knoweth who the Son is] but the Father, and no one knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son may reveal him." Justin and the author of the Homilies, both of whom quote the passage several times, read thus; "No one knoweth the Father but the Son, nor the Son but the Father, and those to whom the Son may reveal him." They agree in this transposition of the clauses; but the verbal differences in the passage as given by the one and the other are very considerable. Their agreement, however, might afford something like a show of foundation for an argument, if the transposition were not so natural in addressing unbelievers; and if Irenæus had not informed us that the Gnostics usually quoted the passage in the same manner. As Justin was an orthodox Father, we hence learn that both heretics and catholics were accustomed so to use the passage; and there is not the least occasion to suppose that either Justin, or the author of the Homilies, or any one else, derived this reading from an apocryphal gospel.‡

* For instance, Justin (Dial. cum Tryph. p. 235.) quotes Math. xxiii. 13, thus; Οὐαὶ ὑμῖν γραμματεῖς, ὅτι τὰς πλεῖς ἔχετε, καὶ αὐτοὶ οὐκ εἰσέρχισθε, καὶ τοὺς εἰσερχομένους πωλύετε, ὁδηγοὶ τυφλοί. Whereas the author of the Homilies quotes in one place thus; Ἀλλὰ ναὶ, φησὶν, κρατοῦμεν (l. κρατοῦσι μὲν) τὴν πλεῖν, τοῖς δὲ βουλομένοις εἰσελθεῖν οὐ παρέχουσιν, (p. 644.) and in another place thus; καὶ οὕτως αὐτοὶ εἰσῆλθον οὕτως τοῖς βουλομένοις εἰσελθεῖν παρέχον, (p. 748.)

† One is the reading of Math. v. 37. thus; ἴστω δὲ ὑμῶν τὸ ναὶ, ναὶ, τὸ οὐ, οὐ. We find the same reading (with a change of ἴστω to ἴτω) in the Epistle of James, where it will hardly be contended that it is quoted from an apocryphal gospel.

The other is the reading of Matthew xxv. 41. thus; ὑπάγειτε εἰς τὸ σκότος τὸ ἐξόντιον, instead of περιίσθε ἀπ' ἑμοῦ οἱ καταραμένοις εἰς τὸ πῦρ τὸ αἰώνιον.

‡ We may observe that we have gone over this comparison of Justin's quotations and those of the Clementine Homilies but once. In writing a more

Let us attend to the necessary steps in the reasoning of Professor Credner respecting the quotations of Justin Martyr and the Author of the Homilies. They both, he must contend, quoted with verbal accuracy; they agree together remarkably in the words of their citations; but they both differ from the text of our present Gospels, therefore they both quoted the same apocryphal gospel. The whole reasoning rests on the first two propositions. The first, we are satisfied, may be proved to be false, and the second is manifestly untrue.

But Credner further supposes not only that the "Gospel of Peter" was the book quoted by Justin and the author of the Homilies, but that it was the same book with Tatian's "Diatessaron," a work which, in the very title, Diatessaron, always given it, implies a compilation from, or a harmony, or a synopsis of *four* Gospels. Eichhorn, in his "Introduction to the New Testament," labors to prove that these four Gospels were not our four Gospels; but he says, and says truly, that the fact, "that Tatian formed one new Gospel-history out of *four* is as manifest, and from the testimony of the ancients as certain, as any thing can be respecting a book not now extant." In truth, to maintain that the "Gospel of Peter," and the "Diatessaron" of Tatian were the same book, is an attempt not much less extravagant, than if one were to labor to prove, that the Pantheon at Rome and the Arch of Septimius Severus were the same building.

We now come, however, to the most marvellous of Professor Credner's discoveries, "a wholly new and surprising result," as it is called by his Halle reviewer. We shall give it literally in the words of the latter. Having divided the Jewish Christians into three classes, Credner proceeds to maintain, that "all three classes used the 'Gospel of Peter,' though in different recensions [altered in different ways]. On the other hand, the existence of the 'Gospel according to the Hebrews,' so called, and of the 'Gospel according to the Apostles,' * is, in the highest degree, doubtful; nay, the author expressly maintains it to be a fiction of the Fathers, who were bent upon referring the gospel passages occurring in the writings of the Jewish Christians to a gospel; and that this [the 'Gospel according to the Hebrews'] owed its origin solely to the endeavour to be able to point out a particular gospel, as the source of those passages in the 'Preaching of Peter,' and the works ascribed to Clement [the 'Clementine Homilies,' &c.], in which the Apostles are introduced as acting from themselves alone and striking out their own path." We have endeavoured to translate as literally as possible; and are not accountable for the incorrectness and obscurity of language.

The main propositions, it may be perceived, are, that though the Fathers

elaborate work, we should think it necessary to repeat it; though it is obvious that the general result would not be affected.

* This (as is evident from the fact that both were only different titles of the same book, which is immediately recognised in what follows) should have been thus expressed, — "the 'Gospel according to the Hebrews,' so called, or, otherwise, the 'Gospel according to the Apostles.'"

spoke of a book called the "Gospel of the Hebrews," as in common use among Jewish Christians, this book did not exist; but that the Jewish Christians all used the "Gospel of Peter." There is scarcely a single fact having any bearing upon the subject, which does not go to prove the absurdity of this "new and surprising result." We should hardly think it discovered a greater want of common sense, if an author were to maintain that Julius Cæsar was not really assassinated in the Senate-house, but Mark Antony, and that after this event, Julius Cæsar, assuming the name of Augustus, reigned happily for many years. There are few facts in ecclesiastical history more fully established, than that the Hebrew Christians generally used a gospel written, as we should expect, in their own language, which was probably, in its first state, the Hebrew original of St. Matthew's Gospel; but which, through various corruptions, assumed at last two or more distinct forms. As it existed in one of these forms it was translated by Jerome, about the end of the fourth century, into Latin. His translation is lost, but many portions of it, as quoted by himself in his other works, passages of this gospel as quoted by preceding Fathers, and abundant notices of it are extant. This new writer, however, maintains that the book never existed, but that the gospel really used by the Jewish Christians was the "Gospel of Peter," — a work probably not an *historical* gospel, or a gospel in that sense in which we now use the term, — a book written not in Hebrew, but in Greek; and a book of which the single important fact that *we directly know*, respecting its history and character, is, that it was used by the Docetæ, a sect diametrically opposed in their opinions to the Jewish Christians. Apparently, the latter difficulty, glaring as it is, has escaped, as we might expect, the notice of Professor Credner; for one of his reviewers proffers his assistance in the suggestion, that the "Gospel of Peter" had been interpolated by the Docetæ with the passages favoring their opinions.

The work, on which we have thus made a few remarks, is highly praised by both its reviewers. We cannot imagine it to be written with any serious conviction of the truth of the hypotheses maintained. It is probably intended, like other German publications of a similar kind, as a display of learning, and what the writer thinks ingenuity. It would be better to make such a display on other topics than the history of the Gospels. Antiquity furnishes other subjects enough beside the question whether Homer was the author of the Iliad. In Pope's keenest satire, the "Mighty Mother" is represented as addressing her children;

"Persist by all divine in man unawed;

But learn, ye dunces, not to scorn your God."

Not to scorn their God, and not to trifle with sacred things, are rules, at the present day, as much neglected by many of the metaphysicians and theologians of the continent of Europe, the children of "the cloud-compelling" goddess, as by any of the livelier dunces or wits of the age.

Titles and Notices of other Works lately published in Germany.

Die Fortbildung des Christenthum zur Weltreligion. Eine Ansicht der höhern Dogmatic von Dr. Christoph. Friedrich von Ammon. Erste Hälfte. Leipzig. 1833. 8vo. 1 Thlr. 4 Gr. — To judge from a notice which we have seen of this work of Ammon, now an old man, and long a well-known writer, we should think it to possess considerable interest, both from the opinions of the author himself, which appear to be expressed with force and eloquence, and from the information that it affords concerning the present state of religious belief on the continent of Europe.

Romische Bullarium, oder Auszüge der merkwürdigsten päpstlichen Bullen u. s. f. A Selection of the most remarkable Papal Bulls, from the earliest period to the present time; with Notes, historical, archæological, and miscellaneous. By L. M. Eisenschmidt. 2 vols. 8vo. Neustadt on the Orla. This work, if well executed, as it is said to be, must be valuable to the student of Ecclesiastical History.

Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte; Manual of Church History. By Dr. J. G. V. Engelhardt. 3 vols. 8vo. Erlangen. 1833. Price 6 Rthlr.

Historisches Taschenbuch (Historical Annual), edited by Friedrich von Raumer. (See Select Journal for 1833, Vol. II. P. II. p. 209 and p. 294.) This annual was commenced in 1830.

Neuer Necrolog der Deutschen. This yearly periodical was begun in 1823.

Die gelehrten Theologen Deutschlands im achtzehnten und neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Nach ihrem Leben und Wirken, dargestellt von Dr. Heinrich Doering. Zweiter Band, J—M. Neustadt. 1832. pp. xii. 660. 8vo. 2 Thlr. 12. Gr.

August Lafontaine's Leben und Wirken. Von J. G. Gruber. 8vo. Halle. 1833. Praised in the Neues Allg. Rep. No. 1, for 1833.

Æliani de Natura Animalium Libri xvii. Annotationes scripsit Fredericus Jacobs, &c. 8vo. 2 Tom.

Diogenis Laertii de Vitis Philosophorum Lib. x. Græca emendatiora edidit, notatione emendationum, latinâ Ambrosii interpretatione castigatâ, appendice criticâ atque indicibus instruxit Henricus Gustavus Huebnerus, Lipsiensis. Præmissa est Præfatio Godofredi Hermanni. 2 Tom. large 8vo.

Commentatio quâ exposita est Aristotelis de Intelligentiâ sive Mente Sententia; a F. G. Stark. 4to. pp. vi. 33. Neu-Ruppini. 1833. — This tract is highly praised in the Neues Allgemeines Repertorium, 1833. No. 14. Dr. Stark is Professor of the School at Neu-Ruppin.

Archiv für Philologie und Pädagogie, i. e. Archives for Philology and School-Instruction; edited by Dr. Gottfr. Seebode, and M. Joh. Christian Jahn. — A new series of this work was commenced in 1831, and now appears as a Supplement (sold separately) to the "Journal (Jahrbucher) for Philology and School-Instruction." The latter contains reviews and notices of new works, and articles of intelligence connected with the topics mentioned in its title. The former is composed of classical dissertations, and others, relating to the higher interests of schools.

Denkmäler der alten Kunst, u. s. f. Monuments of Ancient Art, selected and arranged by C. O. Müller, drawn and etched by Carl Oesterley. Göttingen. Oblong 4to. — The first number of this work was published in 1832, containing 25 plates and six pages of letter press. The objects represented are intended to illustrate the lectures of Prof. Müller. The first number contains prints of works of Grecian sculpture, commencing with the earliest period of which there are any remains. See Leipsig. Allgemeines Rep. No. 8, for 1832.

Gymnosophista, sive Indicæ Philosophiæ Documenta. Collegit, edidit, enarravit Christianus Lassen, Professor Bonnensis P. E. Voluminis I.

Fasciculus I. Bonnæ ad Rhenum. 1832. 4to. pp. xiv. 63.—“This is the commencement of an important undertaking, namely, a critical edition and correct translation and exposition of the most important documents for the study of the Indian Philosophy, extant in the Sanscrit language. The present number contains a tract, particularly commended by Colebrooke, on the Sankhya doctrine. It is entitled *Karika* and written by *Iswara-krischna*.”

Ueber Bibliothekswissenschaft, u. s. f. On the Formation and Superintendence of a Public Library. By *Christ. Molbech*, Principal Secretary of the Royal Library at Copenhagen. Translated from the Second Edition of the Original in Danish by *H. Ratjen*, Professor and Sub-Librarian at Kiel. 8vo. 1833. pp. 312. See *Neues Allgem. Repert.* No. 11, for 1833.

ERRATUM.

Whoever among our readers has published, we will not say a book, but a review, or a pamphlet, or an article in a newspaper, must be aware of the remarkable fact, that when his impatience is at last gratified by seeing it in print, a time of trial immediately succeeds. As he runs his eye hastily over it, his own mistakes and the errors of the press, mistakes and errors which had escaped notice in three proof-readings, glare at once upon him, as if they formed the most prominent features of his work. Thus it was that upon first opening our last number we were shocked at observing (on the 131st page of the second part) an inexcusable negligence in our translation of a beautiful specimen of German metaphysics. We were so very careless as to render thus: “The subjective objectivity of ‘I,’ emerging from the depths of its indeterminate existence, manifests itself by opposition and produces consciousness.” Instead of “the subjective objectivity,” we should have said “the objective subjectivity.” Happily, however, no mischief is done. It is the glory of what may be called the “super-transcendental” style of the later German metaphysicians, that the words composing a sentence may undergo any permutations and combinations, consistent with the rules of grammar, and have as much meaning in one form as another. In the present case, for example, we leave it to the judgment of every reader, if it be of the least importance, whether we say “the subjective objectivity,” or “the objective subjectivity,” or “I.”

NOTE.

In numbering the volumes of the *Select Journal*, it has seemed to us advisable to adopt the plan of some of the continental journals, of marking the whole series only by the dates of the years in which they may appear, and the two volumes for any one year as first and second for that year. The title-page to this volume is conformed to that plan.

In binding, each of the two parts of which every volume is composed, should be bound together, so that the paging of each part may be continued unbroken.

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